

SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1900.

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REPORTING RECORD.

AMERICAN LEADERS.

Victories Scored

in France.

McFarland and Jarvis Win

Two Finals.

Hard-Luck Cycling.

McFarland Loses a Race by

an Accident.

Jimmy Michael Beats Him, but the

Margin is Narrow.

A. P. NIGHT REPORT.

NEW YORK, July 14.—In the presence

of 7000 spectators, with scarcely

a breeze to interfere with the riders,

Jimmy Michael defeated Floyd McFarland

of the latter's second race, a twenty-

mile motor-race, with McFarland riding

on a beach track this afternoon. He

also clipped 21 1/2 seconds off the track

record for the distance.

The conditions of the race were that

if an accident happened to either rider

or his pacer during the first mile, the

men were to be recalled and the race

started anew. This saved Michael from

a narrow margin. Michael maintained his lead for one

lap on the first attempt, but was then

passed by McFarland, who led by

five yards, coming down the stretch

for the finish of the first mile. Before

the latter had reached the tape, however,

Michael signalled to the judges that his

motor had broken a chain, and he was

just in time to save himself from having to

continue the race as he best he could.

The machine was brought out, and

Michael won the pole position and was

the first to be picked up. He got

behind his pace within the first

stretch, with McFarland riding behind

him. The Californian caught up on

the back stretch and led by

about five yards during the six miles.

He increased this to twenty-five yards

on the second mile. Michael's pacer

was a fine horse, and he was

driving the leader twice during the third

mile, but could not succeed in passing

the leader. McFarland, during the six miles,

was nearly seven yards to the good.

Just then Michael's new machine was

brought out, and he was on his feet

in a couple of laps more Michael was

in the lead, and at the beginning of the

eighth mile he was on even terms with

the leader. After a mile was

travelling, Michael was in the lead, and

during the last six miles did

Michael allow the front wheel of his

pacer to touch the ground. Behind the

rear wheel of McFarland. At the end of the

twelfth mile, the track record was lowered

by 1 1/2 sec. But at the end of the

thirteenth they were 3-4 sec. behind

him.

In the fourteenth mile, Michael

gradually drew up to McFarland, and

on the back stretch, in the second lap

of the fourteenth mile, he passed the

Californian, while the spectators on the

stand, in the interval between the

leader, while the spectators on the stand

with delight. Michael soon gained

about thirty yards on his pacer, and

when Michael was in the lead by about

forty yards. This was in the fifteenth

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was brought out, and he was on his feet

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This Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1900.

IT HAD BETTER GET OFF THE TRACK.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part II—8 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

Big Territory Burned Over in the Mountains.

Death of Former Postmaster La Vie.

Grain Destroyed by Fire.

SANTA BARBARA, July 14.—(Special Correspondence.) R. F. Crawshaw, supervisor of the forestry reserve, who returned from the scene of the recent conflagration, estimates the area burned over at 1200 acres, only 100 acres of which was on the reservation, the greater damage resulting on the adjacent private grant. The fire originated at the base of the north side of the Santa Ynez Mountains, near the mouth of Mono Creek, and is believed to have sprung from a neglected campfire beginning at the end of the Quivira. It burned along the south side of the Santa Ynez River, destroying a large area of timber, the mouth of Blue Canyon, which it followed in a southerly direction as far as the west fork. The damage to the reservation was slight, as little but chaparral was destroyed.

The fire was first discovered on Thursday about 11 a.m., and by the heroic efforts of the ranger force was diverted from Fortunate Canyon. Had it gained a hold here, nothing could have prevented it from sweeping the Santa Ynez range and doing untold damage.

In connection with the expedition Mr. Crawshaw stated he was well pleased with the promptness with which the ranger force responded to the call and the efficiency of their work. He also stated that everything was dry as tinder, many springs which were never known to fail having dried up. The heat during the day reached above the 100 deg. mark. The absolute absence of water, the high temperature and the numerous camping parties make it imperative that every precaution be taken.

WILLIAM LA VIE DEAD.

The death of William La Vie occurred at 11 a.m. today, hastened by pneumonia. Mr. La Vie was a native of Fresno, 57 years of age. For more than thirty years he had been a resident of Santa Barbara, filling the office of postmaster under Cleveland's administration, and at the time of his death being proprietor of the Daily Independent. In the early days of California he spent several years in the mines in the northern part of the State, where he accumulated a fortune and became intimate with Senators Hearst and White. He was a leader in Democratic politics until within a few years, and was of a very eccentric and autocratic nature. Though La Vie had formerly been a resident of Santa Barbara, he had recently returned to his native Fresno, where he was residing at the time of his death.

GRAN AND PASTURE BURNED.

An epidemic of fire visited the vicinity of Arroyo Grande, this morning, causing a loss of many thousands of dollars. The first blaze started on the

SANTA BARBARA BREVITIES.

The residents of Arlington Heights are experiencing some inconvenience from a shortage of water. This neighborhood has been supplied from Barker's water tunnel, which does not furnish the required amount during the summer months, as nearly the entire flow is required in Montecito.

The city system has an abundance of water, but as the Heights are outside the corporate limits they have no right to city water. This has led to some agitation to annex certain additions to the city.

James V. Murray was tried in Police Court yesterday for violating the ordinance providing for closing saloons at 11 p.m. After deliberating an hour the jury disagreed, standing six for acquittal and six for conviction.

Rev. J. O. Burroughs of Portland, Utah, has been invited to accept of the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Santa Barbara. He is expected to arrive here tomorrow.

R. M. Armstrong, State secretary of the Los Angeles River, who is visiting relatives here, will speak tomorrow at the rooms of the local association.

Mrs. Doretta Lago, a Spanish lady and an old resident of Santa Barbara, died last night at the age of 81 years. Thomas R. Bennett and bride are expected to reach their Montecito home tomorrow.

Judge R. Y. Hayes of San Francisco is at his summer home in Montecito.

HERMIT'S HIDDEN HOARD.

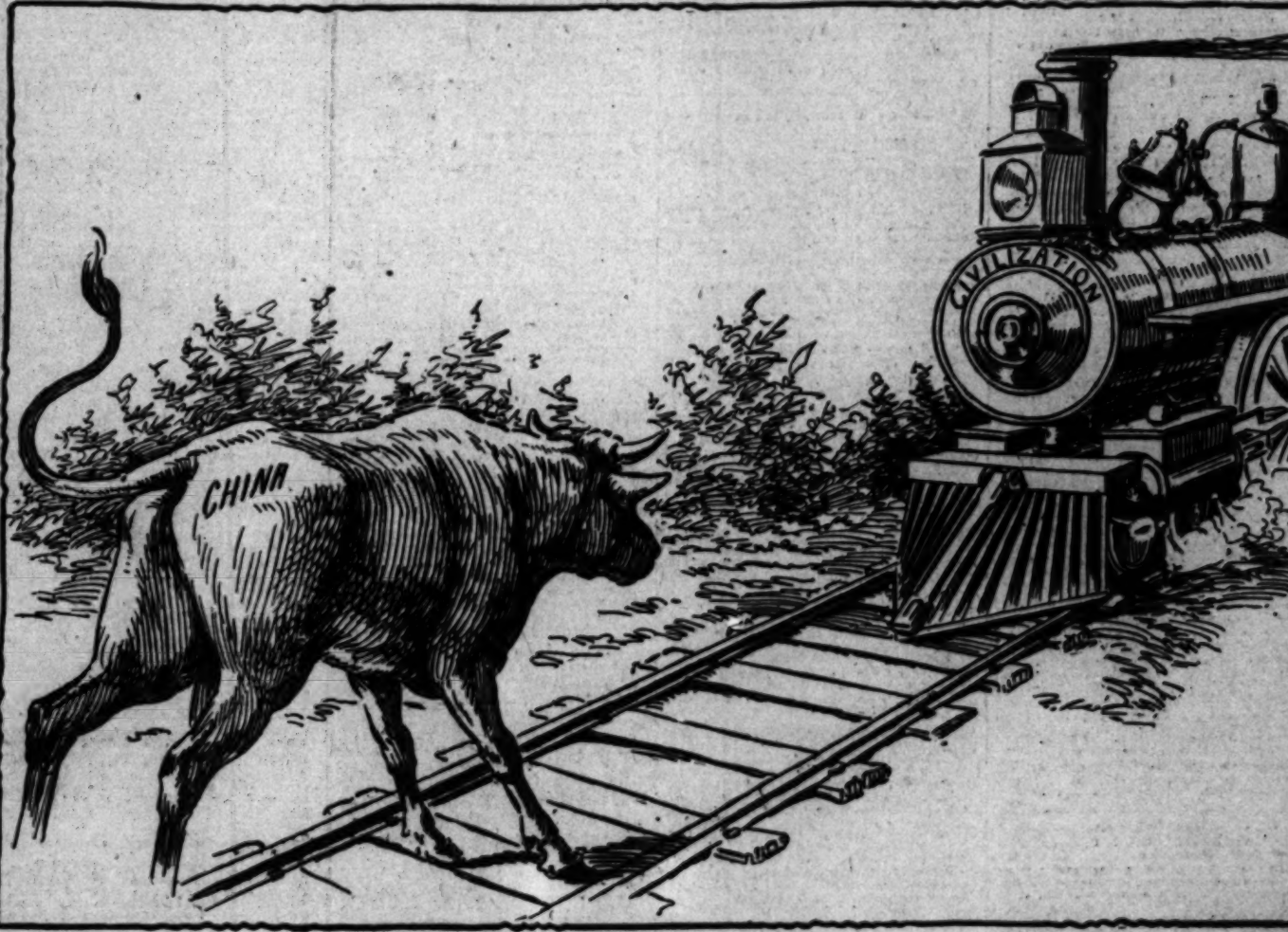
LONG LOOKED FOR BUT NEVER FOUND—SHANTY DESPOILED.

The myth that every hermit is a miser still receives credence. About a year ago Herman Keyser, an old Austrian inhabiting a shanty on No. 2044 Palmetto street, near the bed of the Los Angeles River, committed suicide, an antique shotgun being the destructive agency. The coroner's inquest was duly held and the body interred. Then rumors spread about concerning a hypothetical hoard of lucre that the deceased Austrian had hidden about his premises. Lured on by these tales, several alleged heirs of Keyser appeared and had an administrator appointed for the decedent's estate.

Holes by the score were dug about the shanty in the hope of unearthing the miser's gold. An old well on the lot was thoroughly dredged. The dispirited shanty where the dead man had lived was ransacked in the course of the search for the mythical riches. The hunt was long continued, but with fruitless results. The old man's administrator gave up in despair.

Then the neighbors began to delve about the place in the early morning and by night. They were tireless in their labors. Superstitious persons aver that Keyser's ghost watched these proceedings, and was heard to laugh unceasingly at the repeated failures of the searchers.

There are new developments in the case of the Estate of the defunct lookers after the dead man's wealth recently attempted to recompense themselves for their labor by carrying off an old stove and other furnishings of the hermit's former dwelling. The police have been notified of these thefts, and are looking for the fortune-seekers who have appeared his greed by selling the humble household goods to a second-hand store.



City we well know the sentiment of the American people with reference to their choice for that great and high office. We were assured and well knew that the people of this nation expected and demanded of the Kansas City convention the nomination of a man whose worth is admitted even by his opponents, and in making the nomination which we did we simply ratified the sentiment of the united Democracy of the entire country—simply took the first step, demanded by the people, to place in the highest office in this or any other land, the man party effort, William Jennings Bryan. The fact will go down in history that for unanimity of sentiment and enthusiasm in its proceedings, the Kansas City convention was never equalled in the history of conventions. It has been the experience of the American people to place in the highest office of the country the man who is the best qualified to perform the duties of the office.

As to the question who will put down the flag from the Philippines, he declared that the flag does not float there in the sense that it floats elsewhere; that while it is at the masthead of the Republic, it does not have the meaning that it should have; that its removal would only be a mechanical act, and that the sooner it is actually hauled down in the Philippines the better it will be for this country.

DEL VALLE'S MESSAGE.

In introducing Hon. R. F. Del Valle, the chairman stated that he had just received a message from the Philippines. He had a message of great joy to the Democracy of this State. Mr. Del Valle was enthusiastically received, it being almost two minutes before he could begin his address, so great was the applause. He was the man for whom the audience had been waiting and they greeted him in a manner which showed that they appreciated his ability. He was the most enthusiastic of any speaker of the evening, and in point of good style, his was, perhaps, the best speech.

As has been stated by the chairman, Mr. Del Valle, and I will add to that statement that I bring good tidings to the Democracy of California, which I am sure the events of the next few months will show to be correct. It is this: The election of William Jennings Bryan to the Presidency of the United States is inevitable. [Prolonged cheers and waving of hats.] When we went to Kansas

we have seen many times the spectacle of great and able men walking out of the conventions of their party because they could not conscientiously support the platform which had been adopted. We saw it at St. Louis four years ago, when men who had been members of the Republican party walked out of that convention, their heads erect and their step firm, because they were not willing to support a platform which they believed to be wrong. They were not willing to support a platform which they believed to be wrong. They were not willing to support a platform which they believed to be wrong.

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very hall four years ago, when the Democracy of this city assembled to ratify the nominations made by the party for the highest offices in the gift of any people. "At that time," said he, "the Democratic party had found it necessary to practically repudiate a President whom they had elected four years before, and whose administration had been not in keeping with the broad principles of Democracy. It became necessary for us to crush out at the Chicago convention the germ and seed of American imperialism. [Cheers.] Out of the West there came a leader, unknown to most of us at that time, but a man who has since been aptly characterized as a 'natural born leader of men.' We endorsed the Chicago ticket here, and in the election of that year our candidates were supported by more than 4,000,000 voters. The candidates of the opposition, however, were inducted into office. Four years have passed, and what have they done? We must judge that party and the men whom they elected by the record they have made. There can be no other, no better gauge. One of their first acts was to go back upon their platform, and to repudiate the statute books a law which declares for, and is a declaration for the gold standard, and which has resulted in a syndicate of national banks throughout this country, which is protected by laws which make it possible for them to absorb the earnings of the laboring classes, and to hoard up money to the exclusion of the needs of those who should have the benefit of it."

This was the only reference made by this speaker or by those who followed him to the money question. The "is it" policy was studiously avoided, and those who addressed the large audience indulged in pyrotechnics on the subject of so-called "imperialism," and dissertations on the ultimate downfall of this republic, unless the Democratic doctrine is triumphant at the polls.

Continuing, Mr. Patton asked his audience what had been done to redeem the promise made at the beginning of the war with Spain that the people of Cuba should be made free and independent. He declared that all that has been done for Cuba has been to provide the people of that island with a postal scandal, and an example of the greed of office holders and office-seekers supported by the present administration. "In the Philippines we are waging a war of criminal aggression," said the speaker. "We have violated the Constitution and the law, and if the present policy is pursued it must result in making America the great colonial nation of the western world."

He then referred to the purpose of showing that republics which enter upon colonial schemes can not live; that no republic can survive fully established colonies. "Are you prepared to follow Mark Hanna to the empire, in his trying to create a new empire, making the question one of the climax of his address. From all over the hall came a chorus of 'no, never,' and for nearly a minute he was unable to proceed because of the applause."

"We stand for the Constitution, for the Declaration of Independence, for the laws of the Republic, for the man liberties in this world. We are now approaching the centennial of the election of Thomas Jefferson," said the speaker. "Read the records, and you will see that assaults were made upon him 100 years ago, and that the country is now a great western nation."

Just before the hand of the clock pointed to midnight, Mr. Del Valle took the floor. He was introduced as "the Long Tom of the Democracy," perhaps the first time that Jud Rush had been introduced as anything suggestive of water. He was greeted with cheers. He was a popular speaker. He caught the crowd, and frequently during his address he had to wait until the applause had subsided. His address was devoted almost entirely to an attack upon so-called imperialism.

"I want to congratulate the party and the people, and more particularly our people, for the fact that in this campaign the strongest campaign argument which we can use, and which can be used, consists of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and the laws of the land," he said. "Every song, every hymn which has for its purpose liberty to mankind will find its way to our battle hymns. In this enlightened day the light of human liberty has entered the globe and all peoples who are oppressed have looked with longing eyes to this land, the Mecca of human liberty. The light of liberty, the light of the great nation, has never set foot upon foreign soil except for peaceful purposes, but we

have expense, trouble, and a lot of carpetbagging office-holders and office-seekers until the end of time. Continuing, the speaker said that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and he asked whether the Philippines had ever consented to our governing them. He then referred to the open declaration of this government at the beginning of the war with Spain that the war was not one of conquest, but that it was the intention of the United States to give liberty and independence

to the people of Cuba. He asserted that if the word Filipino were substituted for Cuban the same solemn promise would hold good and that under the circumstances such a substitution was demanded by all rules of fairness and justice. He declared that the declaration of this government at the beginning of the Spanish war makes the best Democratic campaign document which could be desired. He asked and answered the questions in a manner to suit his audience and in keeping with the declaration of the Democratic platform, whether we have any legal or moral right in the Philippines. He declared that the war with the Philippines has cost this country \$80,000,000 and that it will not be possible for this country to make back that amount in trade within the next century. He then referred to the argument that we

are now in the Philippines engaged in a war with a people who never did us any harm in the world. [Loud cheers.] The speaker then related that under a parent, brother, lover, had shouldered his musket and gone to Luzon for the purpose of doing battle under the old flag which there does not represent what the Stars and Stripes really signify. He declared that even if we conquer the Philippines (and his manner of saying it indicated some doubt as to our ability so to do) we would

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PERSONALS

[illegible]

READ THIS YOU ARE SAFE AT THIS STORE

Belladonna Plasters 10c, 3 for 25c.
Pain Expeller 10c, 3 for 25c.
Pain Expeller 10c, 3 for 25c.

Readson's Cascara and Celery Tonic
Read them all for Liver and Stomach Troubles.
We sell the \$1.00 bottle at 60 cents.

Yosemite Water 40c.
A full line of the Quaker Doctors' remedies.

MAS DRUG CO.,
CUT-RATE DRUGGISTS,
Spring and Temple Streets.

Give a clearance, regard
cost. All goods
plain figures
windows.

Summer Clearance
215
South
Broadway.

H. Hoffman's
Millinery.

Unedea Truss.

You have probably never had one that was reliable,
comfortable and satisfactory. Doubtless you would
invest again if you knew where to get one worth
having. Perhaps you have been swindled every time
you tried until you have given up trying. Right
here is where my business method comes to your
rescue. I will undertake the contract to fit you to
your comfort, security and satisfaction or no charge.
What more could you ask? If I fail to retain your
business I will also pay your round-trip railroad fare if
you live at a distance—no matter how far—no matter
how many have failed.

My trusses are made by hand to suit each case,
from indestructible materials (no rust possible), cool,
light, clean and comfortable. No straps between
the limbs. NO CURES PROMISED.

W. W. SWEENEY,
213 West Fourth St.

PUENTE CRUDE OIL CO.

On May 31 the Board of Directors of the Puente Crude Oil
Company met at the office of the Treasurer, Mr. J. H. Brown,
and had ample money on hand to pay for their lands and for
their first well. Since the change in the Board of Directors
the new management have decided to bore wells in several
places at once, and to meet this additional expense, etc.,
they have issued a limited number of shares to the public at 10
cents per share.

The title to our land is perfect.
We have a market for oil on our lands,
the pipe line of the OIL UNION OIL COMPANY
adjoins this property, and the pipe
line of the PUENTE OIL COMPANY
crosses this land.

The property is surrounded by the lands
and producing wells of the
SANTA FE COMPANY,
COLUMBIA OIL COMPANY,
FULLERTON CONSOLIDATED
OIL COMPANY.

(These companies are all producing oil
from 25 to 37 gravity, worth approximately
\$1.75 per barrel.)

Our office, 104 and 107 Stinson Block for particulars, or take a trip
to the oil fields and inspect the finest oil territory in Southern California.
J. H. Brown, President; Philip J. Beveridge, Vice-President; Geo.
McNulty, Secretary; National Bank of Pomona, Treasurers.

Story of a Bear Chase
The story of a bear chase in the mountains of California is a story of
adventure and danger. A party of men went out to hunt a bear, and
after a long and hard chase, they finally killed it. The bear was a
large and powerful animal, and the men were very brave and skillful.

Fielding of Bechtel
The fielding of Bechtel is a story of a man who has been in the
oil business for many years. He has been very successful, and he has
been able to make a great deal of money. He is now a very rich man,
and he is very happy.

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Los Angeles Times

THE PUBLIC SERVICE: DOINGS THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.
Work on the city tunnels is slowly progressing, but it will be several months yet before they are ready for traffic. If no more unforeseen accidents occur, the City Engineer believes that daylight should pierce the Third-street hill in about three months. The City Assessor has prepared a table showing the assessment levied on prominent corporations for the past five years. The importance of the oil industry as a tax-bearing business is also indicated.

THE CITY BOARD OF EQUALIZATION will hold its first session tomorrow. It will at once adjourn until Tuesday, and thereafter daily sessions will be held until August 15, or until the work of canvassing the protested tax assessments is completed. Rev. O. R. H. Wilke of this city has been appointed guardian of the estate of Mrs. Augusta Aune, an insane woman formerly lived in Santa Monica. She has property worth at least \$2000.

Louis T. Le Beaume, of Previous Good Name, to Go to San Quentin.
Louis T. Le Beaume, who was recently convicted of forging the name of R. H. Tripp of Long Beach to a check for \$100, was arraigned for sentence before Judge Smith yesterday and given two years in the penitentiary at San Quentin.

Before sentence was passed Earl Rogers, Esq., defendant's attorney, presented and argued a motion for a new trial, on technical grounds, which was denied, as was also a motion in arrest of judgment. It was then that Le Beaume stated that he was a Frenchman, a bright good-looking young man, of culture and education and good family, who was to be punished for his first offense.

The check he was convicted of forging was drawn on the Bank of Long Beach on April 18 in favor of one F. E. Rogers, an assumed name, when he presented the check at a Downey bank for collection.

The convicted young man has been married only since January, and when his wife returned a verdict of guilty as charged, he was a Frenchman, a bright good-looking young man, of culture and education and good family, who was to be punished for his first offense.

"No, sir," replied the defendant as passively as if he were refusing a cigar when he already had one. "Well, then," began the court, in a dry way, "I am not going to give you a new trial, but I will give you a new name. You are now a Frenchman, and you are now a Frenchman."

Within the past few months you have enacted one of the saddest dramas that this city has ever known. You have stood here with the curtain about to drop. To your friends you have always been a good, sensible, and man-highly esteemed and respected. On January 1 you married a handsome and lovely lady, and you were both of you standing here with the curtain about to drop.

Three Months May See Daylight Through Third-street Hill.
The caverns in the hills on Broadway and Third street are beginning to have the appearance of tunnels. Work on the Third-street tunnel has been in progress for many months, and it will be ready for use by August 1. Such will not be the case, however, and it will probably be at least three months before the first glimmer of daylight filters through a hole in the Third-street hill.

Because of the peculiar difficulties that have been encountered in the work of construction, the City Engineer will recommend a continuance of the time, so that the contractors may finish the work, and the Council will grant the extension. The contract was first let to C. L. Powell, but in May of the following year he transferred it to Swenson & Hill, the firm which is now at work on it. They sublet the excavation to a contractor named A. E. Chaffey, who after a few months' unsuccessful labor, handed the contract back to Swenson & Hill.

Then in January of this year came the fearful accident at the west end of the hill, which resulted in the lives of two men, and the debris had been cleared away a streak of swelling earth was encountered in the east drift that required the strengthening of the walls of the arch, and the outlay considerable money by the city. All these difficulties occasioned delay.

In January of this year the contractors were confident that the work could easily be completed by September. The drifts and rock were left into the hill about 40 feet. Since then about 200 feet has been completed, leaving 60 feet of drift to be tunneled out. The City Engineer estimates that the contractors will have to excavate 100 feet each month, or seventy feet in each drift. The swelling earth in the east drift has been left to one side, and there is now no apparent obstacle that will delay the work beyond the time required for actual construction. After the arch has been put in, considerable finishing work will have to be done, and the tunnel may not be ready for use much before the beginning of the new year.

Less trouble has been encountered at the Broadway tunnel, and already 250 feet out of a total of 720 feet has been tunneled. The contract was signed on October 23, 1899, and the contractors, Edwards & Beyle, have until April 2, 1901, in which to complete the work. The City Engineer believes that the tunnel will easily be completed within the contract time.

Assessor's Books Closed.
The assessor's books, with the enrollment of personal property taxes, will be turned over to the Board of Equalization tomorrow. Under the law, the city must at once levy on sufficient of the personal property belonging to those who have not paid their taxes, to satisfy the amount of the claim. As usual, quite a number of people wanted an extension of time at the last minute, but this had to be denied by the Assessor, as he becomes personally liable for any taxes upon which the time is extended beyond the day when the Board of Equalization convenes. One woman was particularly insistent yesterday afternoon that additional records should be made, and she was given her extension of three days, as is permissible under the law, she had several weeks in which to satisfy the claim. She was convinced, however, that she had not been fairly treated, and did not hesitate to criticize the tax collector, and the Assessor in particular.

Tax Collector's Estimate.
The City Tax and License Collector yesterday filed with the City Auditor an estimate of the department expenses for the fiscal year. The estimate amounts to \$14,358, most of which is to pay the salaries of deputies and clerks employed on the tax rolls. Last year the estimate was \$12,646, but \$12,500 was allowed by the Auditor, owing to the annexation of University and Garvan districts.

THE EXPENSE OF THE OFFICE for the fiscal year ending June 30, was \$13,547.17, exceeding the allowance by \$557.17. Most of the extra expense was for clerical salaries. The estimate of public market expense is \$470, as against \$415 allowed last year. The expense of maintaining the public market during the year just closed was \$461.64.

CORPORATE ASSESSMENT. TAXES WHICH COMPANIES PAY.
The appended table shows the tax assessment levied against some of the most prominent corporations of the city for the last five years. The figures for the Southern California and Southern Pacific railways only include personal property, and land outside of the right of way and the buildings thereon. The right of way, roadbed, rolling stock and the like is assessed by the State Board of Equalization. City officials request to show what proportion of the above tax assessment is borne by large corporate interests. The figures are as follows:

Company	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899
California Southern Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
Los Angeles Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Pedro Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
Long Beach Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Gabriel Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Joaquin Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Luis Obispo Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Mateo Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Diego Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Francisco Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Jose Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Rafael Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Francisco Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Jose Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Rafael Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Francisco Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Jose Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000
San Rafael Ry.	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000	\$1,200,000

Oil Industry, 1900: Wells, \$129,248; pumping plants, \$24,240; drilling rigs, \$11,250; pumping plants, \$24,150; other personal property, \$21,240; total, \$186,088. The assessment of this item aggregated about \$120,000.

Will File a Disclaimer.
With reference to the action brought in the Superior Court by E. J. Melville, Gray, the police matron at the San Francisco Jail, the City Attorney will report to the Council tomorrow that the city has no interest therein, and will recommend that a disclaimer be filed on behalf of the city.

Police Matron Exempt.
Some time ago the Police Commission passed a warrant returning to Mrs. U. Gray, the police matron at the San Francisco Jail, which had been deducted from her salary for the police pension fund. The City Attorney was asked for an opinion on the matter, and he could instruct the Treasurer to make no deduction from her salary in future on behalf of the fund.

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Board of Equalization.
The Finance Committee of the City Council will meet as a board of equalization for the first time tomorrow. Over the expenses of the committee will be in session most of the day, an adjournment will at once be taken until Tuesday. Thereafter daily sessions will be held until August 15, or until the work of canvassing the protested tax assessments is completed.

Following is the programme of the concert by the Southern California Band at Westlake Park at 2 p. m. today: March, "Stars and Stripes" (Souza); waltz, "Zenda" (Witmark); selection, "Les Huguenots" (Meyerbeer); "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser" (Wagner); Canadian Melodies, "On the St. Lawrence" (Laurendeau); character piece, "The Mosquito Parade" (Whitney); Potpourri, "Chevrolet's Coterie Songs" arranged by Godfrey; new march, "Broadway to Tokio" (Sloane); overture, "The Little Girl" (Mackie); two-step, "Under the Fire" (Hunsell); "Star Spangled Banner" (Hunsell).

The following programme will be presented at the Holbeck Park this evening at 7:30 by the Southern California Band, H. W. Coomer, director. March, "Stars and Stripes" (Souza); waltz, "Zenda" (Witmark); selection, "Les Huguenots" (Meyerbeer); "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser" (Wagner); Canadian Melodies, "On the St. Lawrence" (Laurendeau); character piece, "The Mosquito Parade" (Whitney); Potpourri, "Chevrolet's Coterie Songs" arranged by Godfrey; new march, "Broadway to Tokio" (Sloane); overture, "The Little Girl" (Mackie); two-step, "Under the Fire" (Hunsell); "Star Spangled Banner" (Hunsell).

Green and yellow traction cars run direct to park.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE: DOINGS THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.

capital stock of \$100,000, divided into 1000 shares, which amount is fully subscribed. The directors are Caroline W. Dobbin, Thaddeus Lowe and Florence Dobbin Lowe of South Pasadena, Hester M. Dobbin and Janet Cantel of Pasadena.

The Murray M. Harris Organ Company, with principal place of business in Los Angeles, has incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000, divided into 1000 shares, which amount is fully subscribed. The directors are Murray M. Harris, R. M. Field, H. C. Schenck, Frank J. Dewey, Edward Crome, all of Los Angeles.

The Angeline Manufacturing Company, with principal place of business in Los Angeles, has incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000, divided into 1000 shares, which amount is fully subscribed. The directors are Z. C. Angeline, H. C. Schenck, Frank J. Dewey, Edward Crome, all of Los Angeles.

COURTHOUSE NOTES.
BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.
NEW CITIZEN. Daniel M. Vlasar, a native of Holland, was admitted to the bar by Judge Shaw yesterday. Judge York naturalized Arthur Clayford, a native of England.

WITH MURDER MANIA. Leonora Williams, a colored woman of excessive averseness, was adjudged insane by Judge Shaw yesterday and ordered committed to the hospital at Angeleno, on recommendation of Dr. W. H. Hitchcock and H. H. Boynton. The Williams woman is very violent and has a mania to murder her friends.

NEW INFORMATION. On motion of District Attorney Seelye, information was filed against Benjamin Turbin, charging him with burglary. Turbin will be arraigned tomorrow.

SUIT ON CONTRACT. The Southern California Savings Bank has begun suit against Hugh H. Creighton to recover \$500, alleged to have been received by defendant in April at Phoenix, Ariz., from one R. J. Briscoe for plaintiff's use.

WATSON TWICE ARRAIGNED.
Watson twice arraigned. Charles Watson was arraigned in the criminal court yesterday on an information charging him with robbery, the alleged robbery being that they held up the green car of the Traction line last May. Earl Rogers, Esq., who has just returned from Omaha, appeared as counsel for them and asked for Tuesday to plead. The same order was made on the arraignment of Watson and James Murray on the charge of murdering W. J. Breckenridge on June 3 at the corner of Vermont avenue and Twenty-fourth street.

(POLICE COURT.)
A FOURTH OF JULY PUSS.
Colored Man Victorious Over His White Neighbor.

Two Alleged Larcenists Arraigned.
Minor Misdemeanors Considered.

The neighborhood troubles of the Dorsey and McDowell families were aired in the Police Court yesterday afternoon and resulted in a victory for the latter. Thomas J. Dorsey is an ex-policeman who lives with his family at No. 404 East Eighteenth street. The two families have not been on good terms for some time. On the 14th inst. the children got into a squabble which caused an altercation later between the heads of the families. As a result Mrs. McDowell swore to a complaint charging Dorsey with disturbing the peace, and Dorsey countered on the colored family by filing a complaint charging little Ossie McDowell with having battered a young scion of the Dorsey tribe.

Both cases were tried together yesterday afternoon. Dorsey's case was heard first, and Dorsey was found guilty of disturbing the peace, and was fined \$10. Dorsey's case was heard next, and Dorsey was found guilty of having battered a young scion of the Dorsey tribe, and was fined \$10.

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The Busy Store===Fourth and Broadway.

10c and 25c
Dimities.

Both light and
dark styles in
faint figures and
stripes, but they
must be sold
before stock
taking.
10. per yard.....

12¹/₂^c

Green Tick Prices.
KNIT UNDERWEAR.
 It's store clearing—all over the store—our knit underwear department is not to be outdone—and ends in 10 minutes—so hurry in to see what we have before stock taking.
 Ladies' long-sleeved, sleeveless ribbed—good quality—nicely finished—
 3½¢
 this week—
 Ladies' short-sleeved, sleeveless vests—taped neck and cuffs—
 8¢
 this week—
Green Tick Prices.
Muslin Gowns—Prizes Low.
 Muslin gowns in endless variety, from the cheapest gown to the finest—we are bound not invoice them—and there is no doubt that the small prices and the large green tickets will sell them.
Muslin Empire Gowns 47c.
 Very long—sleeves and reverses trimmed with lace and insertion—large collars edged with cambric cuffs. There are all priced with the reverses.
Sl Empire Gowns 69c.
 Yokes and reverses made of all-over lace, ribbed trimmings. Collars and cuffs with the reverses and cuffs, edged with three inch lace, ribbed trimmings. There are all priced with the reverses.
Green Tick Prices.
HOSIERY DEPARTMENT CLEARING.
 It's the season for us to get our extra stock of these goods, rather to "empty" help us "invent" than to "come back" over our "feeling" of the season—so we are clearing before.
 Ladies' black cotton hose—suitable for bathing—fast color—this week—
 3¢
 Ladies' strictly fast black cotton hose—good weight—
 3¢

The Busy Store===Fourth and Broadway.

GOVERNMENT LAND

WITH PLENTY OF WATER

On the Delta of the Colorado River in San Diego County.

UNDER MANAGEMENT OF IMPERIAL LAND COMPANY.

The Land.

There are about 150,000 acres of Government land in San Diego county, about 60 miles west of the Colorado River located between the New River on the west and Carter River on the east, just north of the international boundary line.

On the west side of this tract are several fresh water lakes, well supplied with fish, the more important ones of which are called Cameron Lake and Blue Lake.

This tract of Government land can be taken up under the Desert Act or the Homestead act.

During the past three months a large area has been taken up between these two rivers to be irrigated by the great irrigation system now in process of construction, and the choicest locations are being rapidly taken up.

The Soil.

Although called a desert, the soil is as rich as any to be found in California. It is an alluvial deposit, quite fine in texture, free from gravel and stones, containing from ten to twenty per cent. of clay, and when plowed is very friable and easily cultivated.

Water.

It seldom rains in this section of country and irrigation is a necessity. Nothing can be grown without irrigation, and with it there need be no failures.

Imperial Water Company No. 1 has been incorporated with a capital stock of 100,000 shares to irrigate 100,000 acres of this land.

The company is formed on the mutual plan for the purpose of furnishing water to its stockholders only at cost.

The Working Company.

For this purpose the Imperial Land Company was incorporated to re-survey the public lands—for most of the stakes of the original survey had been lost—and to put settlers in possession of both land and water.

The lessons learned after a quarter of a century of experience in irrigation matters in Southern California have been utilized in perfecting the best system possible for this great settlement.

The mutual water company system is today recognized as the most perfect system now in use in Southern California—in fact, the only system that commands public respect and endorsement.

The Water Rights.

The settler can secure a water right for his land by purchasing stock in the mutual water company from the Imperial Land Company, and there is no other way. A description of the land is inserted in the stock certificate, and thus the water is made appurtenant to the land.

A person cannot legally file on Government land under the Desert Land Law without first obtaining a means of reclaiming that land with a good supply of water.

There is no other way of securing such a supply of water for the lands in question except by securing stock in Imperial Water Company No. 1.

The settler must, during the first year after filing on his land, expend \$1.00 per acre in securing a supply of water for his land, and at the end of the year he must prove to the Land Office in Los Angeles that he has done so

The Imperial Settlement.

This settlement, which is now commenced, extends from 15 to 40 miles from the railroad, the nearest station being Flowing Well on the Southern Pacific.

More Railroads.

Large settlements always attract railroads. This will not be an exception to this general rule. Railroad builders are always in search of fares and freights, and a settlement of 100,000 acres in this country never has as yet failed to secure railroad facilities.

A line from Flowing Well on the Southern Pacific to this settlement can be cheaply and easily built.

The long talked of road from San Diego to the east must run through this settlement, and with the stimulus and backing of such a settlement the question of such eastern outlet from San Diego will be solved.

A Business Center.

A settlement covering 100,000 acres of land must have a business center. Such a business center must of necessity be something more than a town—it must be a city.

This settlement will be the center of several settlements to be made at a later date.

All of these settlements will be tributary to the business center of this pioneer settlement, hence this city must grow into a city of some importance, as it will be backed by possibly 500,000 acres of rich, irrigated land—or possibly more.



HANLON HEADING ON THE COLORADO RIVER.



WHERE DATES RIPEN.

NO ONE NOT A STOCKHOLDER CAN SECURE ANY WATER FROM THIS SYSTEM AT ANY PRICE.

Water is to be furnished to this company from the Colorado River at a cost of fifty cents per acre foot, delivered at the International Boundary line.

Stock in Imperial Water Company No. 1 entitles the holder to enough water to cover his land four feet deep each year if he desires that much water.

The supply of water is practically unlimited, as the Colorado River carries enough water to irrigate 8,000,000 acres of land and is highest in June and lowest in January.

The waters of the Colorado River carry more fertilizers than are carried by the waters of any other river in the world, not excepting the Nile. By actual analysis an acre foot of water from that river contains commercial fertilizers valued at \$3.42.

The main canal to take the water from the Colorado River at the Hanlon heading is now in process of construction and water will be ready for delivery to Imperial Water Company No. 1 before the end of the present year.

Productions.

This is a general farming, alfalfa and stock proposition, and for these purposes this country, with its abundant and cheap water supply, has no equal in the United States.

As for fruit, time will tell. It will probably produce fruits in abundance and many varieties to perfection.

Fruits which can be grown will ripen six weeks earlier than in any other portion of Southern California.

The Value Is In Water.

It is the water that gives the real value to the land, for without the water the land is absolutely of no value; while the land and water are of no value without the man to utilize them. Hence, the efforts of the company have been put forth to bring together not only the land and the water, but also to put these elements into the possession of intelligent settlers who will utilize them.

else he will forfeit his filing and he can never file on another tract.

The Imperial Land Company will sell such stock to such settler on very easy terms of payment.

In return this Company expects the co-operation of the settler.

Those who ignore the plans of the Imperial Land Company in its work to make their land valuable, and who do not purchase water stock at the time of taking their land will eventually find themselves compelled to pay whatever the market price of the water stock may be before they can irrigate their land.

It is the water that gives value to the land, for without the water the land has no value, therefore, as the settlement grows and the land with a water right becomes more valuable, so that as the price advances to from \$50 to \$100 an acre, the land alone has no more value than before, and the water stock is found to be the real thing of value in the land and water partnership. It is therefore, but natural that the owners of that water stock, if there be any left, will charge whatever the market price of such stock may be for the stock, leaving the price of the land, then as now, at a nominal figure.

It is a better investment today to buy water stock without land at the current price per share than it is to buy the land without the water stock at \$1.25 per acre.

The Climate.

In autumn, winter and spring the climate of the Colorado Delta is as perfect as any in the world. It is not only pleasant, but it is invigorating and just what is needed to build up the system of the invalid. A climate that is good for the invalid is very good for the man in good health to keep him from becoming an invalid.

In summer it is hot. It is very similar to the climate of the Salt River Valley in Arizona. Most people prefer a cooler place by the sea or in some mountain resort. The heat, however, is just what is required to produce abundant crops.

Both settlement and city will take on a vigorous growth immediately after the close of the present heated term, if we can rely on the judgment of good, conservative business men who have recently visited and studied the future of that section, and who have backed their judgment with their money.

Shrewd business men are quietly putting some of their surplus cash in these desert lands and Imperial Water Stock.

Those who come later will still find bargains, but they will get less desirable locations and must take their chances in paying more for their water stock.

Markets.

The market for products is made as soon as the products are grown; for cattlemen from Arizona will ship in the stock to use all the alfalfa and other feed that can be raised. After thus fattening their stock the same will be shipped to market. This settlement will be the fattening ground for the dry stock ranges of Arizona for all time to come.

Information to the Public.

This plain statement of the case is made for the benefit of the general public, in answer to numerous letters of inquiry sent from all parts of the country, so that those in search of cheap and productive lands for agricultural purposes may be able to act intelligently.

In order to give more definite and fuller information the Company have published a pamphlet entitled "Government Land With Water," which contains full information relative to this the greatest irrigation enterprise in the United States.

This pamphlet also contains full information, taken from an official publication issued by the Government relative to the filing on desert lands.

This pamphlet is sent free on application.

The offices of the Company are at Rooms 223-4-5 Stowell Block, 226 South Spring St., Los Angeles, California, where those interested are invited to call.

All communications should be addressed to

IMPERIAL LAND COMPANY,

224 Stowell Block, Los Angeles, California.

**Cattle Dying by Scores and Wild Game
Driven in by Thirst.**

WILD ANIMALS DRIVEN IN.
 hunters tell that game was never so readily found. The deer come down from the mountains and are now to be found in the neighborhood of the larger streams, though in condition. A novel and unusual feature along the same line reported from Florence. Skunks, and, driven in from the desert.

The British and Foreign Bible Society issued over seven million books, which might be written of the wide range of subjects treated of in the volume of literature mentioned, but I fear we are weary of the subject. It is worthy of the reader of Mackenzie's History of the Nineteenth Century, 13,000 copies are printed, and of the History of the Japanese War 7000 copies.


CHINESE NEWSPAPERS.

But I must hasten to point out another department in which the sym-

the effect of these radical reforms on the country at large? In this position, of course, there was. If we were to argue beforehand from the conservatism of the Chinese and from the vested interests affected that failure might have been plausibly expected, that would be true. But to those of us who were living in the interior the surprise we experienced at the appearance of the edicts was only exceeded by our astonishment

123 SOUTH MAIN ST
Los Angeles, Cal.

capacity and greed. The short duration of the discourse, have proven an animus in the

[illegible][illegible]

Your choice of any of the following
 sterling Silver Table Articles:

Button Hole,
Hair Currier,
Nail File,
Cutting Knife,
Letter Opener,
Handsome pen-case,
pen or fountain Gill
Picture Frame,
cabinet size, oval
back; made of best
material, and will
not tarnish nor
wear off.

Child's Bed, consisting of silver-plated
kicks, feet, spring and maple ring;
slightly peaked, in attractive paper box.

Sterling Silver Thimble,
Washstand,
to suit to suite also
desired.

Silver-plated Cream
Ladle.

Silver-plated Berry
Spoon.

Silver-plated Butter Knife.

Or your goods does not keep Diamond "O" Case
and it is made.

"THE 'SALT'
He
S



Abbey's Effervescent Salt

believes this pressure and promptly cured
suffered by Nervousness, Indigestion or
from the salts extracted from the juices of
or Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred
strengthens the system, tones the stomach.
Dr. L. Mac Munn Halsey, Brooklyn, N. Y., says:
"I suffer of the evil attended by Constipation and Head-
aches."

Sold by most druggists or sent by mail
for **THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT**
doubtless free on

W. HEINZEMAN
DRUGGIST
AND
CHEMIST
10 N. MAIN ST., LOUIS ANGELES.
Solutions carefully compounded day
and night.

W. HEINZEMAN
DRUGGIST
AND
CHEMIST
10 N. MAIN ST., LOUIS ANGELES.
Solutions carefully compounded day
and night.

You ought to Get
Our Free Premium
Catalogue. It describes 300 hand-
some premiums which we are giving
you for saving Diamond "O" Lau-
dry Soap wrappings.
Everybody is pleased with our Dia-
mond "O" Laundry Soap Premiums.
Why not begin now to save Diamond
"O" Soap wrappings, and get a Pre-
mium for yourself.
Drop a postal for our Free Cata-
logue.

The Cudahy Packing Co.
Soap Works,
ST. LOUIS, MO. - NEBRASKA
We send you on this name and we will get him to
"SALTS."

Headache
Sufferings

Thousands of persons who never know
day's sickness in any other form are
subject to frequent attacks of head-
ache that almost drive them mad.
Whatever the cause, the im-
mediate condition that pro-
duces the pain is a con-
gestion or filling up of
the blood vessels of
the brain, with
blood, causing
pressure on
the brain.

Abbey's
Resolvent Salt

In all forms of Headache, whether
chronic, Abbey's Salt is made
effective. Use regularly. Abbey's Salt
and makes life worth living.
You find Abbey's Salt especially useful in too-
much. Its other uses are legion and it is very

25c. per oz. and 6c. per bottle.
D. D. Murray & Co., New York.
Agent.

ONE
BOTTLE CURES
Murray's Kidney
AND BLADDER CURE.
It is **ABSOLUTELY**
GUARANTEED
One Dose Relieves. One Bottle
Cures. Send Sixteen to W. F.
Murray, 425 South Spring St.,
Los Angeles, Cal., for five days
free. Express prepaid. **FREE!**

U.R.
have
and
indis-
per-
know-
Lige-
not to
M

MURPHINE Habit Cured
to Stay Cured
We can cure anyone addicted to the Opium-
tobacco or Cocaine Habit by means of
our "MURPHINE" Cure. It is a
application of a great vital
force, powerful. First treated—especially
addressed HOME CURE ASS'N, Dept.
W. 2474 Fourth St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

W.F.

[illegible]

A dark, vertical, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a piece of fabric, showing signs of wear and discoloration. The texture is grainy and uneven, with some lighter areas and some darker, more saturated areas. There are some vertical lines and creases visible, suggesting a material like paper or cloth. The overall appearance is aged and worn.

of shafts 10 up will
and to strain the same ground

continuous steady,
more quiet, but firm. Limas and
are held for outside
to No. 1 stock.

list
ship
the
rail
the
that
1879

when steamer day came. The price of the cargo was not announced, owing to the fact that foreign discounts having dropped out of the market, no profit on this transaction. It is possible that the United States may have to supply foreign requirements for gold some time.

proved condition in the Northwest. Hails and cooler weather in the Dakotas and Minnesota were reported to have greatly improved the condition of wheat, and the Minneapolis Journal's estimate of the crop of those States

straw—purchased at 20¢/b's per bale.
 H-raw—Yink 1 1/2¢/lb; L-raw 1 1/2¢/lb; M; small
 white, 1 1/2¢/lb; large white, 1 1/2¢/lb.
 Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks. —; new 18¢/b.
 Hay—Quabais as follows: Wheat, 1 1/2¢/lb;
 bar corn, wheat and oat, 1 1/2¢/lb; oat, 1 1/2¢

the dead body of another person, and throw them into some trench.
 "Our hands are full. I have wished sometimes that I had a dozen heads and a dozen pairs of hands. We praise

ESTERNAUX & THIENY
 Are the resident agents for the **Knickerbocker Fire Insurance Co. of New York**, 109 1/2 Nassau Street.

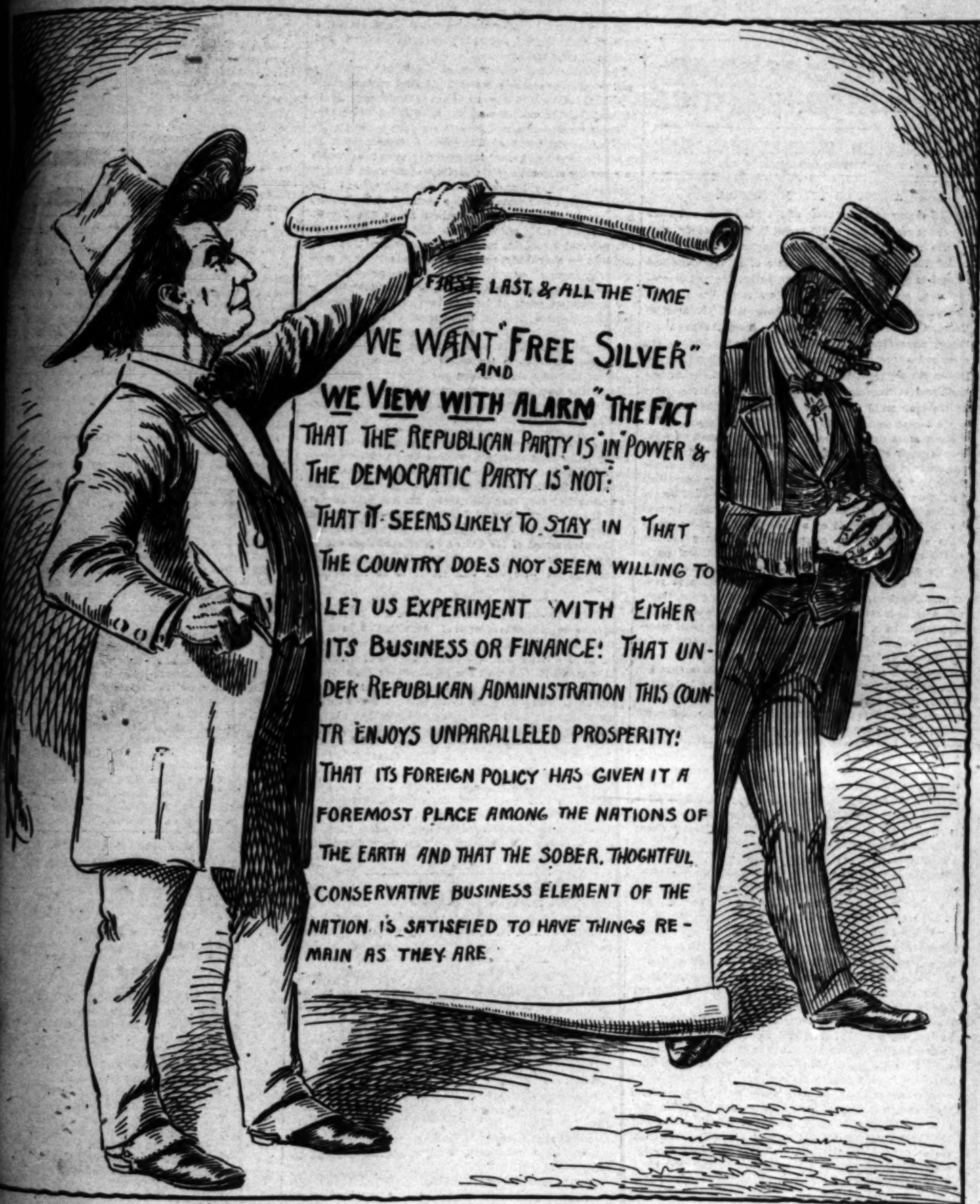
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

JULY 15, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR.... \$2.50
SINGLE COPY.... 5 CENTS

ABOUT THE SUBSTANCE OF THEIR PLATFORM.



Silver Mine Owner (in the Background) to Bryan: "That's all right, Billy. As long as you keep 'Free Silver' there, I'll put up expenses of the campaign."

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor: Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; 'Sun' by 'Sun' Wright; the Development of the State; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Handy Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Remonism, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdotes and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Far West; Animal Stories; Fresh Fun Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 26 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 129 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1897.

A BLOT ON THE 'SCUTCHEON.

THE charge made by some of the life savers and some of the rescued men of the recent Hoboken tragedy, that the captains of several of the tugboats in the harbor refused to give aid, except for pay, to burning and drowning men, seems too horrible for credence. When, years ago, at the burning of the ship Shanghai off the coast of China, Chinese sailors and dwellers along the shore occupied themselves with collecting wreckage, deaf to the cries and appeals of fellow human beings struggling for life in the waters about them, all the rest of the nations shuddered at the tale and thanked God that an occurrence of the kind could take place nowhere in the civilized world except on the borders of the Chinese empire. The Chinese are a strangely callous people, a human paradox. The capacity of strong emotion of any higher sort appears to have been left out of their make-up. In the midst of the floods and pestilences that periodically sweep over their land, they go about their daily concerns untroubled by the death and misery all about them. Their insensibility may be the inevitable result of natural selection under conditions of such frequent calamity—the necessary outcome of the only possible survival under such continual strain on the affections and the general social instincts. But whatever its cause, the fact is an abomination to more advanced nations. Americans, in particular, pride themselves on their courage and generosity in times of peril and stress, and are in the habit of believing that no great catastrophe need ever arise among them which does not meet with swift and ready attempt at relief. And this belief is in large measure justified. Not a day passes that our newspapers do not chronicle deeds of generous daring and self-sacrifice, even of life, that make human nature in general more worthy of honor and human life better worth living because they were possible. Foreigners have testified over and over again, since our late war, to the absolute fearlessness of our soldiers, and Americans have gained a new standing in the estimation of the entire world through its manifestations. Our firemen are the bravest on earth. Their unrecorded acts of heroism would fill a library. Even the children of the country appear to partake of this fearless and generous spirit, as many recent deeds bear witness.

And from mercenary motives in times of danger the American is usually especially free. The Philadelphia ice man, who, at the recent Fourth of July accident in that city, hastily threw out all his ice into the street and turned his wagon into an ambulance to convey some of the wounded to the hospital, is but a sample of the ordinary American spirit. To the average citizen of this country there is nothing so contemptible as the thought of dollars and cents at such a time. The most merciless money-getter among us casts aside every consideration of his own gain or loss when human life is in peril.

All the more horrible, then, must the complaints made against the New York tugboat captains appear to every man and every woman who takes pride in his or her country and is jealous of the honor in which the name American is held among the nations. The matter is one which concerns the people as a whole, and it is to be hoped that the accusations will not be dropped without the most rigid examination into the facts. We are not, it is true, directly responsible for the acts of all individuals living among us; yet so extreme a barbarity, if left unpunished, must reflect upon us as a nation. We do not need to inquire whether the men against whom the charge is preferred are native Americans or not. It is sufficient that the acts complained of took place within the jurisdiction of our courts. The affair should be carefully sifted to the bottom, and the accused men either cleared on trustworthy evidence or punished with the greatest severity possible under the law.

DOES IT PAY?

AS the papers from the different parts of the country come in, adding to telegraphic reports their detailed and graphic accounts of the catastrophes that took place on the Fourth and the days immediately preceding and succeeding it, many people are asking themselves over again the old question whether we are not overdoing this matter of our Fourth of July celebration just a little. Patriotism is a good thing. We are all patriotic, it is to be hoped. But it can hardly be shown that we demonstrate the fact any more clearly by blowing ourselves and our neighbors annually full of holes. If the celebration of the nation's natal day with fireworks is necessary to satisfy the common need of human nature for the expression of its emotions, well and good. If the children enjoy the mode of celebration, and are impressed by it, it may be desirable, for its effects. But it ought to be managed without the expense of so many human lives and so much valuable property as are yearly sacrificed to it. In Philadelphia, the discharge of one toy pistol into the midst of a pile of small dynamite torpedoes killed seven, fatally injured four, and left over a dozen others with wounds of a more or less serious nature. The toy cannon and the cannon cracker did deadly work in many cities, leaving a train of dead, blinded and crippled men, women and children in their wake.

The old-fashioned celebration of the Fourth, with the ordinary Chinese crackers, was not attended with so many fatalities, and appeals to many people as therefore decidedly preferable to the modern method. All children and a considerable number of grown persons are unfit to handle the more dangerous forms of fireworks. A large number of dynamite torpedoes heaped together may be just as unsafe as a number of pounds of the explosive done up in a single package. The toy cannon is never dependable, and the cannon cracker represents a large uncertainty when thrown into our roadways in such numbers as on the Fourth. Mark Twain, in his address to the English Parliament on international copyright, reminded the members that they ought to be very fully persuaded, before robbing a man, that the financial returns would be large enough to pay for the expense in morals, and so, in our celebration of the Fourth, we ought at least to be very fully convinced, before undertaking it, that the amount of enjoyment we shall get out of it will be sufficiently great to justify the loss of life involved. It would seem as if the good sense of the nation must, in the course of time, arrive at the point of barring the toy cannon and detonating goods containing the heavier explosives, or any explosive, in large quantities, save under proper permit to older persons conducting exhibitions of fireworks.

On another page of this magazine is printed an interesting letter from Honolulu, written by Postoffice Inspector Flint of this city. Although the Hawaiian Islands now constitute the Territory of Hawaii, as Mr. Flint remarks, it is manifest that conditions there are not such as warrant the ordinary citizen of Southern California in leaving his happy home for Hawaii. Under the fostering influences of the government of the United States, conditions will improve there, but time is an element in all progress, and those who are wise will wait for it to do its work in Hawaii.

A liberal amount of space is given in this issue of the magazine to different aspects of the situation in China. Seldom in the world's history have conditions arisen which affected so directly and so seriously all the great nations of the earth. It is to meet the all-absorbing desire for information concerning the present situation and the circumstances which have led to it, that no less than four carefully-prepared articles bearing on the subject are given space today.

The holding of the meeting of the National Educational Association in South Carolina ought to, and doubtless will, give new inspiration to the work of education in the South. That section has some peculiar and difficult problems to meet in its educational work, and if the convention shall give encouragement and add impetus to effort there, this result will be a compensation for going to that section in the heat of summer.

The vacation season is here, and those who have saved enough from their honest creditors will be able to enjoy themselves for a season at the seaside or among the mountains. As for the honest creditors, they of course must expect to remain at home and keep things going.

Summer seems to have found out during the past week what a popular resort Southern California is, and to have fallen in with the procession.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Baltimore American:] About the only real relief to be obtained in these sweltering days is to apply ice to the thermometer.

[Denver Republican:] In the fiction and drama of today the hero who has not a saving touch of rascality in him is no hero at all.

[Indianapolis News:] If Germany took a large slice of territory for a missionary, what will it not demand for the loss of a minister?

[Philadelphia Times:] Considering the wonderful character of these various stories from China, they might be ascribed Maa Chau Sen.

[Minneapolis Times:] The report that Andree has been discovered was sent out by the man who always sees sea serpents at this season.

[Chicago Record:] Undoubtedly the position taken by

the United States will tend to check the European powers in China, and at the same time, as such a result can be attained, it will be the unbusiness of the Chinese people.

[St. Paul Globe:] The Globe believes in a policy which protects the weak against the strong, as friends instead of enemies.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph:] The only sky at what they call imperialism will point allude to New York as the Empire State.

[Washington Star:] In order to understand at a glance a person should be thoroughly conversant with English, Dutch, French, German, Russian, Chinese and other languages.

[Omaha Bee:] There is a let-up in freight on the railroads, but the managers are not worrying, the great Nebraska corn crop coming up, while they hustle when it decides to move.

[St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald:] More constructive institutions of learning have been made under administration than at any other period in the country. Education is receiving its full share of profits of prosperity, and education will contribute to the sentiment for good government.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] The Times-Herald's belief that Bryan did the manly, courageous thing in vigorously opposing all other hypocrisy in the Kansas City platform, and in so doing, he would have proclaimed himself the demagogue in the land.

[New York Sun:] Under enlightened legislation the liquor question is no longer a matter of political division among voters, and in nearly every local license provision which establishment in any community where a majority of the people declare that they desire it. The Prohibition party, with 250,000 votes in 1892 and 130,000 four years later, be no misfortune if they again lose 130,000 votes.

ROOSEVELT AND THE STREET SWEEPERS.

Gov. Roosevelt came up from Oyster Bay this morning to make preparations for his departure this afternoon for the reunion of Rough Riders at Fort Monmouth City next week. Coming over on the ferry, the Governor said: "I shall make my fight in the street, and I shall make it on my record as Governor. There will be no 'Rider' excitement, no khaki uniforms or anything of the sort."

As the Governor left the ferry house, at the street, one of those striking little incidents that he is so popular with those who have known him. He was about to step into his carriage when a street sweeper stepped toward the vehicle and, with a salute, said: "I wish you luck, colonel."

Roosevelt glanced around, then sprang forward, grabbed the man's hand, while he shouted out: "Trooper Hood. I am glad to see you, old man."

The street sweeper forgot everything else in the moment of the recognition and memories of the past, and returned the grasp: "It's Hood, all right, colonel."

Gov. Roosevelt said earnestly: "Are you at the convention of the boys?"

"Can't very well, colonel," Hood replied. The governor observed the clothes of the street cleaner and the situation. He put his arm around the man's shoulder and said: "Why, come with me, old man. Come right away, and we'll take it in together. You'll be all right."

Then he turned to Trooper Pollock, one of the Rough Riders, and exclaimed, impulsively: "Here, you know Hood—Hood, of Troop E?"

Thereupon there was another scene, the two men grabbing each other affectionately.

Hood said in a low tone to the Governor, who was looking in his eyes: "I can't go very far, colonel. It would not do. But you're my man for the place."

With a grasp of the hand the Governor stepped into his carriage and the crowd which had gathered around the street cleaner was John Hood, son of Gen. Charles D. Hood, a "White Wing," having had a run of bad luck. He explains it.—[New York Correspondence Record.]

OUR PSALM OF DAYS.

There's beauty in each water drop,
In every dew I see.
A tongue in every blade of grass,
That speaketh unto me.

What voices call as I go forth
Into the sunlit fields,
Each bud and blossom has a tune
That only wisdom yields.

The glory of the hills is here,
The lofty mountains rise,
As if their crests would penetrate
The chambers of the skies.

The little birds fly east and west,
And flood the air with song,
The pleasant breezes softly blow,
And waft their strains along.

It seems as growth found here a soul,
One that can never die,
One crowded with beauty and with light,
Kindred with earth and sky.

No drear, cold winter finds us here,
No deadly summer heat,
But rest and perfect comfort make
Our gain of days complete.

July 9, 1900.

The Nineteenth of April.—By Robert J. Burdette.

The Herald of the Fourth of July.

BEFORE a man goes abroad, to mingle with monarchs and things, it is a good thing for him to walk about his own Zion, the citadel whereof is within a little stone around the town of Boston. Here are the ineffable highlights of the beginning of things. Here is the line that marks the end of Talk, and the beginning of Doing. All the talk in the world of American life only led up to the bridge at Concord, where some men had to shoot, and get killed before the speeches, arguments, petitions, resolutions, and declarations could go into History. "The Kingdom of Heaven"—which is the best of good things—"is within violence, and the Violent take it by force." All the good that has ever come to men in this world of progress, of development, of improvement, has been wrested by the might of force from the unwilling hands of possession. The day will come when all men will do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. But that requires unanimous consent. So long as one man stands against it, and stands for self, a little force—just a little—must be big enough to carry a lyddite shell seven miles and blow that conservative man clear into and a little kingdom come—will be necessary. Then, when he is pushed out of the way, we will cast all our obnoxious and munitions of war into the scrap heap, retaining only the improved pieces of ordnance of the latest date against the day of the Boxers, and live happily so long as we are good.

Concord Beginning.
A good starting point for this July pilgrimage is the "Soldiers' Monument," a venerable monarch, showing the marks of age, and the pavement about its protecting railings, worn by the feet of thousands of pilgrims, who pause to read the tablet with Longfellow's familiar inscription: "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775." Standing under this elm tree at Harvard College, not a bow shot away, since the day when we heard the president of the university confer an honorary degree upon the British Ambassador, and the tumultuous and hearty cheering of American students. And just at hand, in the sacred burial place between the two old churches, stands a monument to the memory of these cheering students—"To the memory of men of Cambridge, who fell in defense of the liberty of the people, April 19, 1775." "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" Three of those men of Cambridge are buried beneath that monument—three are sleeping in Menotomy, and between us and the university stands the Soldiers' Monument, on the Common, commemorating the heroism and patriotism of the men who died under Lincoln, to preserve the Union for which their fathers died under Washington. Guarding this monument are four cannons, captured by Ethan Allen at Crown Point in 1775. They were brought across country on sleds, by Gen. Knox, and were placed in the American redoubts and used in the siege of Fort Mifflin to decimate the regiments of the King. Two of them are English guns, bearing the broad arrow mark, and two are French. The Americans were not particular about the hall mark of their guns; they simply took them wherever they found them, without any bargaining, which, after all, is the best way to procure artillery. Any people can buy guns of them that sell, but it is noticeable that the same guns will shoot much harder, and further, and straighter, when they have been violently and furiously handled from the hands of the owners-by-purchase, without the payment of a cent.

Remember that, my boy. What you buy, in the world of politics, business, intellectual and social life, is rightfully yours. But what you take, in open field and fair fight, is your own. Which is very different. And much better. And there are some things you can get in no other way. Your own can pay your tuition bills, and you can borrow money, and run in debt for your board, and "bone" for your diploma. But you have to fight and work for your education, day by day.

Perfect Tune.
Well, was there any incongruity in standing under Washington's elm, and looking across Ethan Allen's guns, to where Harvard College was making Baron Pauncefoot a Doctor of Laws? Not a bit of it. We have no quarrel with the British Ambassador. But we would, if our fathers had not fought it out from its righteous beginning to its righteous finish. And while we are standing here today, what is this, which come rumbling out of Sanders' Theater, over John Allen's guns, past the Soldiers' Monument, on by the monument to the "Men of Cambridge," and so on to the elm beneath whose outspread branches George Washington assumed command of the American army in 1775? It is Dr. William Everett, delivering the Phi Beta Kappa address, declaring that "patriotism is not a paramount duty," that "peace with honor," is the phrase of the great charlatan of modern times." That "this love of country, this patriotic ardor of ours must submit to have philosophy investigate her claims." It sounded well enough in Sanders' Theater—it would sound well enough in any hall, full of benches and lighted by gas, but out on the steps of the greater theater, domed by the sky, staged by the earth, and lighted by the sun, it fell on Ethan Allen's guns, and the Soldiers' Monument, and the grave of the "Men of Cambridge," and on Washington's Elm, just as the patter and drizzle of the rains of 200 years have fallen.

Fit for Tat.
And when Dr. Everett got through demolishing war and maintaining that philosophy must condemn all war, Clinton Sanford, the Phi Beta Kappa poet, arose and read the poem, a fervid eulogy of Gen. Lawton, whose life and name stood for everything Dr. Everett had denounced. The poet sang of "the white-hot crucible through which this

youthful Bayard came;" told of the pursuit of Geronimo, and how—

"This hero tracked, through leagues of burning air,
The last great savage to his last blind lair."
And how "when the rent flag with a single star called to our banner," he answered and led—
"Until the gory struggle of that day
At Lawton's word burst from a long, low crest,
With boom of Capron's guns on El Caney."
Then with the calm of self-forgetful power
That marks men great in the decisive hour,
His human sacrifice upon the height
He flung, and crushed the dying hope of Spain."
So the Orator and the Poet orated and rhymed from opposing sides of the fence. Without money and without price, the auditors took their choice, everybody was happy, the war in the Philippines and South Africa is in the last act, and the one in China is just beginning, and Dr. Everett may talk till the cows come home, but this is no time for safety razors.

Correct Ways.
Driving through the environs of Boston, a man is moved to say that our fathers didn't make history any better than their sons make roads. I am glad that I have already praised all the good country roads I ever drove over, before I tried these in the land of the Puritan. Because these are the genuine roads—the others are imitations. The streets in the city are no better than other American city streets but when you get out into the country, you know why wheels were invented. A cube might roll along these roads without much jolting. You can get all over, around and across this country by trolley, but the roadway is so much smoother than the track. When you get ready to make any country roads, send for a Massachusetts man—here's where they invented them. Roadways like private carriage drives; arched over by elms that, alas, can't be built with the road; and every road with that inviting, alluring air of "going somewhere." And every mile a page in American history. Maybe that has something to do with the excellence of the roadway. And, 200 years also enters into the perfection of a road.

Concord.
After a New England thunderstorm had roared us a welcome and made the atmosphere clear enough even for Californian criticism, we drove to Concord by roads that are lettered with tablets that told of the beginnings of Time and Life. "I had a party of Englishmen last week," the driver said. "They were very much interested in everything they saw, and were the best of company, but when I told them how old some of these things were, they laughed." And well might they laugh. And a Greek might have laughed more loudly, and a Syrian much longer. And they tell me that I am going among scenes much older than the records of these hills and streams and meadows. Well, maybe I am—I am not going abroad with any prejudice or preconceived impressions, but I do not now understand how anything can possibly be older than this "battle of Concord." Why, look at it. You never saw a lovelier spot in your life. The Concord River dreams in the shadow of the bridge and the whispering trees. Its banks are fringed with sedges. It is the ideal home of the fleur-de-lis. The low hills are sacred as altars of the temple. The meadows are holy places. A gun shot here? It would sound harsh and profane as an oath in a church. It would startle the two British soldiers who sleep where they fell, a pine at their head and a maple at their feet, with a granite slab in the stone wall beside them to mark their grave. Here, in this field at the summit of Keyes' Hill, the minute men and militia "formed before marching down to the fight at the Bridge." Here Col. James Barrett gave the order to march, "but not to fire, unless they were fired upon by the British." Col. Barrett's house still stands, nearly two miles from this hill. Before the fight, a detachment of the British troops was sent to destroy some military supplies hidden there, and they were given their breakfast by Col. Barrett's wife, who said, "We are commanded to feed our enemies." Near this house the American cannon were hidden in the furrows of a plowed field, and the gun carriages were concealed in a spruce thicket. Before the soldiers of the King could set fire to a pile of material which they had found and heaped up in the front yard, they heard the firing at the Bridge. They hurried away, but the fight was over, the King's troops were on the retreat, and the minute men were hurrying to Merriam's corner, to make the first attack on the British flank.

On Guard.
The statue of "The Minute Man" stands on the American side of the bridge—on the spot where Capt. Davis was killed—a piece of breathing bronze. The soldier farmer stand beside the plow. His waistcoat sags heavily at one side, with the deadly burden of the bullets pounced in the pocket; he grasps the heavy flint-lock musket in his right hand; his attitude is alert, strong, resolute. The clear, earnest face looks out over the narrow river into "Battle Lane," down which marched the British troops—a bronze sermon with never a mean of mugwumpery in it—a figure of indelible eloquence that with its sealed lips of bronze answers all the barks and yelps and brays of all the men who try to blush for their country with their cheeks of brass. When that man heard the call to arms on the 19th of April, he did not pause for one instant to have his patriotism with all its impulses submitted to a clinical examination by an expert in philosophy. If he had, he would not now be preaching patriotism at Concord bridge. He would have lived through the war, a Tory, and died of old age, a Mugwump. The statue was cast from ten pieces of cannon, given to the town by Congress, and the pedestal is taken from a great boulder of white granite in the oak woods of Westford, the home of Lieut.-Col. John Robinson,

who marched down the hill to the attack by the side of Maj. Buttrick. On the face of the pedestal next the Bridge, are the lines from Emerson's dedication hymn—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

On the Trail to Lexington.
So we follow the line of the harrassed retreat of the King's soldiers through a country so beautiful, peaceful, tranquil, that the very birds seem to have no fear of a think so unheard of as a fowling piece. Past Merriam's corner, where the patriots made the first flank attack; and the picturesque bluff where His Majesty's forces halted, rallied, and made a fruitless fight; from this bluff they retreated to Fiske Hill, where the minute men were found behind a breastwork of rails, and it was from this point that the retreat became a rout. Near this hill Maj. Pitcairn was thrown from his horse, and his steel and pistols were captured by Capt. Barrett, who fought at the Concord Bridge. The pistols were used by Gen. Putnam during the war, and are now in the Cary Library at Lexington. There is no talk, even in this day of general and mutual forgiveness of everything and affection for everybody, of sending them back. Thus we reach Lexington. On the morning of April 19, it was a little town of 800 people. Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping in the Hancock house—which was bought by a nobody with money some years ago, who would have torn it down, but that it was bought by the Lexington Historical Society and removed to a new location, not far from its original site—when Paul Revere, galloping from Charlestown roused them, and they hurried away. "The first armed man taken in the revolution" was Benjamin Wellington, a minute man, taken by British scouts on the edge of the village, disarmed and released. Benjamin promptly got another gun and rejoined his comrades. Near the upper corner of "the green" a great boulder marks the line of the minute men. On the face are engraved in relief a musket and powder horn, with the words of Capt. Parker—"Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have away, let it begin here." And then and there, those men, who had not submitted their impulses of patriotism to the investigation of philosophy, declared war against the mightiest nation on the earth. And here is the great stone pulpit, which marks the site of the meeting-house where the gospel was preached and the town's powder was stored in that wonderful year of faith and works, 1775. Around this church the British column swung, and into this church were carried the bodies of the dead when the fight was ended and the war begun. Shading this granite pulpit is a beautiful young elm tree. It was planted here April 19, 1885, by Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. Near the western border of "the green" is the monument which marks the resting place of the eight patriots who were killed in the "Battle of Lexington." It has always been called a "Battle"; it will be called a "Battle" so long as an American lives. On the opposite side of the street stands the "house of Marrett and Nathan Monroe; a witness of the Battle." It was while running from the meeting-house, whether he had gone to get powder, toward this house, that Caleb Harrington, one of the eight, was shot. And another "witness of the Battle" is the ancient "Buckman Tavern," which was "the rendezvous of the Minute Men and a mark for British bullets." And yet another, and a most pathetic one, is the Harrington house, not far away from the line of the Minute Men. It was the home of Jonas Harrington, who was in line with his comrades. He was mortally wounded, and dragged himself out of the battle to his own door, "and died at his wife's feet." And, next to that, stood the house of Daniel Harrington, whose wife's father, Ensign Robert Monroe, was the first man shot down by the British fire. Those men surely were fighting for their homes, dying on their own thresholds. That sort of fighting and dying, you know, hasn't much to do with "the investigations of philosophy."

Old-fashioned Patriotism.
These men, Daniel, and Jonathan, Caleb, and Asahel, were not soldiers. Farmers, artisans, laborers and shopkeepers they were. There was no prosperity for them in war. And they knew it. War meant not fame and wealth and promotion, but privation and penury, poverty and suffering for themselves and those whom they loved. And they knew that. They might have kept out of politics, espoused mugwumpery, tilled their farms, kept their shops, and if ever a thrill of patriotism impaired their digestion or disturbed the complacency which they called their consciences, they could have sent it to a neighboring philosopher, had it analyzed, and returned with the analysis certified, like a sample of mineral water. But, fortunately for the world, they happened to be that type of men who do understand what "peace with honor" means, and whose souls could rest under the banner of no other peace. Men whose idea of peace was voiced long years afterward by Lowell, who was no charlatan—
"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the soldier's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle din,
The wiser ear some text of God divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.
God, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
But, sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"
Boston, Mass., June 30, 1900.



The Story of the Inland Mission of China.

CHINA'S RELIGION.

THE SERIOUS OBSTACLES MET BY CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN THE EMPIRE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE fate of the missionaries who are at work in China is creating the most intense anxiety. Knowing the cruelties and atrocities inflicted by the Chinese upon their own countrymen who have become converts to Christianity, but little mercy toward the European missionaries can be expected from their hands. It seems they first hate all foreigners and then all Christians.

If, indeed, it shall be a war of extermination, as seems probable, the sufferings of the 1300 missionaries who are in the field, together with the 40,000 native Protestant converts, and nearly one million Catholics, may prove to be more terrible than anything the world has ever known.

The American Indians, the Sepoys and the ancient Romans, in all their savage atrocities cannot excel these barbarians in cruelty. They behead, they burn, they crucify, they strip the flesh, they hack to pieces, they torment.

The largest band of missionary workers in China belong to the well-known society called the "Inland Mission of China." This one society has 811 members, with 12,956 na-

world, and a modest estimate of the number of people within this area would be 350,000,000. This fact so impressed one of the resident medical missionaries of Ningpo, J. Hudson Taylor, a man personally known to many people of Los Angeles, that he decided to return to England and interest a band of Christian workers to come out to China and preach the gospel to the inland districts. Men had previously come out from time to time and lived among

Christian workers ever sent out into any field. It was decided from the beginning that Mr. Taylor should have full charge of affairs in China, and Mr. Bryer remained at home in London.

The First Large Party.

The first large party of missionaries, twenty-four in number, left London, May 25, 1860, and arrived in



NING-PO, FIRST STATION OF THE INLAND MISSION.

the heathen Chinese. The first man to do so was Dr. Robert Morrison, an Englishman, whom his own government refused permission to proceed to China; but who, not discouraged, sailed for New York and there secured passage on the first American steamer outbound for Canton. This was in 1807. Upon his arrival in Canton, he associated himself with commercial friends and then spent his life in missionary work. He was followed by two young Americans, Messrs. Bridgman and Wells Williams. These three were practically alone in their work until 1850, when Dr. Martin, who is now in Peking, if he has not been murdered, found his way to Ningpo, followed three years later by Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor remained in China until 1860, when he went back to England to found the Inland Mission and return with the first band of workers in 1860.

The Inland Mission was organized on a simple and comprehensive scale, with new features that proved to be excellent ones and are still retained. First it was to be interdenominational, the only qualification being that the applicant should be a consistent and devout Protestant Christian, and suited to the work in hand; and, second, the mission should make no collections, never beg nor contract debts.

It guaranteed no income or stated salary to its missionaries, but distributed whatever was provided, or rather donated, believing that men rather than money were needed in propagating Christianity.

The mission has now become international. Even ten years ago there were fourteen different nations represented in the field; but now there are branches established in the United States, in Canada, Australia, Germany, Finland, Norway and Sweden, and even Iceland is represented. The missionaries work under the direction of the Inland Mission, but are supported by their own countries or societies.

Another remarkable feature of the Inland Mission is the absence of officers in its organization. There being no salaries, naturally there were no officers. Consequently it has been the most congenial and harmonious association of

September 30, after a stormy voyage of over four weeks. The acknowledged headquarters of the mission is at Ningpo, in the province of Cheh-Kiang, a distance of several hundred miles from Shanghai. Preparations made at once for the journey, native costumes were adopted and the men submitted to the shaving of their heads, wearing of queues, while the women looked picturesque in the native costume. A boat was procured and the party left Shanghai in October, stopping at every city, town and village, and trying to gain a foothold in heathendom. The Chinamen would have none of them; they persisted in refusing to rent their houses to the "foreign devils," and many places the missionaries were not permitted to enter. Finally, after a tedious journey, they reached Hangchow, a large and prosperous town about half way between Shanghai and Ningpo. Here they were offered the houses of Mr. Kreyer, an American, until they could find quarters. The weather being cold, they were glad to be housed for the winter and begin the study of the language and customs of their future neighbors and patrons.

As soon as possible, Mr. Taylor and several others of the party proceeded to Ningpo. This is one of the most important and influential cities in Southern China. Situated on a wide, fertile plain at the junction of two streams, more than twelve miles from the Yellow Sea, it rises on a fine amphitheater of hills, crowned with pagodas and temples; while many of the streets are broad highways bordered by ancestral dwellings and magnificent temples. Other parts of the town are found dirty little alleys, canals spanned by picturesque small stone bridges. One of these unattractive, insignificant little bridges, Lake Head street (Wu-giao-doo), well known to inland missionaries as the district wherein was the headquarters of the Inland Mission of China. However, it was not until 1862, when an attempt was made to move to this place, that the missionaries were driven to it.

The First Serious Riot.

This move occasioned the first serious riot caused by the missionaries. The Chinese circulated the rumor that they were the worst of golems—that the missionaries were all baby-eaters and that they used parts of the bodies of the little ones for magical purposes. A rumor was circulated that twenty-four children were missing, and that an infuriated mob surrounded the mission house that had just been secured and occupied, the gates were pulled down, stones were thrown into the windows, finally the mob forced an entrance into the house, and destroying everything there. Every box and piece of furniture was torn to pieces searching, so they said, for lost children. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan had been mobbed and literally ran to the official Yamen, crying, "Kiu-ming! Kiu-ming! (Save life! Save life!)" and every Chinese mandarin must attend to it at any hour of day or night. When the mandarin appeared, the question he asked was, "What did you really do with the children?" When assured to his satisfaction that they had taken no children, he dispersed the mob of ten or twelve thousand frenzied creatures. The mob had been seriously hurt several of the missionaries before they escaped to a friendly Chinese. The house was burned and everything carried away.

It became evident to the foreigners that they must adopt different methods. They determined in the future to make itinerant visits to new towns until the natives had become accustomed to their presence, and then try to establish a station. They so far succeeded in this that in 1866 they had established thirteen stations, with eight sub-stations, with a total number of 100 missionaries, their own number having increased to thirty-three.

However, the following year proved a trying one. The murder of the Sister of Mercy at Tien-Tsin, together with other Europeans, had its detrimental effect upon

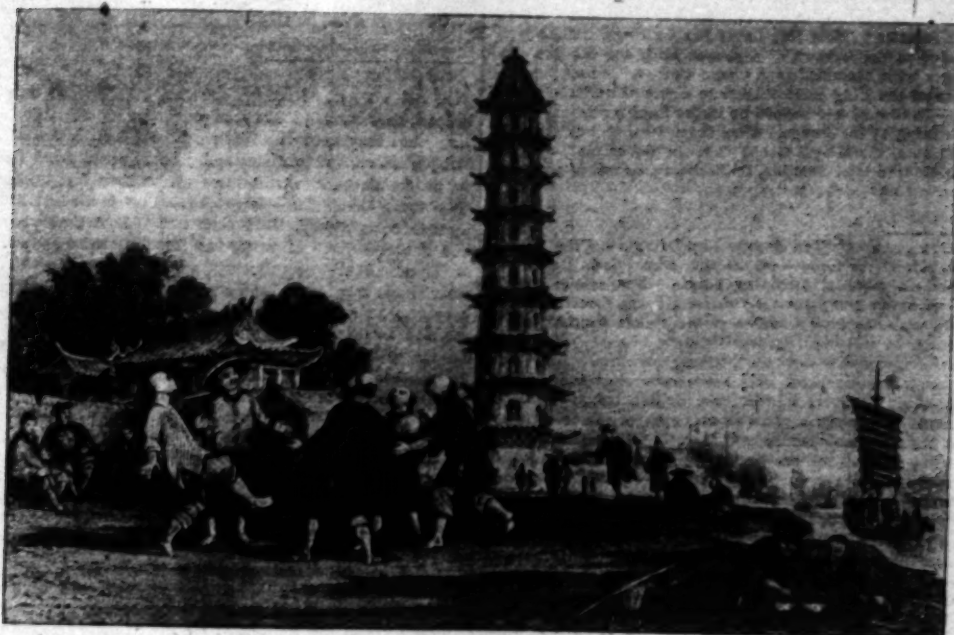


MISSIONARY AND FAMILY READY TO START.

tive converts. Of the members, 753 are on duty in China today, and nearly all of them are stationed in the interior districts. Consequently many are separated from all communication with the outside world, thousands of miles away from friends and assistance, and in many instances in blissful ignorance of the atrocities being perpetrated in Peking, or of their own impending danger. Of course all have been warned, who could be reached. But it is extremely doubtful whether they will leave their posts and thus abandon the native converts in time of danger. Yet those who can honorably retreat to places of safety will certainly do so.

The Origin of the Inland Mission.

The story of the Inland Mission in China is more interesting than that of any other missionary colony in the world. When, on the 26th of June, 1858, the treaty of Tien-Tsin opened the entire interior of the Flowery Kingdom to Christian teachers and to all travelers, it revealed the fact that there were eleven provinces of China in which there was not a single Protestant missionary. These combined districts comprised at least one-tenth of the entire



MISSIONARY AND FAMILY READY TO START.

of the Island missionaries. The death of Mrs. Hudson Taylor was a serious blow to the community. But the financial system adopted by the mission had proven a boon. Never in all these years had a serious want been experienced, the entire company believing firmly in the financial promises of the Bible. "Ask and it shall be given unto you." Aside from necessities they had sufficient funds in hand to erect a schoolhouse in Chin-Kiang, for the instruction of women and children, and two young ladies took charge.

Many people are interested in knowing what kind of Christians the Chinese make. The following story is a pretty good answer to the question:

The Siao-sung was a convert and was visiting the town of Siao-shan. The mandarin of the district was determined to expel the Christians. He called at the house of the Chinaman Tain and said, "Do you believe in the gods of Siao-shan?" "No," replied Tain. "Beat him," yelled the mandarin to his servants. Tain was thrown on his face on the ground and given 600 blows and when allowed to rise was given 100 more on the face and mouth for not worshipping the idols of Siao-shan.

For Tain Siao-sung left the town as soon as he was able, but went immediately to preaching the gospel to his unconverted people.

Western Always Ready.

The Island Mission was the first to send women into the interior provinces. From time to time during the existence of this mission they have made calls for an increase in the number of workers, both men and women, and in every instance the number asked for volunteered themselves. And not only the people were forthcoming but also the funds to defray the expenses.

One time seven young college men, known as the "Siao-shan Band," electrified England by responding to the call. These young men relinquished their brilliant prospects and social distinction to become missionaries in this remote land. They were Stanley P. Smith and C. T. Smith (brother of George R. Smith of this city, who is connected with Paul Hall), both distinguished in the athletic world. Rex W. W. Casella of St. Johns; Montague Beauchamp and Arthur Polhill-Turner of Trinity College and Wiley Hall. D. K. Hoste, who resigned from the Royal Artillery, and Cecil Polhill-Turner of the Second London Guards.

In view of the ever-increasing number the mission has established a home in China where the recruits are received and prepared by experienced teachers for their work. Class books and a complete course of study have been arranged. Aside from this school the mission has a comfortable and commodious hospital and sanitarium at Chertou, also a general school of high standard, where the children of the missionaries can be educated free of charge. Last year a wealthy gentleman, Mr. Morton, died, leaving to the Island Mission a legacy of \$500,000, to be used in the promotion of the work.

At the outbreak of the present disturbances the mission was in a most flourishing condition, but the effect of the uprising may mean the very life of work already done. The Chinese have been moulded in years of Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism and the few years of Christianity have made an impression upon them.

A brief sketch of these three religions of China will show something of what the Christian missionaries have had to contend with. We find here three principal national religions existing in harmony, with three modes of worship and three philosophies underlying them; and what is stranger still, not unfrequently do we find the same person subscribing to all three of the modes of worship. One great bond between the sects is the united reverence with which they consider heaven and earth and even the stars. The most ancient religion of China taught the people to worship a Supreme Being with attributes similar to those assigned to God; but that has been lost in the introduction of these other religions.

Confucius and His Teachings.

The most noteworthy name in all Chinese history is that of Confucius. He lived in the sixth century before Christ, was a great philosopher and teacher, and a man of noted integrity. He had over three thousand pupils, or disciples, and he established a school of learning fit for philosophers and thinkers, and different from any then existing. He was a great statesman and also a musician, though he was modest with it all and unassuming.

His writings and sayings are studied by intelligent men of today. The literary men of China and those of rank and property are followers of Confucius and the government has never persecuted the Confucianists; but it has frequently mercilessly harassed the followers of Lao-tzu and Buddha. Confucianism as a religion is scarcely more than ancestral worship.

Confucius gave lectures on virtue and vice; upon communion with established law and adherence to the dictates of conscience. But he taught and believed that the first and greatest duty was filial piety. A Confucianist is horrified when asked to resign the customs of ancestral worship. There is nothing spiritual or esthetic in the religion of Confucius, and so many customs and ceremonies, and superstitions are constantly being added that the original simplicity is completely crowded. The followers of Confucius have magnificent temples, where tablets and statues are erected in memory of their departed friends and relatives, and the same tablets are often in the temples of the Taoists.

Taoism.

Lao-tzu was a sage, and contemporary with Confucius, and was the founder of Taoism. He claimed to be a more profound and mystical thinker than Confucius. He was a materialist, believing the soul was but a purer, finer degree of matter; that after death the soul passed through a sort of chemical process that transmuted it into a more ethereal essence and thus prepared it for immortality. He looked upon the stars as divine and believed that gods and goddesses were both useful and necessary.

Taoists deity hermits, physicians, magicians, astronomers and occult teachers. They have gods of riches, of long life and of particular diseases. Some of these temples are called Kung—meaning palace—and in these,

the gods of their religion are seated on thrones administering justice and giving advice. Other larger temples are called Kwan and in these hundreds of idols and tablets are arranged in halls and rooms. These idols represent the sages of the Taoist sect, the deities of the stars and the gods of the various heavens. Then, again, there are temples dedicated to the dead and they are called Meow. In them are gods of war, gods of state and patrons of cities. The statues or names of the men thus honored are chosen by the government, and the mandarin of the city must visit these temples upon certain public days; and worship these gods according to the Taoist customs and forms. Taoism has no literature.

The Origin and Character of Buddhism.

Buddhism, or the worship of Fo, was not introduced into China until the first century of the Christian religion, when, in obedience to a dream, the Emperor Ming-te sent ambassadors to the West, with instructions to bring back a god and a religion. They returned with an image of Buddha and soon after Buddhist monks came from India to the Chinese court to propagate their religion.

The religion of Buddha is metaphysical. It appeals to the imagination, and deals with ideas rather than matter. It presents a curious idea of transmigration of spirits. Its idols are personified ideas, while the way of salvation is explained in a creed, the fundamental principles of which are summed up in what is termed the "Four great truths": first, that misery always accompanies existence; second, that all modes of existence either in man or animal, in heaven or on earth, result from passion or desire; third, that there is no escape from existence except by destruction of desire; fourth, that this may be accomplished by following the four paths that lead to Nirvana, or Buddha's heaven, a place of rest attainable only through a change of heart. The first stage on the journey is called the awakening, where the person realizes that all existence is burdened with misery, sadness and sorrow, and that each one must turn for help and guidance to the Enlightened One. Who this is, is not clearly defined. As the soul passes toward the second stage it loses all impure desires and revengeful feelings. In the third stage it has become free from all evil desires, from ignorance, from doubt, from heresy and lastly from unkindness and vexation and has attained the state fit to tread the fourth and last path, which leads to universal charity and love toward all men. All who have reached this stage on the way to Nirvana have escaped from the possibilities of transmigration, and when life is ended will pass direct to the joys of Nirvana, and be forever at rest. But in Buddhism does not acknowledge the existence of a soul as distinct from the body, death or Nirvana is simply extinction.

If a Buddhist has not had this change of heart referred to, but dies unregenerate, his spirit will be transmigrated to an animal, another person or thing.

The temples, sacrifices, ceremonies, fate sticks and shrines of China are so numerous and confusing that it is difficult to explain their meaning. If a Chinaman anticipates a journey, a marriage, a business venture, or has lost a relative, he will consult a Joss, as we term their gods, and receive advice or consolation through the "book of fate" or through offerings.

There are, according to the latest statistics, over three hundred million followers of these three religions, and their outposts and their temples are more numerous than our churches.

The Pagoda.

A pagoda is a temple or an ornamental tomb erected over the remains of a Buddhist priest; or a receptacle for holy relics. The origin of the pagoda in China was the erection of a similar costly structure or tomb over the remains of a great Buddhist leader, Shakyamuni, who instituted the monastic life of Buddhism. Many pagodas were erected later to his memory. Not unfrequently other pagodas were erected near by, the people believing that the very presence of a pagoda insured them security from all evils and assured them success. They are most graceful, beautiful structures, built frequently of marble or red sandstone, in the form of a tower of many stories, and each story surrounded by a gallery, crowned by a graceful, peaked roof, frequently encircled by tiny bells, which are rung by the wind. The priests declare that the tingling of the bells is a tribute of praise to Buddha from nature. On festival days lanterns are suspended from the balconies at each story, and the picture is charming.

HARRY FORBES.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] We are most of us familiar with the well known engraving entitled "The First Prayer in Congress," but few persons have ever heard that prayer. In Thatcher's Military Journal, under the date of December, 1777, is found a note containing the identical first prayer in Congress, made by the Rev. David Buche, D.D., an Episcopal clergyman.

"Oh, Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings and Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrollable over the kingdoms, empires and governments, look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the red of the oppressor and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth only dependent on Thee; to Thee have they appealed for righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they now look for countenance of support which Thou alone canst give. Take, them, therefore, heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care; give them wisdom and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and, if they still persist in their sanguinary purpose, oh! let the voice of Thy unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of battle. Be Thou present, oh, God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed; that order, harmony and peace may be restored; and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish among the people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down on them and the millions they here represent such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Savior. Amen."

COULDN'T STOP THEM.

EFFORTS OF SPANISH TO EXCLUDE CHINESE FROM PHILIPPINES.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The protests of Wu, the Chinese Minister at Washington, against extending the provisions of the Chinese exclusion laws of the United States to the Philippine Islands are extraordinarily interesting when considered in connection with the bloody history of the Mongolian invasions of the archipelago.

This swarm of 3000 wonderfully fertile islands was discovered by Magellan in 1521 and very soon after came under the control of Spain. Attracted by its many beautiful streams of water, its soft climate and its productive soil, the Chinese followed the Spanish into the islands in great numbers and began at once to crowd out the other inhabitants. After struggling heroically, but unsuccessfully, against industrial destruction, the Spanish colonists obtained a royal decree or mandate banishing the Chinese. The Mongolians resisted its enforcement, and in 1603 about twenty-five thousand of them were slain.

Undaunted by this fearful slaughter, the places of the dead were practically filled in two years by newcomers, and in 1603 the Spanish government decreed that Chinese to the number of 6000 only might reside in the Philippines; that each resident should pay a special tax of \$8 per year, and that none should be allowed to follow any occupation save that of tilling the soil. To these conditions the Chinese assented without demur. They went forward in their operations, however, precisely as if no conditions had been made. In twenty-five years 30,000 new immigrants had infested the most favored spots in the islands, and in 1639 they were again ordered to leave or suffer death. About 7000 of them obeyed the decree, but 33,000 defied it and were slaughtered.

Massacre After Massacre.

Instead of checking immigration, this appalling massacre seemed to augment the flood tide of Mongolian immigration, and in twenty years the Chinese had become so strong that they threatened to wipe out the Spanish insular government and establish one of their own in its stead. Again they were ordered to leave the islands, and again defying the mandate, were slain to the last man.

In 1673 the Spanish government sent a special envoy to the Philippines to examine into the Chinese problem, and his report is probably as able as anything ever published on that subject. He declared that the Chinese were irremediable and utterly refused to assimilate with other peoples. After describing them and their methods in the islands, he concluded:

"They impoverish the country, glean everywhere and forwarding their savings to China. They undermine and ruin all labor because they live on less and hence work for less than our (Spanish) people, and then follow their earnings to China, thus making room for still more hungry swarms, which settle among us."

This report so aroused the government that more energetic measures of exclusion were enforced, but without much success, since in 1709 the Chinese had again become so numerous, arrogant and oppressive that an uprising resulted in their complete extermination. Not in the least "fearful," they instantly renewed immigration from the fatherland and by 1739 had become more numerous than ever. The Spanish government ordered them to leave, giving them but a short period in which to do so, or be hanged en masse, so to speak. Remembering the bloody visitations of the past, many thousands returned to China; the remainder were executed.

Extermination Did Not Exterminate.

The stench of this great killing was hardly clear from the air before this strangely persistent race began again, like rats, to stealthily overrun the islands, and by 1775 had become so numerous that the incumbent viceroy decreed that every Chinaman found on Philippine soil on a certain day should be executed, and this decree was carried out to the letter. In 1819, having again become intolerable by their numbers and methods, once again every Chinese that could be found in the Philippines was massacred.

As extermination did not exterminate, and as the burden of recurring slaughters was growing too vast and too wearisome for the government, a system of extremely onerous and burdensome taxes was devised and pressed upon the Chinese with relentless severity. This, however, proved to be as ineffectual as wholesale killing, and the Chinese, now outnumbering all European inhabitants more than five to one, practically control the trade and business of the 3000 beautiful islands, and, of course, cannot be dislodged by ordinary methods.

Persistence of the character thus disclosed, in the face of punishment too terrible to be adequately described in words, is unmatched in the history of the world. It is inherent in a people possessing more than 50,000,000 of surplus population and whose blighting immigrations have been controlled successfully by no government except that of the United States.

Can this control be executed in the Philippines by the United States? Yes. By the native Filipinos? Never.

FRANK ABIAL FLOWER.

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A CRETAN CUSTOM.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] In Crete a number of individuals often choose a young girl, who must be pretty—no difficult matter in Crete. They inform her parents of their intention, and the needful consent is never withheld.

Then a priest is sent for and told to begin the ceremony. He takes a very long girle and joins all the men with it in a circle, in the center of which the young girl is placed. Then the clergyman recites a number of prayers and winds up by giving his benediction to all present.

Each and every one of the males is bound in honor to protect that girl throughout her life, but none of them can take her for his wife. She is and remains their sister to the end of her days.

FINE ARTS AT PARIS.

THE DISPLAY MADE BY PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS AT THE EXPOSITION.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, June 28, 1900.—The visitor to the Chicago Exposition of 1893 could scarcely avoid a feeling of sadness that the splendid white palaces, so artistic, so dignified and so impressive, were to exist for a season only and then to disappear—to be remembered only as a dream is remembered—in this case a dream of architectural beauty exceeding all other dreams and all realities. The visitor to the Paris Exposition of 1900 is oppressed by no such feeling. He can contemplate the prospective disappearance of the majority of the flamboyant, fantastic structures here with composure, for the exposition of 1900 is a disfigurement of Paris quite as conspicuously as the exposition of 1893 was a glorification of Chicago.

The present Paris Exposition cannot in any way compete with Paris itself in attractiveness. The views in the old Tuilleries gardens, with the stately buildings of the Louvre in the background; the views in the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg, the views up and down the Seine—taking in Notre Dame, the old Conciergerie, the graceful spire of the Saint Chapelle and the picturesque Tour St. Jacques; the views from Montmartre, from the Arc de Triomphe and from many other points, are artistically, far superior and far more impressive than anything afforded by the exposition.

The best of the exposition vistas are those obtainable from the new Alexander III bridge, down the Seine and over the Esplanade des Invalides from the Pont de l'Alma and the Pont de Lens and from the Trocadero toward the

larger here than was that at Chicago, but it averages about the same in quality. Many of the pictures exposed in Chicago are in evidence here, prominent among which are some of the strong portraits by Bonnat, including the Ernest Renan, the beautiful portrait of Mme. Gauguier, and other works by Cotta; the Horses of Bonnat, the nude dancing figures of Collin, and so on. Many of the leading French painters are represented here much more fully than at Chicago, notably among them being Roybet, who exhibits, among other strong works, his colonial "Charles the Bold, at Neale," which was shown at the St. Louis Exposition three years ago; and Jean Béraud, with his somewhat irreverent interpretations of Biblical subjects with types of character, costume and scenic surroundings borrowed from the Paris of the present time.

Constant's "Victoria" is Ghost-Like.

Then there is Benjamin-Constant's portrait of Queen Victoria, in royal robes and crown, seated on the throne. This, while one of the most pretentious, is one of the most inefficient of Benjamin-Constant's works. The figure of the Queen presents the appearance of an overfed ghost. It emphasizes the least attractive feature of the monarch's personality in its outlines, it lacks substance and gives no suggestion whatever of the Queen's womanly character and dignity. The figure is entirely subordinate to the architectural details and gorgeous adornments of the throne. In color the composition is monotonous.

One painter alone, in the French section, stands head and shoulders above his fellows—Dagnan-Bouveret—who was very inadequately represented at Chicago, but who is seen here at his best. His "Last Supper" is the most impressive picture in the French section. In conception, in composition, in color and in all artistic qualities it is one of the great pictures of our time. "The Chénarps"—bought by the French government a few years ago—is another of Dagnan's particularly fine works shown, and this picture ranks among the masterpieces of art.

In the French retrospective section—representing the past

with the great works of Voltaire and from the portrait of Mrs. Meyer and her children is certainly more than most of the work of Mr. Sargent, with a public is familiar, and shows the marvelous skill of the painter in "finishing" so as to satisfy the most exacting demand for realistic detail, while yet preserving the air of handling that goes with enthusiasm. Mr. Sargent's portrait of the president of Bryn Mawr College is a fine work.

James MacNeill Whistler shows three important works. A portrait of the artist, portrait of a lady in gray, and an exquisite portrait of a lady seated in a mantelpiece, with her head reflected in a mirror. These require nearly a column to mention and comment on the noteworthy work of other American artists.

Nearly all the American pictures shown here have been exhibited at the academy or society exhibitions in Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis, so that any detailed description of them is unnecessary.

Exhibits of Other Countries.

The British art representation is little more than as large as that at Chicago in 1893, and does not compare with it in excellence, and many of the strongest of Great Britain—especially the Scotchmen—are omitted. The German exhibit, though less than at Chicago, is as large as that made at Chicago, is most creditable, galleries are handsomely decorated and the arrangement generally excellent. The Austrian exhibit, also, is a very fine one—far better than that made at Chicago. The galleries containing the works of the painters of the "Secession," and those of the artists of the "Gemeinschaft," are simply superb in their exquisite decoration and arrangement. They are the most beautiful galleries at Paris.

The Spanish exhibit is about half the size of that at Chicago, and is less interesting. The Italian exhibit is redeemed by a most interesting collection of the work of the late Giovanni Segantini. Segantini is one of the most individual painters of our time, his method was absolutely his own. He was serious, painting in the extreme, and combined impressionism and poetic sentiment in his work. Perhaps no other pictures in the exposition will be the subject of more discussion or more diverse expressions of opinion than his was a great painter and his death was a great loss to art.

The Holland exhibit is much smaller than that at Chicago, and is not equal to the latter in excellence. The Belgian exhibit is also smaller than that made at Chicago, but is rather better. The Scandinavian exhibit, unusual, are extremely interesting. Here painters of individuality predominate. Among them the ninth one finds a sturdy, honest, frankness and times a most captivating naïveté. They paint the things they see, and they see it through human eyes, with very human hearts. The artificial plays with them. Of the Swedish painters, Zorn occupies a place at the head, and in the art section of his work is represented by his portrait of King Oscar II, his "Mother"—an attractive young Swedish woman, with her arms, and by "Midnight at Mora, June 24"—a scene under bright sunlight. While these are pictures of great vigor and consummate art, Zorn is not so well represented as he was at Chicago, nor is Swedish art as a whole.

As Zorn is the leader of Sweden, so is Kroyer of Denmark. The Danish exhibit, though smaller here, is on an average, than was that at Chicago. It is splendidly represented by a number of important works. His "Meeting of the Royal Academy of Science at Copenhagen" is an enormous composition filled with life and vigor. The Norwegian section is especially strong in landscape. Exhibits of the art of Hungary and Croatia are in galleries adjacent to those of Austria. By the mentioned Munkacsy there are two characteristic landscapes. The art exhibit of Russia is about double the size of the exhibit made at Chicago, but is not remarkable for excellence. Some of the works in the section of Russia are among the best.

The Swiss section contains a considerable number of pictures, but few which call for special attention. The little to attract one in the art exhibits of the Swiss are in the galleries of the Swiss, Greece, Luxembourg, Monaco, Nicaragua, Peru, Portugal, Romania, Maricao, San Salvador, Serbia, Turkey, or in the international section. The exhibit of Japan consists of paintings on silk by modern artists, is handsomely stilled in galleries adjoining the United States section and is extremely attractive and interesting.

Sculpture.

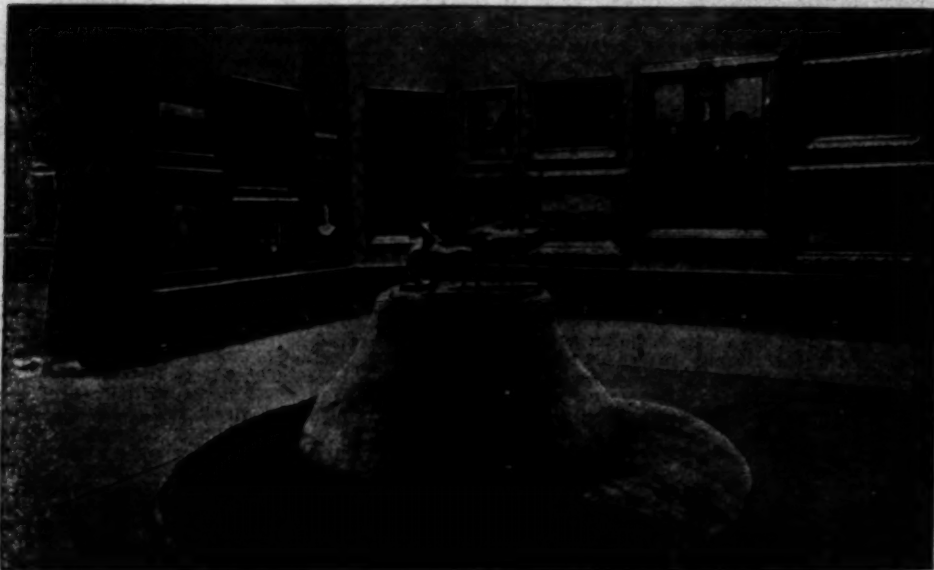
The sculpture exhibits are placed in the great central Grand Palace and in appropriate positions in the grounds. The French exhibit naturally is the largest, contains 400 works. Next in order are Russia, Italy, with 87; Germany, 70; the United States, 60; Britain, 60; Spain, 57; Hungary, 50; Austria, 40; and Switzerland, each 37; Greece, 36; Denmark, 30 on.

The United States exhibit of sculpture is especially placed. Many of the principal works are arranged in a large half-circle immediately under the great dome of the Art Palace, and others are disposed in excellent positions in the grounds. Under the dome are the large equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman, by Augustus St. Gaudens, enormous groups of spirited horses, the Shakspeare by Sir Henry Vane, the Venus and Adonis and the Prometheus by MacMonnies, and the bronze fountain by Karl Daniel C. French's equestrian statue of George Washington, which decorates the United States government building, and also is A. Phimister Proctor's "Quadrige." The figure of Augustus St. Gaudens stands in a commanding position near the entrance to the Palace of Retrospective Art.

There is enough real art at the Paris Exposition to repay one for all the time and trouble necessarily involved in searching it out, but if all the really noteworthy pictures only could be separated from the vast mass of mediocrity in which they are mostly submerged, a superb collection might be formed.

CHARLES M. KURTZ.

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IN GALLERY NO. 2.

Showing part of the south and part of the east wall in gallery 2. In the center of the south wall is Abbott H. Thayer's "Virgin Enthroned." On the two sides of it are the late Homer Martin's "Adirondack Scenery," and George H. Bogert's "Sea and Rain." On the corner panel is J. McNeill Whistler's portrait of himself. On the east wall, next to the doorway to gallery 2 is Whistler's portrait of a lady standing by a mantelpiece with her face reflected in a mirror.

Eiffel Tower, and vice versa. But none of these compares in beauty or picturesqueness with the views about the "Court of Honor," the view from there looking toward the Art Palace or the general view of the exposition buildings from the lake, at Chicago. And while the various European exhibits at Paris may be more numerous, more comprehensive, more carefully selected and more advanced in certain ways than those which were at Chicago, the exposition as a whole creates no such general impression of magnitude and importance as was created by the Columbian Exposition.

Inartistic Exposition Structures.

The exposition structures, as a rule, are pretentious, overloaded with ornament, artificial looking and utterly lacking in dignity. They are very evidently "only for the moment;" they do not comport in character with the exhibits with which they are crowded. There are a few exceptions to this general characterization: The two Art Palaces, which are permanent structures, are fine in most of their details, and the buildings reproducing features of "Old Paris" are exceedingly picturesque and well placed—though these last are not exposition structures in the specific sense any more than are the buildings of the various foreign powers—some of which are admirable, while others are needlessly overdone. Some of the numerous concessions are from the world.

The Grand Palace of Arts, in which the contemporary art exhibits of the various nations are shown, is far better adapted for its purpose than was the Art Palace at Chicago, but in its exterior it is not nearly so dignified or impressive as the Chicago building. Both the Grand Palace and the Palace of Retrospective Arts are most admirable in their general features, but both are disfigured by portals that are at variance with the other portions of the structures and that depreciate the fine effect their beautiful colonnades would have had if unbroken by such disproportionate and inharmonious projections.

The exhibit of contemporary art is not quite so large as that made at Chicago, and while some nations show to better advantage here, others were more creditably represented there.

The contemporary art exhibit of France is enormously

hundred years of painting in France—which is in another part of the Art Palace, one finds excellent representation of nearly all the men who have contributed toward making France famous in art—including, of course, "the men of 1830."

It is a pleasure to record the fact that the United States section of fine arts is one of the most attractive of all the sections—not excluding that of France. This may seem a broad statement, but it is the truth.

The first impression of the visitor upon entering the American galleries is of restfulness. The walls are covered with a soft, gray-green material, having the effect of brocade, and the pictures are hung with liberal spacing—only two rows above "the line"—and in no way crowded. The draperies, fountains, and so forth, conform in coloring to the scheme of the walls, and the result gives a decided feeling of relief after the heavy, conventional red draped galleries crowded with pictures from line to cornice in most of the galleries of the other sections.

Six American Galleries.

There are six galleries in the United States section, admirably located at the head of the great staircase at the southwest corner of the Rotunda of the Art Palace, and it is safe to say that these galleries contain such a representation of contemporary American pictures as never before has been assembled together. While a number of our painters of the first rank are not represented—as Tryon, Dewing, Mowbray, Colman, Wyatt Eaton, Ryder and a few others, the works shown display practically the highest achievement of the exhibitors, and have a general character of seriousness and dignity, and a degree of individuality not characteristic of the general exhibit of any other section.

The most noticeable work shown in this section is John S. Sargent's portrait group of Mrs. Carl Meyer and her children, representing a handsome young woman in a pink silk dress, half reclining on a light-colored tapestry covered sofa, over the back of which her two children—a boy and a girl—are leaning. Artistically, there is no finer work than this in the exposition. I do not believe there is another work in the Art Palace containing so many of the qualities which belong to the work of a great painter. Such a picture, like the same artist's portrait of Mr. Wertheimer—which hangs in another gallery—may be mentioned along

WHERE BOXERS BEGAN. SOMETHING ABOUT SHANTUNG AND THE CHARACTER OF ITS PEOPLE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Chinese province of Shantung, the home of the Boxers, is, in fact, a great island. Long before the construction of the Grand Canal cut it entirely off from the main land, the Great Yellow River (Hoang Ho) cut out of the Western Mountains and split itself against the rocky hills of Shantung, dividing its waters. One half flowed north to empty into the Gulf of Pei-Chili, while the other half turned south into the Yellow Sea. Earlier than this the sea itself had covered the lowlands, but the deposits of silt borne down from the rich plains of Shensi and Shansi by the river have gradually forced the salt waters back.

The location, soil and climate of Shantung have been

which lies about eighty miles southwest of Peking, and almost one hundred miles due west of Tien-Tsin, with which it is connected by river. Pang-tung-fu was the present terminus of the Luhan Railroad, being built by the Belgian syndicate from Peking southwest to Hankow, a distance of about eight hundred miles. At Pang-tung-fu the Boxers ignored the presence of a large body of American missionaries, but attacked the party of Belgian engineers engaged on the road, and pursued them when they attempted to escape down the river to Tien-Tsin, finally cutting off and killing several of the party.

Points About Tien-Tsin.

To this point the Boxers held their forces together, but here they separated, part of them following the railroad as it skirted the foothills at the western edge of the plain toward the capital, at Peking, while the others struck east across the plain toward Tien-Tsin. Tien-Tsin, the great port of North China, has the largest foreign population of any Chinese city except Shanghai. Tien-Tsin lies on the western bank of the Pei Ho, or North River, at its junction with the Grand Canal, about thirty miles from the coast. The population of the native city is usually given as about one million, but if the suburbs and river population, which

quently mentioned in the dispatches, is really of no importance except as being the junction of the Peking-Tien-Tsin Railroad with the branch to Pan-tung-fu. It was formerly the terminus of the main lines, though it was almost five miles from the walls of the capital city, but afterward, by strategy, the Empress was induced to "order" it built up to the city.

The foreign settlement at Tien-Tsin lies a distance south of the native city and is protected by a heavy wall of earthworks, with a ditch outside.

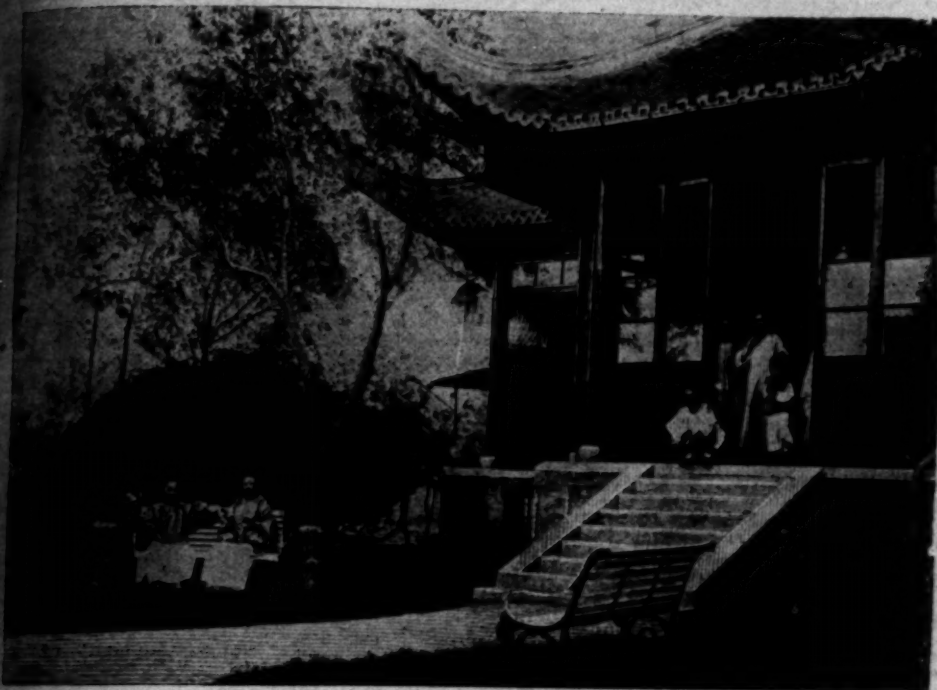
"Smothering" Foreign Intruders.

The Chinese are a peculiar people and have peculiar ways of putting down their numerous local insurrections. They never oppose such movements while they are gaining strength. They put up only a passive resistance until the movement has spent its strength and shows signs of collapse. Then they jump on it with vigor. It is because of this absence of active resistance that China has repeatedly been conquered by small armies and by small nations. The powers must not conclude from this, however, that the partition of China will be a simple matter.

The Chinese are largely indifferent as to the figureheads who occupy the throne—but the persistency of their race characteristics is remarkable. They know that they are helpless before their foreign foes, because, gigantic as their resources are, they are unable to marshal them. When they are invaded they make only a feeble resistance, but once the intruders are well within the country, the Chinese people simply swarm and "smother" them. They are the greatest amalgamators the world has ever seen. They have grown by being conquered. The Mongols under the great Kublai invaded them and usurped the sovereignty, but a short century sufficed for the Chinese to absorb their conquerors and to make their country tributary to the dragon throne. Still later the Manchus conquered China and seized the reins of government, but they, too, have been engulfed in the rising tide of black-haired men, and their country made into a province. Neither shall the modern invaders of China escape a like fate. While present conditions prevail there the spheres of influence claimed by the several powers would doubtless fall an easy prey to the powers claiming them, but when they have supplied the empire with modern facilities for transportation, then will the Chinese come into their own again and history repeat itself. The Chinaman will absorb the outsiders, and if they be not separated from him by too wide a sea, he will add them to his empire. Within its borders already dwell one-third of the entire human race. Its half billion of population promises a trade that is recognized as the grand prize of future commerce. All other markets fade into insignificance beside it. It is not strange, therefore, that the powers have been striving by threats and coercion to bring it under their control and that they have jealously watched each other while seeking to secure additional concessions for themselves and to enlarge their own spheres of influence. One reason that the Chinese government has apparently favored the demonstration of the Boxers is that it has been hoped that it might afford an opportunity for repudiating some of the concessions that have been granted to foreigners in recent years. The common people in China are peaceable and hospitable and not opposed to the introduction of modern inventions. It is a sight never to be forgotten to see a trainload of Chinese riding second-class on open flat cars. As the train goes faster their queues fly out behind, while they hold onto their hats and shout and laugh as if it were the greatest sport in the world.

GUY MORRISON WALKER.

[Copyright, 1900, by G. M. Walker.]



HIGH OFFICIAL'S HOUSE IN PEKING.

amply adapted to the development of a sturdy and able race, and the province has been noted as the home of China's greatest warriors and sages. The tomb of Confucius, within its borders, is the mecca of all educated Chinamen. The province has also been noted as the place of origin of nearly all of China's great secret societies, and it has long been notorious for revolts and seditions. It is not at all surprising, when you know the character of the people and their history, that the Boxer movement started in Shantung.

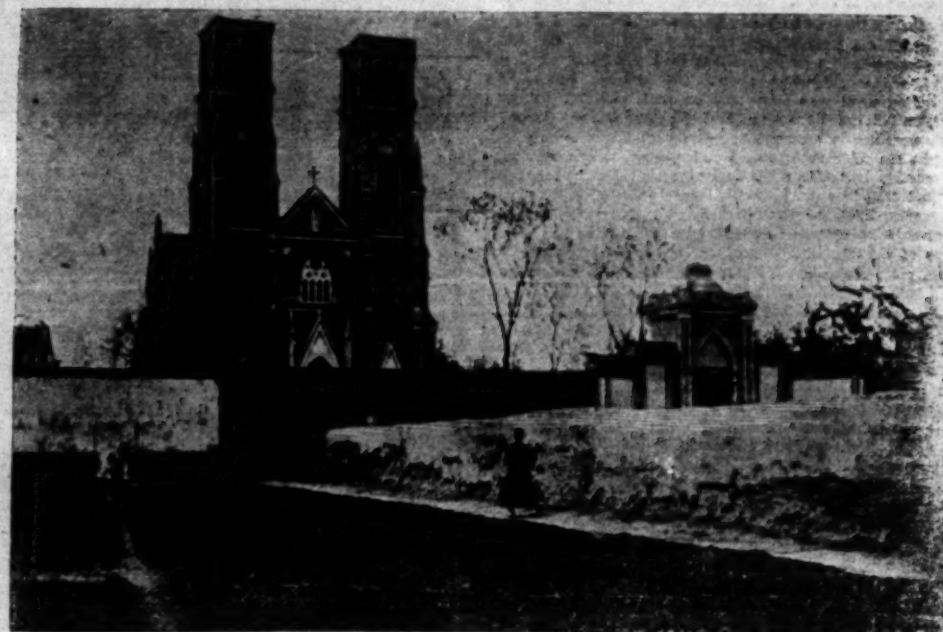
In the eastern part of the province, up in the mountains which part the waters of the Huang Ho, lies the prosperous village of Fei-Cheng, near which the Boxers murdered a British missionary early this spring, at the beginning of this year's anti-foreign movement. The Boxers were originally organized to protect themselves from a band of outlaws who were in the habit of plundering them occasionally, but, as usual with such associations in China, they soon found it more profitable to join hands with their plunderers and to extend their operations.

Ponder the Original Motive.

There can be no doubt that the chief motive at the beginning of the present demonstration was the hope of rich plunder in the great province of Pei-Chili, which lies north across the marshy plains of the Yellow River. The political complexion of the movement has been supplied by those, who, like many earlier Chinese intriguers, have simply used the already organized secret society to accomplish their purposes. It will not do to believe too much of what is said of the rabid anti-foreign sentiment among the Boxers. At Tai-an, right in the heart of their home country, for over twenty years a most successful mission has been maintained, and one of their largest native congregations is in the village of Fei-Cheng before mentioned. Neither the missionaries nor the native Christians at these points were disturbed.

It seems strange if the Boxers were starting out on a mission of extermination that they did not begin with the foreigners nearest at hand, or why, if they had overlooked them, they should attempt to force a difficult passage back across the flats and marshes, instead of attacking the twenty part of Che Foo or the German settlement at Tsin-Chow, both of which were near and easy to reach. After leaving their province, the first point the Boxers struck was Chen-tung-fu, a large city lying at the foot of the mountains near the western boundary of Pei-Chili. Chen-tung-fu is an old city, and has one of the finest ancient temples to be found in China, with an immense Buddha, over sixty feet high. The Catholics here have a large mission, claiming over thirty thousand converts, and a fine cathedral. When the Boxers attempted to loot it, a pitched battle occurred with the native Christians, in which the Boxers were beaten, with a loss of seventy killed. The Catholics claim a million converts all told in China. Advancing northeast about fifty miles, the Boxers reached Pang-tung-fu, the capital of the province,

really belong to it, are included, it will be found to be nearer two million. The Peking-Tien-Tsin Railroad, which runs from the mouth of the river up to the capital, passes Tien-Tsin on the opposite side of the river, and does not cross the Pei Ho until it reaches Yanktsun, about eighteen miles above Tien-Tsin. It was the destruction of the bridge at this point which prevented the reinforcements from reaching the relieving force that stopped at Langfang.



CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT CHENG-TING-FU.

about forty miles from Tien-Tsin, and just half way to Peking.

From Langfang the railroad makes a sharp turn to the west, in order to pass around the ancient royal hunting park that lies south of the capital. Passing An-tung, fifty-four miles from Tien-Tsin, the next station is Huang-tsun, an important village only fifteen miles from the capital. Huang-tsun is particularly easy of defense, as it lies on a commanding elevation, with the raging torrent of the Hun River on one side, while the headwaters of the Feng and Lung rivers protect the eastern flank. Feng tai, so fre-

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN ENGLAND.

[Chicago News:] During the past twenty years what is called in England municipal trading—that is, city ownership of gas, electric lighting, waterworks, tramways, etc.—has vastly increased. While some superficial critics have pointed to the fact that local indebtedness of municipalities has increased during the same period, that is due to the purchase of existing plants and also to the growth and development of the public school system, and it is not, therefore, to be taken as an indication that the municipalities have embarked on a career of extravagance and costly municipal expenditures.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.

VISITS TO A DIAMIO'S CASTLE AND A MODERN JAPANESE HOME.

From a Special Correspondent.

[Prof. G. Frederick Wright, of Oberlin College, writer of this article, and author of several standard scientific works, including "Man and the Glad Period," "Greenland Ice Fields and Life in the North Atlantic," and "The Ice Age in North America," is making a tour of the west and will furnish this magazine several articles descriptive of his travels within the next few months. Recent visitors are that he recently left Japan for China, and by this time he is probably in touch with the events now in progress.]

KORE (Japan), April 30.—Searching for the moraines of the Glacial Period in Japan is disappointing, for there are none. But the numerous castles which are fast going to ruin may well be considered as historical moraines, representing the accumulations of a period of political and social life which has come to an end within the present generation.

These castles were the strongholds of the Diamios, who correspond closely to the feudal barons of medieval Europe. In the flourishing days of the old regime there were about two hundred of these in Japan, each one residing in his own well-defined territory, where he exercised authority over the people, and gave support to the Mikado in matters pertaining to the general welfare. Not all of the Diamios were important enough to build castles, but more than one hundred did so, and study of these relics is one of the two best ways by which to get a conception of the condition of the people before Japan's adoption of foreign methods in government.

The castle at Okayama is one of the few which is both well preserved and open to the public without restrictions. Photographers are prohibited from practicing their art in the castles which have been taken under government control. Okayama is situated near the sea in the southern half of the island of Nippon, about three hundred miles south of the present capital, Tokio, and about one hundred miles south of Kioto, the old capital. Like most others, the castle is built upon a small river, which furnishes a part of the protection upon one side. Here, about a square mile is enclosed by a massive stone wall, and a broad moat filled with water. Inside of the wall and moat are two other inclosures, one within the other, both provided with strong walls of solid masonry and protected by broad moats. Still further inside, and crowning all, is the large and picturesque wooden building in which the Diamio and the garrison took refuge in time of war.

Massive Fortifications.

The extent and massiveness of the ancient Japanese fortifications never fail to surprise the visitor. The outer walls at Tokio, which inclose the residence of the present Emperor, are fully eight miles in extent, while the inner walls would altogether measure about as much more. The moats are fully two hundred feet wide; the walls from fifty to one hundred feet high, and of great thickness. So well built are they that, as the trees growing upon them show, they have stood for three or four hundred years with little need of repair. The wooden building of Okayama is 300 years old.

The most surprising thing of all is the size of some of the stones wrought into the walls. A specimen at Okayama contains fully 1200 cubic feet, and would weigh about one hundred and twenty tons, yet it must have been brought over a level country several miles and set up in its place by the primitive engineering methods of the middle period of Japanese history. A second illustration is from a snapshot which we stole in the castle yard at Osaka. The largest stone in the castle wall at Osaka is 36x30x10 feet in size, and would weigh about three hundred and sixty tons. This stone was brought from an island many miles away, and elevated fully 200 feet from the shore. Several others were nearly as large, being surpassed in size only by those in the celebrated temple of Boudhick. Their removal and erection in castle walls indicates that Japan, too, had its "lost arts."

The view from the summit of this six-story wooden castle reveals at once the beauty of the situation and the source of the vanished Diamio power. As everywhere in Japan, picturesque and lofty mountains bound the horizon. But the castle stands in the midst of a fertile valley completely covered with fields of rice and wheat and barley and rape. When we were there, in the latter part of April, the plain seemed to be covered with brilliant golden blossoms of this latter important product of the country. From here the mind's eye could take in at a glance the former political and social life of the empire. It all rested upon a most elaborate system of agriculture, supported by really scientific irrigation.

The hills are terraced as far up as the slopes permit, and the valley is intersected with canals which convey the life-giving water to the fields. A dense population of farmers and laborers was necessary to care for these works and provide the necessities of life. These had no voice in the government, but were completely at the mercy of the Diamio and his retainers. The retainers formed a military class, called Samurai, who alone were permitted to bear arms, but who had no regular pay for their services. They were, however, supported by their chief, and were kept continually about his person. Adjoining the castle there was an extensive and beautiful park, where this court usually lived, resorting to the castle only in time of danger.

A Stroll Through the Castle.

The park at Okayama is still kept up by the city authorities. The castle grounds are now occupied by the public school buildings; but the wooden castle is in private hands and is fast passing into decay. An hour's stroll through its deserted halls is most impressive and instructive. The timbers of the frame work are of immense proportions. The living-rooms are all in the interior and numerous enough to accommodate a great multitude after the Japanese style

of living. There are no chimneys. The Japanese depend wholly on braziers for warming their rooms. (When a Japanese warms his hands he thinks he is warm all over.) Around the outside are the windows through which the whole surrounding country can be seen, and through which missiles could be discharged upon an enemy that should get within close range. Broad shelves to hold the shields and small armor completely surround the outer halls, while racks to contain the swords, and standing places for their long bows and spears were interspersed at appropriate intervals.

In one room was a large collection of elegant sodas chairs, suspended upon poles, and made to be carried by men at each end. In them the Diamios and their court could travel around the country in luxurious ease. In older times the routes of travel were along the crests of mountains, when they were not too high and too rugged.

One thing to the lasting credit of these old-time barons was their love for the beauties of nature. This is still visible, not only in the adornments of their castles and of the parks surrounding them, but in the long lines of pine trees which mark the old roads of Japan. Often these can be seen from afar, along the crest of some mountain ridge, where the trains of the Diamios wound their slow length along as they went to pay court to the Emperor at his central place of residence. The joy of such journeys, to those who love natural scenery, as the Japanese do, goes far to compensate for all the discomforts of such travel in other respects. When one rides through the contracted valley, in the stuffy railroad coaches of the present regime and breathes the dense clouds of tobacco smoke that fill first and third-class coaches alike, he is willing to grant that not all the blessings of life in Japan are with the present generation.

Home of a Japanese Banker.

The house of Taishakwan is one of the oldest in Japan. Its present head is Kiwabata, one of the wealthiest bankers in Osaka. Through the kindness of one of the foreign physicians of the place, who had been frequently consulted by them in cases of dangerous illness, I was permitted to visit the Taishakwan residence and to examine its numerous objects of interest. Such an opportunity is so rare that it is worth describing.

To begin with, it should be remembered that the family are Buddhists of the strictest type. Two immense golden fish, twelve feet long, adorn the highest corners of the roof. The house stands upon a conspicuous bluff, commanding the city, the surrounding fertile plain and the encircling mountains in the distance. I have called it a house, but it is rather a series of low buildings connected by verandas, all surrounding a Japanese garden on the side hill nearly an acre in extent. In this garden there is every imaginable variety of dwarfed and flowering trees and shrubs, and of landscapes in miniature, really making a world in itself. Family life is strong in Japan, and often several generations dwell together under one roof. In this household there were 150 members. We were met at the door by servants. They summoned the two sons, who at present have general superintendence of the house and grounds. These were pleasant-mannered young men who had been educated in the Buddhist schools of the city and had never been far away from home. According to Japan custom, we took off our shoes at the doors and then were shown around through the bewildering concourses of richly-mailed rooms, in which everything was scrupulously clean.

We went downstairs and upstairs, and through sliding doors innumerable until we lost all sense of direction. There we looked into a most gorgeous Buddhist shrine, where the master of the house pays his daily devotion. There we passed through a room with the national bird, an enormous stork, carved on the ceiling and stretching from one side to the other. We were shown two rooms where the Emperor and Empress are entertained when visiting the city. In another room the furniture was 500 years old.

Ethnetic Art in Every-Day Life.

From the sitting-rooms on various sides and at various heights, we caught glimpses of the garden and of elegantly-attired ladies of the household wandering through its mazes; and ever and anon had broader views of the city and plain and mountains beyond. Ethnetic art could go no further. Beauty and homely comforts were combined in perfection. The sleeping-rooms all opened from the second story with sliding doors upon the sunny garden inclosure.

We were to take a train early in the afternoon and were getting nervous. We were sure we should miss it. But still we were led on and on, until at length we brought up in a house theater, richly ornamented, and large enough to accommodate several hundred sitting on their feet in Japanese fashion. Then, for the first time, we saw chairs. Four were set out for the benefit of the foreigners, and soon a table was brought in and placed before us, and we were served to some dainty cups of tea, which we hoped was all, for there was still barely time to catch the train. But no, there was more to follow, and it would not do to be so rude as to decline the proffered hospitality. One after another of the ladies of the household (not servants) brought us successive dishes of food cooked in foreign fashion, until an hour had been consumed in partaking of them. We missed the train, but we had the pleasure of being waited upon by a succession of Japanese ladies, from those of middle age and dignity, to girls of charming ways, not more than 15 years of age. The last course was a plate covered with envelopes containing slight gifts from which we were to choose at random. Mine was a small bronze image of the god of wealth. At the door, the ladies of the house surrounded us and assisted us in putting on our overcoats and shoes, and showered upon us their pleasant smiles as we rode away in our jimrikshas. We were not sorry that we missed our train.

G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

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DOGS THAT ARE VALUABLE.

[Saturday Evening Post:] In Manchuria and on the eastern borders of Mongolia, where the severe cold develops a beautiful growth of hair, are found thousands of dogs of young dogs. There is a great demand for both dog skins and dog hair in Northern Asia. A bride in Mongolia or Manchuria commonly receives a number of live dogs as wedding presents.

TERRITORY OF HAWAII.

LIFE IN THE ISLANDS AS SEEN BY A POSTOFFICE INSPECTOR.

From a Special Correspondent.

HONOLULU (Territory of Hawaii), June 18.—You will note that this letter is written from the Territory of Hawaii, which is the official designation of our new possessions, and the common address of which Islands and Hawaiian Islands should be designated. The past ten days, so far as the weather is concerned, have been "cruisers"—the average temperature at 10 a. m. 80 deg., and the thermometer on the hotel porch at 9 o'clock frequently registers to or 80 deg.; the inhabitant says the record for hot weather in the Islands, but I have heard that story before. Of course, would not be considered high in Los Angeles, but the mildness in this country makes the heat at these times oppressive, particularly during or after a shower.

I priced some of our common, small, seedling oranges a fruit store the other day, and was informed that they could be purchased for 30 cents a dozen, lemons at the same price. We seldom have any fresh vegetables, except the steamer from the island of Hawaii brought sacks of green corn; we have cucumbers, tomatoes, and we do have every night fresh tomato and lettuce.

Chicken are very scarce, and most of them, but practically all of the potatoes used, are shipped to San Francisco. To my mind the Islands constitute the Territory of Hawaii should produce every known vegetable and fruit, but everything in this country is so expensive here "Sugar is King," and as this pays a tax of 60¢ to 65¢ a ton, you cannot expect any person to be time raising garden truck, but with a tropical climate, the assistance of nature, I cannot understand why the markets of this city are not overladen with fresh fruits and vegetables of all kinds. I predict one thing, and that is that you will be able to obtain everything that should be sold at a reasonable rate in Honolulu within next ten years.

At present a man earning less than \$75 per month cannot support a family here; any kind of a decent house will rent for \$50 per month; street cars, public conveyances or surveys are universally used, should say that there are at least several hundred in use. They charge 25 cents for a short ride, and 50 cents every time they stop, consequently if you have "third feeding," and must ride, you will find it expensive. Drinks, including beer, 25 cents; shoes, 25 cents; boots blackened on Sundays, 25 cents. In the prices on all articles are at least 25 per cent. greater in the "States," but Honolulu has a boom. Although it is denied, still the boom is here, and I should say every business house in the city is making money, and of it.

Property is very high; no stores or offices to let; the city is exceedingly prosperous, and I think that for some few lines of business exceptionally so, but for general merchandizing the field is gone; the business is controlled by some eight or ten very rich men, and there is no hope for an outsider without vast capital, and then I doubt the ability to compete successfully with these houses, owning ships and steamships, controlling sugar plantations, which are the main riches of the islands.

The leper settlement is on the north side of the island of Molokai, and is supposed to be completely isolated from the balance of the island. There are two postoffices, one at Kalaupapa and the other at the settlement. Both postoffices have lepers for postmen, not knowing any good reason to the contrary, they have been appointed under the United States.

Under the law of the republic of Hawaii, letters by lepers at the settlement were allowed to be mailed with or without postage stamps; the reason of this was, no stamped envelopes were issued by the Hawaiian public, and in affixing postage stamps to mail matter lepers would use their fingers on the stamps, the stamps would go through to destination, and the envelopes stamped would be thrown away, and might be picked up by children, who would endeavor to remove the stamps, and in consequence might become inoculated with leprosy germs.

Under the United States laws no mail matter is accepted for mailing without payment of postage, except by special act of Congress, and as the question of the settlement on the island of Molokai was not until when the act to provide a government for the Territory of Hawaii was passed, it became necessary that the mailing at Kalaupapa and Kalaupapa cease, and it was necessary to supply stamped envelopes, but no stamps, to the lepers. All mail from the leper settlement is fumigated twice before being delivered to any outside the settlement, consequently there is no danger ever in handling the mail.

The Territorial Board of Health will make their inspection of the leper settlement on Molokai and, being an official, I have been invited to accompany doctors on their tour of inspection, in order that I might satisfy that two of Uncle Sam's postoffices located at peculiar points in our great country are being satisfactorily conducted.

If I do visit Molokai leper settlement I will be able to describe what I can see and learn of the unfortunate who are compelled to live and die in this island really prisoners for life.

L. G. Kellogg, a former Los Angeles, has a very fine colony at Wahiawa, on the island of Oahu. The colony is composed of quite a number of former prisoners of Los Angeles, who have secured government land, the late Republic of Hawaii at a slight cost, and I believe are in a fair way to make considerable money.

M. R. H.

SITUATION IN CHINA.

BY JAMES DRYCE, M.P.,
Member of the British Cabinet.

DURING the last fortnight, the interest of Europeans, and even of Englishmen, which had been for so long concentrated on South Africa, has suddenly been diverted to China. There is little use in discussing the events of the last few days, or in speculating on the immediate future, because every day changes the position, which may have become quite different before these lines can reach America. But there are certain reflections suggested by the present situation which are irrespective of the incidents of the moment and deserve to be made because they have an application to the underlying causes that have brought about the present state of things, and to the future relations of China to the European powers.

There is no nation and no government in the world that furnishes an exact parallel to the Chinese and their government. They are more numerous than any other people; their empire is older than any other; and, with the exception of the Japanese, it had less contact than any other with the western world. Despite the great dissimilarities between different parts of its vast area, and differences of dialect which almost amounted to differences of language, it showed a wonderful cohesiveness. Each new dynasty that rose on the overthrow of its predecessor ruled the whole country on much the same system as its predecessors; and even the Manchu conquest which, in the middle of the seventeenth century, placed a foreign race upon the throne, did not alter the general character of the bureaucratic administration. Thus the Chinese were able to retain down till our own time a boundless self-confidence and sense of their own superiority over other peoples, with a corresponding attachment to their customs and dislike of any foreign intrusion exceeding what can be found anywhere else in the world. And this national spirit so prevailed that while it made the Manchu invaders virtually Chinese, it turned back the tide of Christianization which at one time was rising fast under the preaching of the Jesuit missionaries, and almost extinguished the Christianity from the empire.

China's Rotten Military System.

Sixty years ago European influence broke in on the occasion of the English war with China over the opium trade, when Britain acquired Hongkong and certain treaty rights of trading. Another war with Britain in 1857, and a subsequent war with France, still further struck at the exclusive system. But not only did the Chinese retain a full persuasion of their own superiority to all outsiders, but a belief in their military strength continued to be held in Europe, a belief which was based not only on their enormous population, giving them resources for the formation of armies that are practically inexhaustible, but also on the fact that they succeeded in recovering vast tracts in Eastern Turkestan, which for a time they had lost, and which Russia seemed unable to keep them out of.

This belief was at last rudely shattered by the war with Japan in 1894-5, which revealed the complete rottenness of the military system and indeed of the whole administration. Since then the leading European states have been more eager to secure advantages for themselves in the way of trade, of railway and mineral concessions, and of footholds in the country by means of which their interests and their naval positions may be secured. This constant aggression of European powers and influx of European elements have more and more alarmed the Chinese and roused the national spirit to what may be called its exploding point. For a number of years past missionaries have in various places been assaulted and in some cases murdered, sometimes, no doubt, with the tacit approval of the local authorities. Any one can now see how threatening the symptoms of disorder were becoming. But no one in Europe, anyhow no one in England, seems to have realized the nearness of the danger, perhaps because more supposed that the central government would encourage a movement which might not only compromise it with Europe, but pass beyond its control. This, however, seems to have now happened. Whether from sympathy or from policy, the government seems to be throwing itself into the national movement; and this has not only made the present situation more perilous, but will powerfully contribute to rouse the anti-foreign feeling everywhere through this huge population, and make the task that lies before the European powers far more difficult.

A Difficult Task.

The first part of that task, when the momentous difficulties at Tien-Tsin and Peking have been surmounted, will be to set up a stable central government in China. This part is full of difficulties. The central government has long been feeble. The strength of an oriental dynasty usually becomes exhausted in a few generations, or at any rate in a few hundred years; and then, either some powerful neighbor conquers the country or else domestic insurrection places a new dynasty on the throne which is at first vigorous, then becomes effete, and finally succumbs. This happened to the oriental monarchies of the ancient world. This used to happen in China itself. But the introduction of the European factor has altered things.

The parallel case of the Turkish Empire helps to explain the phenomenon. For at least a century the Turkish government has been so bad and so weak that it ought to have perished, and would have perished had it been left to itself. Russia would have practically annexed at least the European parts of it, but for the jealousy of some other European powers and especially of Great Britain. Mehmet Ali would have overthrown the House of Othman in the first quarter of the present century had not the European powers intervened. And latterly European money, borrowed by the Turks, has enabled them to keep down their dissatisfied subjects by modern European weapons in a way that would formerly have been impossible.

So, if China had been left to herself, it is probable that the T'ung rebellion, which raged so furiously about

thirty years ago, would have dethroned the Manchu dynasty and produced a new state of things. But Europe lent the Manchus a capable general in Gordon, who saved the imperial house. Thus both in Turkey and in China, Europe has prevented things from taking their natural course, which on the whole, and so far as we can generalize on such a subject, seems in the long run to be the best course. The European powers have therefore an artificial situation to deal with in China, and will find it extremely hard to set up any sovereign, and to keep him on the throne when he is set up, with the assent of the people and with the support of the natural forces. The strongest of these natural forces is the traditional respect for the imperial office, which has a religious character and which represents the national life of China. Will that respect attach to a monarch who owes his crown to the "outside barbarians," or, as they are usually called, the "foreign devils"? Will he not be regarded as their puppet?

Another Task Not Less Difficult.

The other part of the task is at least as difficult and in a certain sense more full of menacing possibilities. The European powers are at present in accord under the pressure of immediate danger. They have got to save the lives of their representatives and subjects at Peking, and to prevent like attacks in the other cities where Europeans live. But when this has been accomplished, their jealousies will revive, and the struggle between their respective schemes and interests, which has been going on for years past, may pass into a more acute phase. They will probably be obliged to choose some one to sit upon the throne; and the candidate favored by any one of them may be suspected by the others. If the monarch is personally insignificant, as is likely to be the case, they will have to choose advisers for him to rule in his name. Will they be able to agree in the choice of such advisers? The intrigues that have made the history of their relations with the Sultan at Peking for the last few years, may be far less full of trouble and danger than those of which the imperial court will in future be the scene. There is nothing in politics so difficult, nothing so prolific of misunderstandings and suspicions that may ultimately lead to war, as the attempt of several mutually jealous powers to exercise a joint control over some other government or territory. And it is chiefly for this reason that those in Europe who look beyond the immediate business of rescue and protection into the problems which the future must bring, and bring before long, upon us, deem those problems to be among the hardest which statesmen have in our days been called upon to face.

London, June 26, 1900.

JAPAN IN THE STORM.

HER PRESENT PART AS SEEN THROUGH
THE JAPANESE EYE.

By Adachi Kinnosuke.

"HARMONIOUS accord!" Brothers, 'tis a beautiful phrase—"the harmonious accord of the powers!" Meanwhile the shadows of the walls of Peking—and to us is lacking a prophet who would tell us what horror-dark walls they are by this time—are falling over the newspapers of the globe. Within those walls are men; and the touch of the Chinese soil does not thrill them with that of a mother touch. White women there are inside them, too, and children. Not many weeks—not very many days hence, those men were the dignity and might of Great Britain, the United States of America, Germany, France, in the flesh. And who can tell you that Chinese mobs are not spitting upon their headless, disemboweled, putrefying corpses today? And when Japan—the only power competent, as the good Providence and geography would have it, to put a force that may do something more than watering the weed growth of diplomatic talks—when Japan proposes, I say, to act at once, the dear, blessed concert of powers (putting to shame the insane hag for jealousy and the very deuce for fiendish selfishness) strikes up a heavenly tune of "balance of powers." The benighted Chinese are mistaking the sacred messengers of the Christian God for pigs, and the holy churches of the Almighty for a slaughter-house. And when the heathen Japan sees something more than humor, and proposes to correct the neighbor of her ridiculous blunder, the Christian powers insist in becoming very patient and leisurely in their scholarly exposition of the "sphere of influence." The ways of the heathen Chinese are queer; and, of course, the actions of the Christian powers are not at all.

And Japan's? Her ways may be more than queer. While others fought for luxury, she was absurd enough to struggle for her very existence. Prior to 1894 she watched the Orient-ward expansion of the idea of the "Eastern Question." (The time was when the historical phrase meant merely the Balkan Peninsula.) And that did not improve her liver. Russia from the north and Great Britain from the south, and it did seem as if it were more than the work of a mere mortal to keep them from colliding in the Far East. Japan did not like the idea. The collision may not mean the transportation of Manchester and St. Petersburg upon the shore of the Yellow Sea. But the future always has the weakness for scattering the path of man with amusements and miracles. And in some things it is not good for a nation to take chances. At any rate—so thought some one sitting in the shadow of that mythical entity called the Japanese government—the collision of the British and the Russian interests on the Northern Pacific would center many a telescope and a microscope upon that quiet, cherry-scented and tradition-perfumed corner wherein Japan dreams. And too much attention is not always the sweetest thing in this world, where men imagine so many vain things, and by any manner of accidents cannot possibly let others' business alone and attend their own.

The Korean Channel, with Tsushima in the center of it, is Nature's gateway. If Japan could close it at her pleas-

ure, between Russia in the north and the British making from the south! If you want to know how much a certain party in Japan thought of the idea, just look at the fortification on Tsushima and the islands in the channel. China claimed Korea as her dependent State—in other words, one of the wings of the gate was unhinged. "The will never-do," said some one. And the know-all laughs at the Quixotism of Japan in fighting for the Korean independence. And the newspapers made a good deal of money, and the world found entertainment through many a month, and China made a huge fool out of herself, and Japan reaped a deal of glory in the sight of the free world.

We have aroused China's thorough hatred against us. It was thought in a certain corner—and the only thing to maintain our national integrity is to cripple China on the points from which she, just as soon as she would recover from her wounds, may be able to give us a lively entertainment. Then we heard from Russia—it was a rather "unexpected pleasure." We regretted very deeply that we could not make the thing in the least entertaining for her. Indeed, some among the men of honor committed suicide out of sheer shame. And some one—I testify that it was not a woman—who could not keep the slightest secret, said, "August, beloved" (do not ask me to whom he was saying this) "we shall try our best to afford you a little more interesting entertainment when we shall meet again."

And the time passed, and the war indemnity passed from the Chinese treasury into those of the shipbuilders of many lands.

As prophets some of the Japanese were a failure; China never woke after all the whipping.

The time was when some of the Japanese, in the polite way, smiled at Russia's dream of universal empire—it was so entertaining to them. But now, somehow, they do not seem to see much humor in the idea. Naturally, and because of this reason, they have come to see that the integrity of the Chinese empire and the neighborly understanding between her and Japan were just as important as the building of Shikishima and her comrades in the fleet.

As you see, then, Japan has done many things and changed her mind rather often, and it is because Japan, as a nation, has not quite made up her mind to enjoy the society of classic Babylon, Greece, Rome, in the Lotus Land of History and Memory, that she has fought. When she takes up her arms, you may know that it is a matter of life and death with her. If selfish, then, hers is the selfishness of self-preservation and self-defense. And when the Japanese go into war that the Homeland of the Sun may live, you may just as well put your wires in order to send some messages, the equal of which in patriotic thrill and fire, the world has not heard every day.

And as if the deuce has taken a sudden notion of kicking a hole in the delicately-poised balloon called the "balance of powers," the storm is upon the Far East. And the next? Who can tell, but we shall see.

EGGS IN COLD STORAGE.

HOW THEY ARE KEPT BY THE MILLION FOR USE IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

[Kansas City Star:] Half a million dollars is a large sum of money to be invested in so small and apparently insignificant a commodity as eggs, yet that represents approximately the value of the eggs being placed in the cold storage warehouses of Kansas City this spring. The season is now at its height, and before the close about one hundred and twenty thousand cases, each containing thirty dozen eggs, will be laid away for next winter's use. This is a much larger quantity than was ever stored here before. Last spring about eighty thousand cases were stored in Kansas City warehouses. The increase is remarkable for the reason that few dealers made any profit in their venture last season, while the majority lost \$2 to \$3 on every case stored. One explanation of the increase is that outside dealers and speculators are looking with more favor on Kansas City as a storing point and as a market where they can dispose of their holdings most satisfactorily.

There are many interesting details in egg handling which are but slightly known to the average consumer of poached eggs and omelets. Few people realize the number of different hands an egg passes through on its journey from the nest where it was laid in the farmyard of the country to the dining-room where it is eaten in the city. The importance of eggs for use in the arts and their commercial importance outside of their value as a food product are interesting. Candling eggs is an important feature of the storage season. It is a simple process of holding an egg to the light in a dark room, for the purpose of determining its quality. Handlers who store eggs have learned by experience the necessity for eliminating all except the largest, cleanest and freshest eggs from cases which are to be carried in storage for several months. Charles A. Moler, head candler at Armour's, has from ten to thirty men working under his direction throughout the season. The candling room is long and narrow, with benches fitted up around the wall. At short intervals electric lights are strung from the ceiling.

The room has no windows and the lights are so constructed that only a ray of light is admitted. Standing before the light a workman examines each egg by holding it up to the light. If the ray shines through the egg clearly it is all right as far as quality is concerned. Cleanliness and size are two important conditions to be reckoned, and eggs must meet all the requirements before they will be accepted for storage. The attention paid to candling has increased each season. A few years ago the only candling rooms in Kansas City were small inclosed spaces in the rear of commission houses, where only one man could work at a time. Now many men consider egg candling their regular trade, and experts are well paid for their care and efficiency. No one can tell whether they have slighted their work until next winter, when the eggs are taken out of storage. The overlooking of one decayed egg may cause the eggs of the whole case to decay, and one case of bad eggs would spoil dozens.

After the eggs have been candled and selected and packed in new white wood cases, they are placed in storage rooms where a temperature of 31 deg. Fahr. is maintained. They are held in that temperature until taken out next winter.

COUNTING THE SANDS.

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS AND THE MOJAVE DESERT.

By a Special Contributor.

AS THESE pages go to press, the elaborate machinery of the United States Census Bureau will begin its inventory of the Mojave Desert. It is the first time in history that a thorough effort of the kind has ever been attempted. It is safe to assert that nowhere on the whole continent will the census investigator discover data more puzzling, nowhere find wants, seemingly on the grandest scale, so mingled with values of the most surprising character.

Preliminary and conservative estimate gives the population of the desert area proper, i. e., between the Needles on the east, the Armageon on the north and Saugus on the south, at about 10,000, mostly voters; developed tax valuations, exclusive of railroads, \$10,000,000; railroad mileage, trunk line and branches, 700 miles, with a prospect of doubling the same within two years. As a railroad checkerboard the Mojave Desert constitutes, geographically, an unavoidable area for the shortest transit to the sea, via Los Angeles, from Western Wyoming, Western Colorado, the whole of Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Southern Montana, Northern Arizona and Northern New Mexico. To further facilitate this short cut to the sea, Nature has made the passes leading west over this particular area direct to our own shore lines the easiest grades and the most accessible in the entire mountain systems between British Columbia and Mexico.

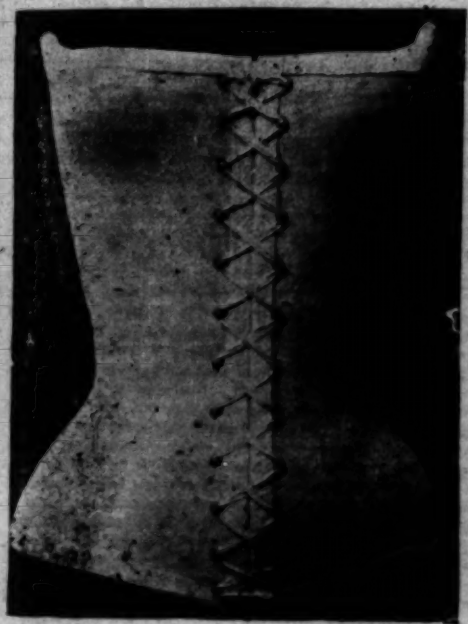
Bearing in mind the census now proceeding, the railroads and the mines, and the further fact that by many, even of our own people, this region is believed to be something to be apologized for as a sort of Sodom and Gomorrah back yard of the otherwise glorious principality of our "Lady of the Angels," it would seem that a birdseye glimpse of this region, with its industrial possibilities of the present and a brief reference to its picturesque past, is justified.

A Snap Shot at Mojave History.

It would require the joint efforts of a Mark Twain, a Poe, and an Ibsen to do full justice to the humor, the tragedies and the Dantesquian grotesqueness of the real and the seeming of the Mojave Desert—so near that we know all about it from sheer familiarity, yet so distant and so wrap in mystery and the uncommon that in reality we know practically but little.

Some of the most conspicuous names in our State history are identified with occurrences on the desert—Gen.

taxical feature is this, that this seeming endless area of arid inhospitality to man and beast possesses not only tentative values for man, but superabundance of supplies of nearly everything he requires. More astounding than all else—seemingly to atone as it were for certain undeniable melancholy features, sand and alkali stretches, scarcity of water, cacti, hot nothings, etc.—Mother Nature left this particular workshop of hers uncovered, entirely open to all who choose to investigate over so little, displaying her finished products from her volcanic smithy, or her chemical laboratory, as if she had entered the list of manufacturers displaying their goods at an exposition. That this is no exaggeration we need only remind California readers



YUCCA SURGICAL CORSET.

of the astounding borax deposits of the Death Valley basin. The original stores of this valuable commercial product were ready to hand for the freighter. Hundreds of thousands of tons have been taken. As soon as the projected railroad enterprise materializes, there are yet millions of tons ready for the miner, though portions of it now constitute a quartz-mining proposition.

Nitrate of Soda Beds.

Another ready-to-hand product of this apparently worthless desert of ours, and directly on the line of the projected Salt Lake Railroad route to Los Angeles, is a heavy deposit of nitrate of soda, in Inyo county. Its extent is variously estimated from 6000 to 9000 acres, of great depth. It has been partially owned in Los Angeles for fourteen years past. The commercial value of nitrate of soda appears to have become better understood in England than with us. Not until Chile went to war with Peru, largely because she coveted these very nitrate beds of her poorer neighbors, did we think much about them. Then, suddenly, there came into the public focus one "Nitrate King," Col. North.

Still more puzzling to begin with was the now historic incident, that for a time all the resources of United States diplomacy in the early months of Garfield's administration were strained to the breaking point, largely because of the same nitrate of soda beds having become a bone of contention between Chile and Peru. Visions of Chilean cruisers bombarding San Diego and San Pedro seemed quite real at the time. At the bottom it was all a question of nitrate of soda.

Twenty years ago the writer met at Riverside an intelligent Scotch chemist, direct from Iquique, Peru—then, as now, headquarters of the great nitrate of soda industry of that region. After seeing the Mojave Desert he immediately said, "Would I were well enough, and I would at once go out here in search of the nitrate beds that must be there." In other words, the physical similarity of the regions so impressed him that he felt certain that the mineral resources must also be similar. He was destined to join the great majority before he would prove the correctness of his theory. But, as stated above, it has been proven since. Seemingly, however, it has proved easier to overcome the tens of thousands of miles of ocean area between the central shores of the South American Pacific slope necessary to reach all Europe with this extraordinary valuable fertilizer and industrial factor than to get over the intervening 500 to 300-odd miles between our own deposits and the seashore.

The San Pedro harbor and the Salt Lake road will, let us hope, speedily solve that as well as some other problems in this line, so knotty and yet so easy as to have about them something of a chestnutty flavor.

An Exceedingly Rare Mineral.

Within the last few months leads of tungstone of apparently permanent character have been discovered, not far from Manvel. This mineral is also known to the mineralogist as "wolframite." It is a mineral as valuable as it is scarce, and is often an indication of adjoining tin deposits. The Century Dictionary described this mineral as follows:

"Wolframite. A native tungstate of iron and manganese. Its color is generally a brownish or grayish black, and has a reddish-brown streak. The specific gravity, 7.2-7.5, is nearly equal to that of metallic iron. It occurs crystallized, also massive, with lamellar structure. It is the ore from which metal of tungstone is usually obtained, and is often found associated with tinstone, also called wolframite."

It has been proven that this mineral is often an associate of tin ore. Various experiments have demonstrated

that a small percentage of this mineral added to steel will greatly enhance the value of steel product. Tungstone has been tested more especially for armor-steel plates.

Tungstone is chemically related to molybdenum and uranium. Certain chemically remarkable compounds of tungstone with tungstone dioxide have been employed as substitutes for borax powder. The last New York sale of wolframite is \$235 per kilogram.

Copper is Queen.

The industrial world of today is becoming more and more an ally of electrical genius. Within the circle of the combined allies, next to gold, the equivalent for obtaining it, is copper.

"Give me copper, abundant and cheap," says the demand of today, and you can keep your gold mine nearly twenty years the traveling public has waiting a branch road that would take it to the world's wonderland, par excellence, i. e., the Grand Cañons of Arizona, the whole of which region is really an outlying portion of Los Angeles, across the Mojave. But not till a copper deposit was found at a point where such a branch line could conveniently be terminated were these additional sixty-odd miles constructed. Copper deposits are just a magician's wand. The identical geological forces that have operated in forming the great copper deposit on the east side of the Colorado River have been in operation on the west side. At the present moment the "Copper Peak" region is being closely prospected, with the most encouraging results. The "Copper Peak" country is northward of Victor. Rumor has it that a Los Angeles newspaper has struck it rich there. The Copper World, at the extreme northeastern edge of San Bernardino, adjoining Nevada boundary, has been a heavy producer for many years, notwithstanding its distance from rail communication. It has temporarily closed down for additional exploration of adjacent areas.

Sandy.

The euphonious name of "Sandy," just across the California boundary, over the northeast edge of San Bernardino county, stands for a whole region, filled with resources, as remarkable as they are undeveloped, waiting only the locomotive to become a vast bonfire of industry.

Chiefly on the California side of the boundary and commercially directly tributary to our city, some twenty miles from Manvel, there is located probably one of the largest and in the judgment of experts the purest deposits of gypsum in the world. It is of the crystallized variety, transparent as glass, and bears a striking resemblance to pure mica. Exposed to fire it immediately crumbles to white powder, which, with a little water added, constitutes an ideal "plaster of Paris." As is well known, the principal element of this material also makes it a valuable fertilizer. There it lies, ready for shipment, upward of two miles in extent and several feet in depth.

Fire Brick and Limestone Deposits.

Another natural product of this region, certain to become important commercial values in the near future, is a deposit of choice fire clay or kaolin. It is of great extent and of the finest quality, ready for immediate conversion into fire brick. The use of fire-clay brick in the construction of smelters is a prime necessity, and great quantities are among the first prerequisites in the mineralized regions of the entire Southwest, by which term is here included all of Northern Mexico as well as Southwest United States. On the northeastern spur of the Kingston Range, an almost continuous range of limestone, susceptible of being converted at once into lime. In close proximity to valuable salt deposits; silver ore deposits of great extent also exist in this same vicinity. In spite of various drawbacks, the distance from rail, etc., so valuable and important, are the various industrial resources of this region, that, taking for granted either that a direct road will be built into Los Angeles through this country from the north or that the Santa Fe will inevitably see that it only serves its own freight interests by connecting the nearest station, Manvel, with this rich country. A Los Angeles company has incorporated with a capital of \$1,000,000 to develop this particular desert area. Its first effort will be devoted to the manufacture of electrical appliances for prospective oriental trade from this city. All the motive power will come from the Mojave Desert, except the motive power, which will be Los Angeles oil.

Botanical Wonderland.

In this hazy and most inadequate round of a hazy part of which is but a few hours' ride from the heart of our city—we have omitted any reference to its wonderful plant life. Space permits reference to only one of the yucca palm, i. e., the Mojave species. It is a fine supplement in the botanical realm to the many paradoxical products of its mineral regions.

Gratefully picturesque, it was pithily described by desert traveler as "a tree with its fingers all thumbs." One of the long unexplained mysteries of the desert was the perplexity of ascertaining when the Apaches who disappeared before our pursuing soldiers in a cactus wilderness could sustain life there for days in succession, under a withering sun, seemingly without water supplies. It was eventually learned that a species of cactus known to the Bedouin of our southwestern deserts, carried a water supply at the base of its heavy stem, just above the surface—a sort of a duplicate of a camel's stomach, as it were, seemingly adapted for the exclusive benefit of the gentle Apache, till our soldiers also discovered the desert secret.

To associate the Arizona cactus with the slaking human thirst is no more of an antithesis, however, than the new established fact that our Mojave yucca palm, hereafter to be associated with the beneficent agency of relieving human pain and facilitating surgical operations.

Twelve miles north of Barstow, on the Santa Fe road, there is located the Morrow mining district. It has proven its commercial value by a great borax deposit similar in origin to the original Death Valley mine. It is the site at present of a lively placer-gold enterprise and also possesses valuable copper prospects. In the heart of this region, located on its northern mountains



YUCCA TREE (YUCCA ARBORESCENS.)

Freemont, Gen. Beale, Senators Jones and Stewart, and others equally well known; besides that most perplexing of the human species, defying all analysis, the habitual desert tramp.

A whole gubernatorial career, and the aspirations as well of a smooth Los Angeles "politician" circle around a single "calico"-colored mountain spur, on the southwestern rim of this desert. But each and all, historic, picturesque, comical and tragical, must give way to the spirit of the age.

Are there out there an bona-fide resources of permanent value which will give employment to men, yield legitimate returns to capitalists, and so directly and indirectly help to increase the wealth and population for our State, and, in this particular instance, for Los Angeles? That's the question.

To fully answer this would take us beyond the scope of this paper. But, in passing, it may be stated, that in spite of certain lamentable failures on given portions of the desert (the cause of which is well known) the climate and the soil have proven themselves remarkably adapted for the production of almonds. It is, however, the industrial factors of the Mojave which we desire to refer to more especially here. And at the very beginning we are confronted with a feature absolutely unique. To the average beholder of this special desert, in the nine months of temperate weather, its surface constitutes the perfect embodiment of desolation, without one redeeming feature, while during the three heated months, unless the wayfarer out there is an astronomer, or, still worse, an artist, he never discovers that just above in the clouds is a bit of sky architecture too grand for any description, and that yonder ranges revel in a color display that even a Turner or a Keith would have gloried in portraying. But for our purpose the most fascinating as well as the most para-

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...tending toward the center of Mojave, is a literal forest
of young palm, many miles in extent.

A Room to Cripple.

The United States Department of Agriculture, to its credit be it stated, organized a botanical investigation of the Mojave area ten years ago. A most remarkable compilation of thousands of classified desert plants is the result, from a purely scientific standpoint, probably one of the most interesting in the world. But the discovery of the inherent mechanical and chemical value for surgical appliances of the yucca was the prerogative of a young but well-known Los Angeles surgeon, to whom very much is due in the premises. The extraordinary value of the yucca as a material for the manufacture of surgical appliances is necessary, is now beginning to be recognized by the profession all over the country, though the discovery is only a few months old. It is equally valuable for what is known as "surgical splinters." Dr. Toole of Los Angeles, to whom the deformed and crippled are indebted for this great boon, recently presented a formal paper on the whole subject before the United States Association of Orthopedics, whose annual session has just adjourned at Washington. The conspicuous value of this wonderfully woven vegetable fiber—Nature's own handiwork—is that it at once relieves the sufferer, who in all cases is crippled more or less, of more than one-half the weight attached to all the hitherto known appliances of this character, which in itself is of great importance. Further, it has the valuable quality of being rigid longitudinally, while perfectly flexible laterally. It is porous, readily cleansed, and has proven its serviceableness for months in successful cases. Evidently it is destined to be a boon for surgeons operating on maimed soldiers.

The relief obtained by the sufferer from this invention is appreciated by all by simply stating that, up to the time when this discovery was made, all appliances for this kind of purposes were made of casts from plaster of Paris.

Then would seem to be no legitimate reason why Los Angeles should not become the headquarters of a great industry, supplying this valuable surgical requirement to the world. We possess literally forest of yucca, up on the desert, and in view of the foregoing statements, which can be readily verified, who shall say that good cannot come out of our particular Mesquith. There are many other plants in the yucca, artistic and industrial, but only one more that space permits us to mention, namely, that, mixed with tar, a lining of yucca makes shoes and gaiters impervious to the attacks of the "mud" boots, the insidious, ever active, destroyer of leather, etc., along our entire Gulf and Pacific shores. Everywhere, in fact, where sea water maintains a high average temperature.

Enough, even in these fragments, has been collected to demonstrate that our desert is worthy of much more attention than it ever received.

OLAF ELLISON.

A FIELD FOR ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "The ancient ruins of Central America furnish the most tempting fields for exploration of any spot on earth," said Dr. John Rice Chandler of Idaho, who was in the city this week. Dr. Chandler was formerly government archaeologist of Guatemala, and is peculiarly familiar with the subject. "Unlike the ruins in the Far East," he continued, "they have suffered but little from spoliation. The worst instance of that kind was at Santa Anna, in Guatemala. In the early eighties some Germans obtained a permit from the President and literally looted the front of one of the most wonderful old temples in existence. Instead of taking the entire columns, they sliced off strips with stone saws and in that way secured a vast quantity of extraordinary bas-relief carvings, which are now in the National Museum at Berlin and among the most treasured of all that great institution's possessions. It was a piece of outrageous vandalism and, happily, has been repeated. The most interesting ruins yet discovered are at St. Lucia Cotzumalguapa, in Guatemala; at Copan and Zaculen, and at Uxmal and Tikal, in Yucatan. Quignas there are a number of enormous monoliths, covered with the most intricate and beautiful carving. They had a sort of pathway up to a temple. At Zaculen the ruins are especially remarkable for the many large buildings. It was evidently at one time a great tribal capital. Temples and scores of other ruins, have hardly been touched by explorers, and there is no telling what wonders they contain. The only considerable work that has been done in that region is by the archaeologists from Harvard, who have been coming down every year. Their surprising discoveries at the so-called 'lost city' of Copan are well known to all students."

THREE SCHOLARS ACCOUNTED ABSENT.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] The afternoon before the inauguration of the United States pavilion at the Paris Exposition, Commissioner Peck had a look around. Everything seemed to be all right. The names of the Presidents were printed on the walls in groups of six, and all the names were properly spelled. Around the base of the gallery were ranged the banners of the States and Territories. Mr. Proctor, the sculptor, was there.

"I see you've got them all in," he said to the Commissioner, "Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines."

Mr. Peck looked at the bannerlike shields which stood before the new Territories; then he shook his head.

"I don't know whether that will do," he said dubiously; "but I'll telegraph to Washington tonight."

He said that these names were painted out.

An American in Paris can tell you whether Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines are part of the United States or not.

KNEW HIS LIMITATIONS.

[Chicago Tribune:] "Paw," asked Johnny Meeker, "don't they have a board of lady managers at the World's Fair?"

"They did."

"What is a lady manager?"

"Well," replied Mr. Meeker, lowering his voice and glancing in the direction of Mrs. M., in the distance, "I can hardly tell you, my son. I know I am not one."

LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

By Gen. John R. Brooke.

LOOKING back over the incidents of the British-Boer war one is forced to conclude that the millennium is nearer than prior to the date of that audacious ultimatum of Oom Paul's. The war is proving that a number of pet maneuvers and tactics must be relegated to the rear. In the wars of the future strategy will be the winning factor, as it has been in this most interesting struggle in South Africa. The layman will understand that between tactics and strategy there is a material difference. Many of the British generals were masterly tacticians and some have even written books on the subject, and yet these generals were beaten at times by the Boers. Tactics can be learned from text-books, while strategy is a quality of leadership that is born in a man and seldom acquired.

Through strategy Lord Roberts did what Methuen, the hammerer, so signally failed to do; by strategy he outwitted the Boers and placed the British flag over the forts of Pretoria after an almost bloodless march. The vast importance of this quality in the wars of today makes modern struggles more than ever resemble a game of chess. Science replaces brute strength. Against the deadly precision of modern arms, actual fighting strength is of little avail. With a force strongly entrenched and with modern repeating rifles backed by quick-firing guns, the greater weight of the force that attacks the greater the resulting slaughter. A position defended in the manner described cannot be rushed. It must be turned. Such a movement is accomplished usually with a minimum loss of life. Consequently the war of the future will become more and more free from bloodshed. The victory will be won, not by the red pathway that has led to victories in former wars, but through the master hand that directs the game, placing his pieces in such a position that when he cries "check" his opponent must move out quickly or run the risk of capture.

Horrors of War Lessened.

Waterloo and Gettysburg, where we saw masses of armed men hurled savagely against the very points of the bayonets, in the face of a withering fire, are destined to become obsolete history. Quick-firing guns and repeating rifles are in reality blessings in disguise, for the battle of the future will not be the overwhelming horror that some have tried to picture it. On the contrary, the loss of life will be slight compared with that of the battles of the days of the frontal attacks by huge armies marching against entrenched positions and literally seeking the bubble fame at the cannon's mouth.

One great benefit that will accrue from the Boer war is the discouragement of war, because it will have been robbed of much of its glitter and tinsel. The story of the frontal attack, in which columns of men rushed on cheering, with officers waving swords, amid the fierce excitement of battle that poets and writers love to linger on in their most florid productions, was, of course, calculated to stir the blood of the youth of the land, and cause them to picture war as the acme of grandeur. But what charm to the imaginative mind is there in the picture of a general moving his army methodically, horse, foot and dragoons, wagons and artillery to a point where by merely threatening the line of communication of the enemy, the latter is forced to vacate a position prepared by weeks of heavy labor, and scuttles ignominiously for freedom. With war robbed of its spectacular aspect, there will be much less danger of nations being carried away by enthusiasm and rushing into a conflict. Instead, they will lean to the idea that the dispute can be settled just as well by the opposing generals meeting in a room and fighting out the battles of the rival nations with lay figures on a war board. To capture a fortified position has been shown to be next to an impossibility when the position is defended by troops armed with modern repeating rifles. The British behind their intrenchments held the Boers until help came. The Boers for the most part beat back the British until the latter outflanked them. Where it is impossible to outflank the risk involved in a frontal attack is so great as to make the giving of an order to that effect an almost criminal offense on the part of the commanding general. It is the case of the irresistible force meeting the immovable one, and places fighting on an entirely new footing.

Changed Conditions.

Enough has been said regarding the mistakes of the officers who led the British against the Boer rifles. It is easy to criticize at a distance of a few thousand miles, and too much notice should not be taken of the amateur general's remarks. In these days of long-range rifles the commanding officer cannot stand at the top of an eminence and see the battle unroll itself at his feet, with every part of the fighting line within range of his telescope. The subordinates are forced to use their own judgment in many instances, and if their judgment clashes with the orders of the commanding general, and the sequel proves that he was right and they wrong, terrible will be the result to the unlucky subordinate, who might very possibly have done just what the superior would have done in his place. A battle nowadays is planned by a general-in-chief, but won by his subordinates and their officers and men. The officer who lost the guns at Colenso, or upon whom the blame was laid, was doubtless doing what he thought best under the circumstances. He was the commander-in-chief at that particular point, and the fate of the battle depended upon him. It is this necessity for the use of good judgment in the wide-swing battle line of a modern engagement that makes it imperative that the leaders who direct the movements of the various parts of the attack-

ing force be men of sound judgment and quick action. They must all be little generals themselves.

The Value of Cavalry.

The value of cavalry has been abundantly demonstrated in the Boer war. Something has been said about the ease with which a swiftly-moving mounted force could traverse Europe, while the military authorities were endeavoring to get together a force sufficiently strong and mobile to meet them. This could probably be accomplished. We saw something of the terror that could be inspired by a swiftly-moving cavalry force during our own war. But while such a force could do great damage, its permanent result would be of little value to the nation represented by the depredations. Cavalry remain as they have always been, a most valuable adjunct to the infantry force, but they cannot replace them entirely. The Boers were cavalrymen and infantrymen as well, but their numbers were necessarily small. To provide fodder for an army entirely mounted, moving over a country where food for the horses could not be obtained, would be a task that would test the skill of the cleverest organizer, while at times the mounted force would be puzzled to get over the ground at all by reason of the fact that horses cannot always go where men can. A mounted force has its advantages, but it has its disadvantages, too. It is fitted for swift descents on thin lines, for surprises and raids, but it lacks "body," as compared with the army composed of cavalry and infantry combined. The clouds of cavalrymen with which Lord Roberts protected his flanks, and which he employed in his swift movements threatening the rear of the Boers, were only adjuncts to the main force. The infantrymen did the real work. The cavalry only threatened. The Boers laughed at the men with long lances. A bullet was more than a match for a spear in their estimation. But when the spears got in their rear it was time to think of moving on. Had it been all spears, however, they would have easily defied the lancers. It was the rifle supplemented by the lance that won the day.

These are some of the lessons to be learned from the British-Boer war. It is very probable that they will not be of much practical use in a future war. Conditions change so rapidly, and new fighting factors are developed so readily that the next great war may find all the precedents astray as this one in South Africa has.

A PICTURE AT A PISTOL'S POINT.

THE BIG BLUFF AN OMAHA PHOTOGRAPHER WORKED ON TWO HOBOS.

[Omaha Bee:] Louis Bostwick is not only a skillful photographer; he is a lover of nature as well, and delights to take long tours through the country. He was out in Colorado recently with his camera as his companion, and it was the means of getting him into a dilemma one day from which he only escaped by the exercise of nerve, quick wit, and the most monumental bluff that was ever worked in that State.

Last Thursday morning Bostwick set out for a day in the country. His camera was swung over his back, a well-filled lunch basket was suspended from his shoulder, and in his hip pocket was an old pepper-box revolver of the type Mark Twain made famous years ago in one of his published works. The day was as bright as sunshine could make it, and the fields never looked so green and beautiful before, there was a delicious coolness in the air, and Bostwick felt his heart swell within him as he strode merrily along the flower-bordered road. As he was walking along, his eyes scanning the adjacent fields for something worthy of being "snapped," he descried a little distance from the road a tumble-down hut, over which a mass of vines were running riot, and which, set against the green background of the fields and distant woods, formed a picture that even a less observant eye than Bostwick's would have delighted to gaze upon. It was too beautiful for him to pass by, and, leaping the low fence, he started for the building.

As he neared the ruin he perceived two men lying by the half-open door, evidently watching him with some curiosity. When he came closer he saw in them two of the most typically beautiful hobos it had ever been his fortune to meet. Their hair and beards were unkempt and disheveled, their eyes bleary, their clothes ragged, their shoes in tatters; and yet withal there sat on them an air of supreme indifference and a satisfied complacency that many a millionaire would have envied. Their jaunty appearance charmed Bostwick, and he knew he had a good thing if he could only corral it.

Stopping at about the proper distance he unstrapped his camera, set it on the tripod, and, taking up his position at the rear of the instrument, adjusted the thumbcrew until he had the proper focus. The men eyed him intently, but gave no signs of objecting. Encouraged by their quiescent attitude, Bostwick slipped a plate in position and reached for the air bulb. Then one of the men arose.

"Just a minute, my good fellow," Bostwick began, with the suavity for which he is noted. "Lie down a half second and I'll give you a nice picture and a dollar besides."

"Ah g'arn, y' cheap skate," growled out the hobo. "D' y' 'link wese gins' t' set here and be mugged be th' like o' youse? Come on, Bill (addressing his pal), less push 'is face in under 'is ear an' smash de mugger."

Bostwick saw that he was up against it, but he did not waver. He attempted to reason with the hobos, to bribe them, to plead with them.

Then he remembered his pistol.

In another second the tramps were looking directly into the terrible weapon. Their demeanor changed in an instant. They cringed servilely, and were more humble than Uriah Heep.

"Lie down there," he roared, "and be quick about it, too. Roll over there, a little farther. There, stay there, now. Raise your chin a little and look there. Roll over, there; slide along a bit and raise your head. Now, then, look pleasant. All right (snap.) Lay there, now, till I get into the road, or I'll fill you full of holes."

Then Bostwick picked up his camera and backed through the field, over the fence and into the highway, keeping both men covered.

THROUGH BIBLE LANDS.

NOTES OF A LOS ANGELES MINISTER'S
PILGRIMAGE IN THE EAST.

From a Special Correspondent.

ATHENS (Greece,) May 1, 1900.—We reached Beeroth or Bethel at high noon, and continued on to Turmus, Aye or Sinjil, where the tents were pitched for the night—a dreary waste of land, no foliage, no roads; over rocks and hills and mountains. We thought of Jacob in his loneliness, no heart to sympathize, no ear to listen, no voice to speak; but he found his Bethel.

In Christ's time there was in Palestine a population of 500 to the square mile, now only forty-six, and for miles and miles, no hut, nor tent, nor house, or human being is met. We ascended the ridge of Shiloh, and went over the hills and valleys to the plains of Mukina, visited Jacob's well, drank of its cool waters, lunched, viewed the tomb of Joseph, got a glimpse of Mt. Gerizim and Ebal, and pitched tent at Samaria, near to Nobolous, a most fanatical town of 21,000. As we approached, one of our dragomans leaped from his horse, rushed into a grove of olive trees, and arrested a young Arab, who, with a battle ax, was trying to "do up" the owner of the vineyard. The villain's arms were pinioned, and he was taken in front of the cavalcade and made to run in front of the sheik's horse until the camp was reached.

Early the next morning we passed the site of Herod's ivory palace; rode down a fertile and well-cultivated valley. In one field were fourteen women, dressed by one man; camped at Jenin, on the plain of Edrasion, then on to Nazareth, the boyhood home of Jesus, one of the cleanest towns yet seen. We had passed Gideon's fountain, over Little Hermon, visited the city of Nain, where Jesus called to life again the widow's son, and now from the hills of Nazareth we overlook the historic battle ground, the plain of Edrasion, where Barak and Gideon won their victories—a place of twenty battlefields; the scenes of Saul's and Josiah's defeats; the place of Jehu's revenge, Naboth's vineyard. From the top of the hill we see the mountains of Samaria, Mt. Carmel, the plain of El Battauf, hills upon hills until the eye scans the mountain peaks beyond the lake of Gennesaret, and, in the northeast, discovers Mt. Hermon—glory crowned. You see thirty miles in three directions. Here Jesus passed his boyhood days.

Sea of Galilee.

From Nazareth we passed Gath-Helper, Jonas's birthplace; stopped at Cana of Galilee; rode up to the top of the Mount of Beatitudes, and our hearts thrilled at the sight of Galilee, Blue Galilee, or the lake of Gennesaret, or the Sea of Tiberias, a lake thirteen miles long and six miles wide. Sacred lake! Once, "upon these waters He trod, these waves listened to His voice and obeyed." Nine cities once bordered this lake. It was the most thickly populated region of the Roman empire. On the roadway, in front of our camp, 3000 young men were slain by the Roman Emperor. This is the theater of scenes tragic, sacred, awful, a hallowed spot in the land of promise and divine performance. Here people pressed upon Him to hear the word. Cast out of Nazareth, Capernaum became His home. Here, His disciples were chosen, miracles performed, parables spoken, His divinity and deity manifested. But, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not," and now, her borders are a silent wilderness. The curse of sin rests upon it. All Palestine is blighted; its people, its land, but the dawn of Hope appears.

Illustrious ground! Desolate, ruined, "home of Jesus"—Capernaum. Bethsaida and Chorazin, three miles away, all laid low. Yet, here, He did many mighty works; called his twelve disciples, and sent them forth to preach the gospel of peace.

Capernaum to Damascus.

The Rothschilds colony, with its 6000 acres of land, at a high state of cultivation, showed what possibilities lie in the soil of Northern Palestine. It was novel to lunch under a great tree called Teribragh, the sacred tree, on which were hung rags from the bodies of invalids, whose friends offered incense to the dead Prophet. Here is the source of the Jordan, the site of ancient Dan; beyond is Caesarea Philippi, where Jesus was first acknowledged Son of God. On we rode, 5000 feet up the side of Mt. Hermon, covered with snow, crossed the famous Pharpar River, over the road Paul traveled, past Mejdai Kah Shema, inhabited by Druses. The Druse blacksmith had a mule on its back, tied, shoeing the animal. The village bute are, indeed, "like groups of mud cones, struck like wasps' nests upon a thousand mounds."

We also passed the village of Kefr-Hanwar, a place properly named "Wind," where the reputed tomb of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, is found. At about noon we arrive at Damascus, having passed the spot where Saul was suddenly converted, as recorded in the ninth chapter of Acts.

Damascus, the oldest city of the world, is truly a perennial city, existing under Persian despotism, Grecian anarchy and Roman patronage, and still prospers under Turkish oppression. It is like an oasis in the desert of Ancient Syria. Here Naaman dwelt in the times of Benhadad, whom Hazael smothered. Elisha visited here, and Paul lay three days blind in the house of Judas. Here, Paul was baptized with water and the spirit, and went forth the mighty apostle of the Son of God.

Some believe that the great garden that surrounds Damascus was the Garden of Eden, and Pharpar and Abana are the two rivers that watered Adam's paradise.

Some one has said, "Leave the matters written of in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the world but Damascus was in existence to receive the news of it." It is today a true oriental city, with its 241 mosques, minarets and domes, and its famous bazaars.

The City of the Sun.

A train from Damascus to Jahfufreh, thence, on horseback, over rugged steeps, barren, desolate, to Baalbek the

Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun, once the most magnificent of Syrian cities. Here the great Temple of the Sun, the Temple of the Jupiter, and smaller temples, are clustered together—magnificent ruins! We are spellbound. Stones, 64 feet long, 13 feet square. One stone, 71x14x13; weight, 1500 tons. It would take 500 horses or 5000 men to pull on rollers. Six huge columns, of three pieces each, one upon the other, each 60 feet high. How did they get there? Echo answers, How?

Forty temples, all facing the east, and with no windows, are found within a radius of twenty miles. Fine day-schools and Christian missions are flourishing in this part of Syria.

The Valley of Lebanon.

The valley of Lebanon, between the range of mountains called Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, is a perfect garden—no walls, no fences. Up, up, the mountain we rode, rich in scenery; camped near Zahleh; and on Thursday, April 12, on schedule time, we entered Beyroun, a seaport town of 50,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on a promontory which extends for about three miles into the Mediterranean, near the rose-tinted mountains by the deep blue sea. Here we found the only Christian Endeavor Society in Syria, an Anglo-American church, and a large Christian printing establishment.

We embarked on the steamer Thalyia, bound for Constantinople, Saturday, April 14.

Easter, 1900, was an ideal day on the Mediterranean—clear sky, calm sea, the sun in all its glory, the dancing wavelets, the balmy breeze, the Christian fellowship, the songs, "There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea," "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine," etc. The sweet gospel talks made the day memorable—the most unique Easter I ever spent—radiant with hope, "Christ both died and rose."

Smyrna, the chief commercial city of the Levant, a city which has been utterly destroyed six times; Turks, Jews, Franks, Armenians, reside here. It is an ancient city, yet it has no appearance of antiquity; as one has said, "It is an Asiatic city with a European face." It is the headquarters for the drug trade of the world.

Picturesque are the shores of Asia. Says one, "The view was surpassingly lovely; its lands, green and poetic, a coast ever retreating and advancing, as if in coquetry with the blue waves, purple robing the hills—a voyage for poets."

Constantinople.

Wonderful capital of the Ottoman empire, a city spread over two parts of two continents; approached by the Dardanelles, and the Sea of Marmara; a handsome city of 1,000,000 of people, divided into three parts—Stamboul, Pera, Scutari—by the beautiful waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The houses are crowded together, the people swarming like bees, "in extravagant costumes," as Mark Twain says "that ever a tailor with the delirium tremens could conceive of."

Tombs, tombs, doleful tombs of the Sultans, countless mosques, St. Sophia, Ahmediyeh, etc., the Tower, Hall of the Thousand and One Columns, Museum, churches, the Reservoir, the Cistern of Constantine, Column of the Three Serpents, Obelisk, the palaces on the banks of the Bosphorus, and the old Sultan himself. For two hours we stood in the palace grounds (having paid for the privilege,) in order to see the "Old Assassin," as Gladstone called him. Escorted by 10,000 soldiers, he rides down the avenue to the mosque, says his prayers, and then, driving a magnificent span of white Arabian stallions, he returns to his palace. Cigarette, tea and cake are passed around, at the Sultan's expense. He looks the villain he is. When Russia gets after him and his miserable empire, she will make short work of him.

There are thousands of little shops, all under one roof, along narrow covered lanes. Each street or lane is devoted to one kind of merchandise. They are crowded with all kinds of people, buying all kinds of things, from a safety-pin to the most beautiful fabrics and costly jewels.

From Turkey to Greece.

Out of dirty, ill-smelling Turkey, into King George's kingdom, by the way of the sea to Piræus, thence by carriage drive, 1 1/2 hours, to Athens, "City of the Violet Crown," whose origin is lost in the mists of mythology and tradition. It is a clean, beautiful city; buildings three and four stories high; sidewalks 33 feet wide; marble blocks, walks lined with pepper trees, air laden with the odor of roses and orange blossoms from the King's garden. Here, too, we observe a variety of costumes; military chaps, with ballet skirts, tight, light trousers, slippers, turned up at the toe like a canoe, with rosettes, a marked contrast to the continental and European dress.

On Tuesday, April 24, some forty thousand people gathered at the Stadium, 60x300 feet, with sixty rows of seats, capacity 50,000. It was the occasion of the Easter-time exhibition by the gymnasts of the public schools. The Americans occupied seats, just back of the King and his suite. Unattended, the King and Queen, Prince Constantine and wife, entered at the farther end of the Stadium, and walked to their seats. As they approached the Americans raised the Grecian and American flags. The King smiled and bowed to the Americans in approbation, while the great audience arose and cheered and cheered. It was wonderfully democratic, a contrast to the pomp and show of the Sultan.

King George lives in the hearts of his people, who love and respect him.

The Athens morning paper contained the following, a liberal translation:

"Among those present at the Stadium on the occasion of the annual gymnastic exhibition by the public school were many distinguished tourists from the United States. They held in their hands, on sticks, many flags (Greek and American.) The tourists were the most tumultuous of those present. They clapped their hands incessantly, and shouted with the crowd, waved their banners, and rose from their seats, that they might give, as far as possible, greater emphasis to their voices. The King was well pleased with the ovation he received from the Americans."

Farewell, King George, and the land of Plato, Aristotle, Pindar, Xenophon, Herodotus, and Demosthenes, and of old St. Paul, bound for Naples, via Corfu, and Brindisi.

C. S. MASON.

INTERESTING WORD HISTORY.

QUEER ANTECEDENTS OF FAMILIAR TERMS.
RIGMAROLE, TALLYHO, ETC.

By a Special Contributor.

Some words have histories. Other words embody, as, for example, the word rigmarole. Everybody stands it as signifying a confused and meaningless but precious few recall the fact that it comes from the man's roll. Now the ragan's roll is a crown of no small importance. It is a real roll of annals, and records categorically the instruments by which Scotland's nobility and gentry gave in to the heathen, and swore allegiance to Edward I of England, toward the close of the thirteenth century. Naturally a somewhat confused document, but possibly not so confused as confusing to the good people of its day. It must have been upsetting in those days, to the lords and gentlemen thought to be staunch to the old order, had gone over to the invading king. Yet something to be said for the lords and gentlemen, loved not Scotland's independence less, but their estates rather more.

Venison, which nowadays means always and flesh of a deer, is truly any flesh hunted—that is, venery. Venery is the old name for hunting—hunting and wolves and badgers furnish "venison" no less than the lordly stag. Cur, the synonym for a worthless dog, somewhat the same derivation. In feudal England dogs of the villenage, no doubt mostly starving, were by law required to be cur-tailed—that is, their tails cut short, so they might be readily distinguished from the stag and hound of the lords and gentlemen. The staghounds ran true upon the scent, the mongrels confused and draw them off from it. Sometimes the dogs had to suffer also "hombline," that is, cutting the two middle toes from each forefoot, so they could run with the hounds. A curtail-dog, or curtle-dog, became simply a cur. His owners, the villenage, who in clustered hovels outside the castle walls, in the deer gave rise to the word village.

Another wonderfully expressive phrase also came from the hunting field, where it is to this day in common use. It is "to run riot." Foxhounds run riot when they drag of the fox, and go racing and chasing of the scent of hares and rabbits, whose company the foxes when he finds himself pursued. Indeed, in fox-hunting, lance, hare-scent is known as "riot." The familiar "on the pad," as signifying going hither and thither, throws back to Ruyard the Fox. His feet were technically as pads—when he gets up and begins to about, sportsman say he is "on the pad."

It seems a far cry from the hunting field to the use of a fashionable coach, but it is from the hunting field that tallyho gets its title. Tallis here, pronounced Norman French for "out of the thicket," was the cry when the fox broke cover. The huntsmen and the pack of foxhounds answered the cry with long blasts of the tallies; further, as luxury progressed, the coaches often took to the meet, and the throwing of people who did not intend to follow the hounds, was then spectacularly. Between use and luxury, the word with seats on top, crystallized as the tallyho. The word is likely to remain, unless all the world should go mobile-mad.

Loanbirds, money-changers of Venice, sat around about the piazza of St. Marks. Banco is the bench. When one of the money-changers defrauded others fell to, and broke his bench in little pieces, so that he was known as "banco-rupto"—that is, the broken bench. Hence comes our word bankrupt.

PYRENEAN DWARFS.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Prof. Miguel Marañón has reported a curious anthropological discovery in the Pyrenees, at the end of the Eastern Pyrenees. He says:

"There exists in this district a somewhat isolated group of people, who are called Nanas (dwarves) by other inhabitants, and, as a matter of fact, are not more than four feet in height. Their bodies are fairly well proportioned, and their heads are small, but their hands and feet small, shoulders and hips broad, and their faces appear more robust than they really are."

"Their features are so peculiar that there is no mistaking them among others. All have red hair; the nose is broad as long, with high cheek bones, strongly defined jaws and flat nose. The eyes are not horizontal, but what oblique, like those of Tartans and Chins. Their straggling, weak hairs are found in place of hair, the skin is pale and flabby. Men and women are so much alike that the sex can only be told from the clothing."

"Though the mouth is large, the lips do not give the large projecting incisors. The Nanas, who are the only of the other inhabitants, live entirely by themselves. They intermarry among themselves, so that their peculiarities continue to be reproduced."

"Entirely without education, and without any idea of improving their condition, they lead the life of savages. They know their own names, but rarely remember those of their parents, can hardly tell where they live, and have no idea of numbers."

THE PETER'S PENCE OF PILGRIMS.

[London Daily Mail:] During the first six months of the "Holy Year," 490,000 pilgrims from every part of the Christian world have made their way to Rome. Brought with them in Peter's pence £1,300,000, which are expressed in the Vatican that the sum will reach £1,000,000 before the end of the year. The institution of Boniface VIII in the Middle Ages is still proving its usefulness at the end of the nineteenth century.

A CLINCHER.

[Atlanta Constitution:] "I thought," said Rev. Mr. Hays to one of his backsliding brethren, "that you were comin' ter hear me preach las' meetin' day?"

"Well, sah, I 'lowed dat I wuz, but I got mixt up de way."

"Dat's a mighty po' excuse for you. Don't you say, as plain as day, dat de way is so plain dat any wayfarin' man, de he is a nat'ral bo'n fool, las' he can't find it?"

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

Woman Proves a Heroine's Undoing.

DEBORAH SAMPSON, who enlisted in the continental army as Robert Shurtleff, was one of the most dashing and brave of fighters for the cause of liberty. She enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment and served three years before it was known that the brave soldier was a woman. "She was taken ill in Philadelphia," says a writer in the *July Ladies' Home Journal*, "and the hospital nurse had pronounced her dead, but a slight gurgling attracted the doctor's attention; he placed his hand over her heart, and, finding to his surprise an inner waistcoat tightly compressing her breast, ripped it open. She was immediately removed to the matron's apartments, where everything was done for her comfort. The commanding officer, upon learning that his aid was a woman, granted her an honorable discharge, and presented her with a letter from Washington, commending her services. The humble soldier stood before him with shining eyes filled with tears and thanked him many times, begging him to ask that her fellow-soldiers be told, and that he ask them to tell him if she had done anything that was unbecoming a woman. This was done and her comrades and officers declared their respect for her unbounded. Upon her honorable discharge from the army she returned to her mother's home, striving to escape publicity which followed her singular career. After her Washington became President he wrote a most courteous letter to Mrs. Gannett (Deborah Sampson—she having married in the meantime,) inviting 'Robert Shurtleff' to visit him. She accepted and was treated with the greatest honors by the President and residents of Washington."

The Last Sortie.

IT WAS one o'clock in the morning of December 10 when a force of about seven hundred English crawled stealthily upon the Pretoria laager in one of the ravines north-west of Lallymuth. They surrounded the outpost, consisting of four Boers, and at the point of a bayonet demanded their surrender. In reply each of the Boers pointed his Mauser pistol into the soldiers around him, and then, having room to use their rifles, they proceeded to kill their lives so dearly that the sortie was checked until the Boers were aroused. Then was exhibited one of those feats, unintelligible to the outside world, when it has only the lot of casualties from which to form an opinion. The English soldiers probably thought the whole Boer army had suddenly concentrated at one point. Among the heaps of dead and wounded soldiers, which the early morning light laid out of ghostly indistinctiveness among the red and blue, were found the lifeless bodies of the four Boers who had formed the outpost. Each of their bodies was riddled with bullets, and one had been lacerated by a bayonet. In a circle around these four men lay seventeen dead English soldiers. That was the last sortie attempted from Lallymuth.—(K. E. Easton, in Harper's Magazine.)

A Patient's Request.

HE HAD been instructed to report, by sunrise, at Gen. Stonewall Jackson's headquarters for special courier duty," said Capt. D—, "and repairing thither, found the general and staff in the saddle, ready to move to the front. I was ordered to follow; and the general, mounted on 'old Sam,' pulled his cap visor down, and set off at a sharp gallop, with the rest of us at his heels. The army was in motion, and the road frequently so crowded with troops as to render it necessary for us to make a detour to one side. And as we were dashing through a field of oats, I saw a fat old farmer, with flaming countenance, making his way from his house to the roadside to intercept us. We rode up, he opened the visor of his wrath and rated me for a-ridin' through his oats. The general mildly asked that he regretted the necessity for riding through the field, but that the road was blocked with soldiers, and it was important for us to reach the front. But old Haystack's dander was up, and he would accept no apology; and, pointing that 'of old Stonewall himself were to ride through them oats' he would report him, demanded the general's name. 'I am Gen. Jackson,' was the reply. 'Not Stonewall!' said the old fellow, dubiously. 'I am some-one as called.' 'Well, general,' said the farmer, his voice trembling with emotion, 'I had no idee it was you when I took it like I did; an' I axes a thousand pardons; an' I'll take it as a particular favor of you'll jes' trample down all them oats.' The general again expressed regret for the injury done, and pressed on, leaving the persistent old man insisting that he should 'trample down all them oats.'—(Harper's Magazine.)

Don Juan and Canby Fields.

THOUGHT you would probably like to hear about the old battlefields—how they look now. I went to Canby and went over the whole field of July 1. You would scarcely recognize the places. The wire fence where Col. Dickinson and Dickinson were shot, has been repaired, and it is difficult to locate the spot. The bodies buried in the Canby field—some forty or more—have all been removed and the trench filled up. Parts of leggings, shoes and other things of the dead can be seen lying about. The old stone wall that is full of weeds and is crumbling down. The roof is completely gone. The Spanish trenches near it are almost filled up. Down nearer the city the Spanish positions are difficult to determine. All of the wood block-houses have either been burned or carried away by the Cubans for lumber. The Cuban road is the only natural-looking place. There is a company of the Fifth Infantry doing garrison duty at Canby. Their quarters are clean and cool, and it is considered a good station. The town is very free from dirt. The streets are being repaired, waterworks being put in, a new place under construction, etc.

Don Juan Hill is overgrown with rank vegetation. A Cuban peasant has a hut where once stood the famous block-house. Vandals have injured the Surrender Tree

some, but a strong, double barbed-wire fence protects it, together with a penalty of punishment for any violation.—[Boston Transcript.]

Thought the Affairs Were Handkerchiefs.

THE other day an officer of the royal engineers in South Africa had just received a parcel of "comforts" from home. He met a friend and they began to compare notes concerning the packages that they had received from home. "It is good of them to give us all these things," said the young man, rubbing his unshaven face meditatively, "but I say, old chap, why do they send us such a rummy lot of little handkerchiefs? They're like the things women use and they're embroidered with beads, so that one can't use them comfortably without scratching the nose."

This remarkable state of affairs appealed to the sympathies of the other man of fire, who asked to see them. They were shown to him, and he, being a youth of superior intelligence, discovered that they were a set of square covers embroidered with blue and red beads that the dear ladies had made for them to cover their tumblers of milk or their glasses of medicine with. Being of rather mysterious pattern the gallant officer had only thought of them as ornamental handkerchiefs, and, although grateful, he was not particularly comforted by the gift.—[London Letter.]

Her Tears Melted Kitchener.

WHILE Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Prieska rebellion, he ordered the destruction of a certain farmhouse. Not seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation. In the doorway of the doomed farm stood a pretty young Dutch girl, her hands clasping the doorposts and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sun-bonnet. The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruction was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of "Acrah darlint; wisha now, acushla," etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed. Kitchener's sharp "What's this?" put a climax to the scene. The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief of staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself. Kitchener gazed sourly at her, standing bravely though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. "Put down," he growled, "that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out, owing to unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen."—[London Evening News.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Tabby Cat That Lives in Trees.

A REMARKABLE case of animal eccentricity has been discovered in the rear of the cottages of T. P. Hauke, Del Bennett and F. W. Grant, at Morchouse's Landing, on Cayuga Lake. In a high tree a large white cat, which would weigh probably twenty-five pounds, has taken up its abode, and from all observations has been there for several years. It is seldom seen in daylight, but prowls about at night after food, living on birds, squirrels and other animals that it can master. It is shy of any of the human kind, and cannot be approached, the only one who has ever got a "meow" in recognition of her calls of "Kitty, kitty," being Mrs. T. P. Hauke, who one time got within about thirty feet of the cat. In its midnight peregrinations it visits the cottages, and anything eatable left outside generally disappears. Frank Grant, a few evenings ago, left several fine fish lying in a box in the rear of his cottage. In the morning three of the largest fish had mysteriously disappeared, but since tabby has been discovered the mystery is solved. A few days ago T. P. Hauke saw the cat lying stretched out on a limb, like a squirrel, and when he threw a stone at it the cat rose up and jumped, like a flying squirrel, from limb to limb, and tree to tree, until it disappeared. Where it came from or how long it has been in its wild state no one knows, and unless a person uses a gun it is impossible to capture it.—[Rochester Post-Express.]

This Cat Scared a King.

THE VEN royalty was not unknown to Saratoga Springs," writes William Perrine, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, was so delighted with the humble hermitage of 'Barhydt's' that he offered the old Dutchman who owned the place, \$50,000 for it. One of the Bonaparte traditions of the United States Hotel, as told by Col. William L. Stone of New York, is that when the deposed monarch, with his daughters and retinue, was there he was thrown into consternation one day while at dinner, exclaiming: 'Un chat! un chat!' A search was made for a cat, but none could be seen; Joseph, however, persisted that there was one, until, finally, a scared kitten was discovered under a sideboard. It is said that the brother of the conqueror of Europe was so upset at the sight of the animal that several hours elapsed before he recovered from his prostration."

Effects of Melody Upon Animals.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Last summer I was present at a garden party at which a band of music was employed to entertain the guests, and I was astonished to see a herd of cattle come from about the park and get as close as they could to the lawn where the music was going on. Here they stood and listened, and actually swayed about with their bodies, keeping time with the strains of the instrumentalists. It was a most remarkable example of the appreciation which animals have for music." Country Councils will do well to institute bands for the amusement of cows and the improvement of the milk supply.

Another correspondent writes: "I am not an agriculturist,

but for ten years I lived with an uncle who kept cows. We had several changes of cows and milk maids during that period. It was noticed that certain milk maids could draw more milk than others. Our most characteristic cow was Triste, so named on account of her sad bearing, and it required the most touching of border songs to prevail upon her to give a decent supply of milk. The old woman who generally milked her always wound up with the 'Land of the Leal' to get the creamy ending of the milking process. A new hand once tackled Triste with sea songs and dire consequences. Another cow was called the Evangelist, on account of her intense hatred for psalm tunes and Sankey's hymns. She, strange to say, preferred rollicking tunes."

The bull appears to be even more devoted to music than the cow. An organist reminds us of the publication in 1814 of a little volume entitled "The Power of Music, in Which is Shown by a Variety of Pleasing and Instructive Anecdotes the Effects it Has on Men and Animals." It contains many remarkable stories concerning the result of music being played to pigeons, lizards, mice and spiders! One relates to a Liverpool tailor, who, on his way through a field homeward from a house where he had been entertaining his friends, was attacked by a bull. Unable to climb a tree, he commenced playing his fiddle, and "the enraged animal became totally disarmed of his ferocity and seemed to listen with great attention." The poor fellow was rescued three hours later by the herdsman; but all that time he had been playing, for no sooner "did he cease the fascinating strain than the bull's anger appeared to return with as much rage as before."

All our readers will be interested by the following advertisement which reaches us from Cambridge:

"Wanted—A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and milk a cow, who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in a choir."—[London Chronicle.]

Dog Don Dies From Grief.

DON, the big dog of Mrs. M. May, that had so many friends and admirers and was seemingly more intelligent than many human beings, is dead. Few dogs were ever better known or liked by so large a number of persons. Don was very useful to his owner and the family, but he also had a number of special friends to whom he was very much attached. Some of his men acquaintances would on occasion keep late hours, and he often took it upon himself to escort them home safely and then go to his home himself. He often was absent till very late, but never failed to put in his appearance home at some time during the night. Don was a great lover of children and took part in their games of ball and marbles with an intelligence and knowledge of the games that was surprising. A few weeks ago Don formed an attachment for a puppy that was brought into the yard to be with him. The extent of this attachment was unfortunately not appreciated till it was too late. It was noticed that he followed the little dog around constantly, much to Don's discomfort, for his age and size made it very tiresome to get around so lively as the pup. At last the little fellow was condemned and killed for killing chickens. On missing his small companion Don was disconsolate. He ran all around over the place making a moaning sound that was quite pitiful. After a long search he seemed to give it up, and then laid down in the barn and refused to be comforted. Food he would not touch, and also he refused to recognize another small dog of about the same size and appearance as his former little companion. One morning Don was found stretched out and appeared to be having a spasm. He never recovered from the attack. There is no doubt that the big animal died of a broken heart at the loss of his companion. He was a noble animal and his death was greatly regretted by the family. —[San José Mercury.]

The Love of Wild Animals for Their Young.

IT IS, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case the travelers who engaged in the pastime found the grief of the mother too real to allow them to persist in the fun. They were a professor and five seniors from an eastern college, and the scene of their adventure was near the line between Pennsylvania and New York. They came upon a couple of little cubs snuggled away in the bush, and scarcely realizing what they did, carried them to their boat and covered them with a coat. Then they hastily pushed off and paddled upstream to be farther from the mother when she should discover her loss.

The little fellows kept up a continual crying, and soon a plunge caused the travelers to look back, and there was the old bear puffing and floundering across in search of her babes.

The almost human intelligence and solicitude she displayed made it no easy matter to persist in the abduction of the cubs. Pressing on ahead of the boat a few rods, she would plunge into the stream and intercept it, and when evaded and passed, would take to the bank again and repeat the attempt with increased cunning. Her action was intensely human. She screamed and scolded, wept and moaned, her tears flowing freely, her lips and under jaw trembling. She hid her face in her paws, and then held them forth as if beseeching. Some of the party were for giving up the cubs, but others held out.

The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's demonstrations of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came more plaintive tones. She showed no signs of abandoning the chase.

At last it was decided to surrender the cubs, and the boat was pulled across to the bank opposite to the old bear. There the little ones were gently placed on the sandy beach, and the party hurried back to the boat. They were none too soon, for the instant they lifted her babies in sight the mother started across.

She went to the cubs, nosed them over, searching for wounds, and then licked their glossy fur affectionately, crying meanwhile, like a human mother weeping for joy. Then after reproaching the travelers furiously for a minute, she took both cubs up by the neck, and holding them in her great jaws, carried them off into the woods.—[Current Literature.]

FAUSTINO, THE PLAYER

A PHILIPPINE STORY IN WHICH MANY THINGS HAPPENED.

By a Special Contributor.

MILLIONS of white boiling worlds, such as dwellers in the Northland never see, hung tranched in the breathless heat above Luzon that January night; and because the dark fingers of Faustino quivered magically over the strings of a mandolin, my mind changed these torrid stars into lily gardens, vast and white and beautiful. Because Faustino played, I did not remember that living is unlovely for a white man in the glaring, burning gaze of the great Yellow Eye, which clouds the brains and darkens the souls and evaporates the manhood of its own peculiar children. Because Faustino played, I forgot the harshness of the days and the trails and the miles which were passed. The famine and the foulness, and the fever of the Indang jungles were lost in the enchantment of the moment, and the eyes of my good friend Dulin were dull with dreams—because Faustino played.

We had been a fortnight in the field—a fortnight in which nerves were tried, limbs were strained and harsh facts were imbedded in memory. We had followed a brigadier who was happiest when looking a challenge into the face of death; who loved the man who rode hard, shot true and died game. The fortnight had called forth mountains of labor and a few ounces of blood. It had been a fortnight of "hykes" and hardback; of torrid, glittering, ungodly days; of white, passionate, heavenly nights!

I had seen the sun smite a soldier in the temples, and leave behind the wit of a babe where the brains of a man had been. I had seen blood upon the ground, and not shudder at the sight. I had seen the hero of some white maiden of the homeland, "go out" whimpering weakly because her arms were not around him. It is a hard, hard thing to see a girl's soldier die 8000 miles from her. And this day as the brigade climbed the heights of Indang, I saw an ugly bit of tragedy.

Fourteen dry days had made Dulin honored among men. When other soldiers had ransacked the town of a night's bivouac for "vino," the native brain poison, Dulin had virtuously turned a face from them and their loot. We had cooked much coffee together, and my good friend had made a god out of himself for the eyes of officer and man. In him, during the fourteen days just passed, those who rode with him had seen a mountain for energy and an iceberg for nerve.

But only I could understand Dulin. Acting as a sergeant of sharpshooters, he led the brigade on the fourteenth day.

A Filipino crossed the trail a hundred yards in front of the point. Just one Krag spoke, and the native dropped, twitching. Together we stood over the black, barefooted, shaking figure—of an old man. The face of my good friend whitened under the tan. A last cigarette still stuck to the blue lips of the dying Filipino. It was still lighted.

"That was a good shot, Dulin," the brigadier said slowly and queerly. The column had halted for an instant. The rest of the day I could draw no word from the lips of Dulin. A black figure dangled in the twilight before his eyes, and the white still showed strong under the tan. Dulin smoked and smoked. It is an easy thing to fire simultaneously with your troop at the heads which show themselves above a hostile trench. It is a different thing, if you own a human heart, to see a man drop and quiver for a minute, then lay quite still, when there is just one empty chamber in the guns of a whole squadron, and that empty chamber is in the gun your own hand is holding.

While night climbed into the high places, the brigade bent to the rocky trail which led up into the heights of Indang. And Dulin, with bowed head, rode into the town in front of his scouts.

"It's ugly, but it's war, Dulin," I said, striving to lift the dead weight which lay upon his brain. He was fighting hard with himself and the pain of the struggle; and I knew the pain of the struggle.

"It's more murder than war," he muttered, in a dry, hateful way. "The nigger didn't even have a gun, and—he was an old man."

Many a trooper who would have shuddered virtuously at Dulin's guardhouse record; who would have had no thought of pity at a demonstration of Dulin's runaway passions—many a trooper who had the character "Excellent" on a half-dozen discharge sheets—would have shot down a "nigger," as Dulin had done that day, and thought about it afterward—exultingly.

That night under the low stone wall of Indang I turned the slices of bacon very deftly in the mess tin. Very strong was the coffee I made, and all the while Dulin sat above me on the wall, his long, tough cavalry legs hanging down. His lean, dark face held a look of self-hate which is not good for a man like Dulin. And all the while he filled his lungs with the inhalations of countless cigarettes and spoke no word.

"Come out of it, Dulin," I said softly. "Here is some coffee full of golden glory."

He shook his head, and I who had felt the hunger of the she wolf of the scriptures an hour before, snapped the lid of the mess tin upon the sizzling bacon and packed it away in the saddle-bags. The tall trooper swung down from the wall and walked away. He had left his six-shooter in the saddle holster, which was a very unsoldierly thing for Dulin to do. I peered into the chambers of his gun and mine; then followed through the dusk from afar off, for I could feel that he did not want me by his side.

Not long after that we had slipped by the American sentries at the edge of the town, and my ears were straining to catch the chug-chug of Dulin's footsteps as he led the way, fifty yards ahead, down the trail. I knew that he was going back to that given spot on the rocky Indang trail, where he had been the cause of a tragedy three hours before. In every clut of denser shadow my brain formed

pictures of the skulking bolomen—pictures that made me wet with a sweat that is cold—and yet I could not go back, for my friend was pounding down the trail ahead, careless of life or death, or of native knives.

I dared not call to him, for I knew he would not thank me. Never had I feared the displeasure of a major-general as I feared to hurt Dulin that night with my presence. In an open place on the moonlit trail he sat down, with head bowed. It was the same place where the haunting horror had clutched at his heart three hours before—the same place where the little black, barefooted native had dropped with a last cigarette sticking to his lips. In a dark place I shrank and watched. After a moment I became conscious of a dull pain in my fingers. I had been gripping the hard stock of Dulin's six-shooter until my fingers were numb from the clutching.

The bamboo clumps croaked sighingly in the hot night breeze, and their graceful leaves were full of mourning. The thick banana foliage clapped softly to itself like the unfastened flap of a Sibley tent. Some wild bird cried out in a continuous wail to the moon that its lonely heart was breaking. Fireflies trembled in the air—and darkened. The stars hung perilously close, and there was a hissing in the jungle to my right. All the while the drone of the mosquitoes told me how blood-hungry they were. And all the while I thought the fear of death which fingered coldly at my soul, and I watched that form bent forward on the moon-lit trail, which was enduring a strange torture.

"Dulin," I shrieked, and the six-shooter flashed in my hand. A moment afterward I was standing by his side, holding the cut edges of his blue shirt apart, and peering at a long, angry gash which a bolo had made in his back. At our feet was a Filipino who moaned low and dreadfully because he had failed, and because he expected to die at our hands.

I leaned over the figure of the native to find what Dulin's gun had done to him. My aim was not true as his had been that day, and a short hairless groove on the native's scalp was the only harm done him. For an instant the Filipino turned his face toward the man he had cut. The moonlight resting upon that face, tinged it with the hideous gray of ashes. The eyes were looking close at death, and were filled with terror at the sight.

"Turn that thing loose," said my good friend. One hand was behind him where the wound was.

"Can you make the trail all right back to camp?" I asked, quickly, disregarding his command.

"Nothing the matter with me only a scratch," said Dulin, "but turn that thing loose."

"The devil I will," said I, full of rage. "If he had shot at you and missed I would not have minded, Dulin, but I hate a knife, and this thing will go back to camp with me. Here's your gun. Take care of it."

The tall trooper said no word. He wiped the blood from his head and rolled a fresh cigarette, starting slowly up the trail. And I prodded the native with my six-shooter and followed. My world was very black, for the anger of my good friend lay heavy upon me.

Next morning two companies of infantry were ordered to stay behind to garrison Indang. Dulin was ordered to remain with the doughboys on account of his wound. He saluted his officer when he received the order—saluted grandly, respectfully, but with wrath in his soul. As for the cut in his back, Dulin seemed to have forgotten that. I staid in Indang, partly because I could reach Manila by wire from this place, but mostly because my good friend, who would not speak to me, had been ordered to remain.

That evening, I hunted up the prisoner. Soon he would know the horrors of Bilibid, the prison on the Pasig, because he had cut an American soldier. Dulin sat by the Filipino's side, holding a native mandolin in his hand. He looked up when I entered, greeted me in a formal way, which caused a twinge. An infantryman was guarding the prisoner.

"Faustino" was the name the native had given when questioned by an interpreter. And now, with great black staring eyes, he was watching my every movement. There was horror unutterable in those eyes of his, and it seemed as if there was also a prayer in them which his lips could not form. I could think only of an animal which is caught and understands but one thing—that it is to die. Faustino would neither eat nor drink for fear of poison. He believed that we were delaying his end to torture him the more.

Suddenly Faustino saw the mandolin in Dulin's hand. His great black eyes were transfixed for an instant in the thrall of a mighty hope. Dulin placed the instrument in the dark, trembling hands. And then I grew very, very sorry that I would be the cause of his journey to Bilibid. Though Faustino had crept stealthily through the dark and tried to kill with a knife my good friend, I was learning now that his soul was not a dead, dark thing. One big bright star lifted the darkness of his inner being. No, Faustino was not all bad, for the melody in his soul was finer than silken fibers and true as an inspiration! And that night foul Indang was lavied in star beams and made beautiful, and the eyes of my good friend Dulin were dull with dreams because Faustino played.

The next night I looked in sorrow upon Dulin, for he had gone wrong. In a loud, reckless voice he demanded continually the melody of Faustino. The sentry awayed in the doorway of the shack, looked very happy, and also demanded music. A jug of "vino" had been obtained, as I suspected, through Dulin's mastery craft in such matters. In a lavish fashion he served the sentry with the liquor, which looked as harmless as cocoa milk. Faustino was playing for his life, and I sat down to study the sad, sad scene. Poor Dulin; he had been so good for almost three weeks! Poor Faustino! I would have given worlds if he were miles away on some dark rebel trail.

My thoughts were interrupted very suddenly. The sentry was having sufficient trouble for all of us. His long, cold Krag dropped to the floor with a crash. He grinned foolishly for a moment, and then sank down by the rifle. The "vino" within him had risen in its might. Dulin laughed low and wickedly—not at all like a man maudlin from drink. He stepped quickly to the doorway of the shack. The fingers of Faustino were rigid upon the strings

of his mandolin. For many seconds Dulin peered into the moonlight.

Then suddenly he beckoned to Faustino. The moved toward him as one dreaming. Dulin clutched Filipino's arm with one hand. The other was across an open, deserted space, toward the dark beyond.

"Vamo!" whispered Dulin, and he shoved through the doorway. For an instant we both saw streak whirling jungleward through the moonlight.

And when Dulin turned his face toward me I looked upon it for which I had longed three days. A smile now, for an ugly memory had been wiped out even as Faustino was lost in the jungle.

"Bah, this is poor goods," said Dulin, as the jug of "vino" drained out of the window from the bag he held in his hands. After that we cooked banana coffee and feasted after the manner of good friends, we stood guard in the shack while the sentry slept.

WILL LEVINGTON COMBES
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OLD LADIES OF TARRAMATTA

REMARKABLE RESIDENTS OF A UNIQUE ASYLUM IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By a Special Contributor.

Perhaps one of the most curious establishments maintained by any government is that of the New South Wales Asylum for Aged Women at Narrington, Tamworth. Eight hundred old ladies there literally smoke their peace amid agreeable surroundings. The grounds, by gum trees, occupy a wide surface overlooking the Tarramatta River. An old colonial mansion for the superintendent, and several barrack-like structures for the pensioners are provided.

The uniform of white poke bonnets, white or black skirts, and black and red checker-board-patterned blouses, if devoid of variation, at least, when dotted all over the landscape, adds cheerful spots of color to the somber hue of the gum tree foliage.

Some unique peculiarities of the institution impressed the mind of the visitor. First, the word "pauper" is by tradition strictly tabooed in deference to labor, as it is quite possible a relative of a member of Parliament might be found among the inmates. The age column is a proof of longevity on the Australian continent, of the 800 being under 70 and several over the 100 mark. Among the latter the old ladies are very particular that they have not been deprived of a year or two of register.

An asylum is probably the last place on earth where one would expect any encouragement given to the saving of money, even upon the most limited scale; yet in the case at Tarramatta, and for a sufficient reason, order to enable the old ladies to procure a few necessities, wool for knitting, tobacco, and so forth, the government allows each inmate 4 cents a day. The principle the idea is excellent, but in practice it does not work out as intended. Nothing alarms the superintendent more than to hear that Sarah Smith is saving her money for she knows from experience that trouble is the result.

Alcoholic liquors are strictly prohibited at Tarramatta, hence Sarah Smith projects a visit to some place where such form of liquid refreshments can be purchased. Sarah having succeeded in evading the permanent surveillance of the superintendent to part with her money one morning found missing with perhaps \$5 in her pocket. Then telephone messages commenced to pour in, giving quieting information concerning the progress of Sarah Smith.

In a black, covered van, much resembling an underground wagon upon two wheels, with a pauper in attendance and a pauper dog slinking underneath, and drawn by a pauper horse, who was fully conscious of his degraded position, the superintendent starts in pursuit. At the outset it might be supposed that the hunting of a poor old woman could not offer much excitement, that, in fact, she would soon be captured. Generally such is far from the case. The pauper horse is pelted to draw the curious vehicle over many a church-hole road before a trail is struck. It is almost how far these old ladies can travel. From roadside to roadside inn the guest of the checker-board blouses, on, until at last even the spirits of the subdued revive, when one of those familiar garments of the night. Usually the old ladies are indignant over the tampering of their liberty, passing many uncomplimentary remarks about the character and appearance of the superintendent, as they are assisted into the wagon, and conveyed back to Tarramatta.

MICHAEL GIFFORD WRITERS.

COL. WISWELL'S RELIC CASE.

[Kansas City Journal:] During and following the Republican convention at Philadelphia there were exchanges of testimonials to be retained as mementoes on occasion. One of the most interesting mementoes which was presented to Col. Wiswell, who was at arms of the convention. The case is a polished stick with a white bone head, made and presented by Edward F. Showers of West Philadelphia, who was one of the doorkeepers of the convention. The head is fashioned from a human bone dug from the battlefield of Gettysburg by Mr. Showers, and is undoubtedly a relic of the remains of one of the heroes of that terrible moment, but whether of a "John Reb" or a "Johnny Bull" Showers is unable to say.

THE TELL-TALE BLUSH.

[Harper's Bazar:] (Mokey:) Look back, my Cyrrus, I know you stuck on me; dey ain't no way of lyin' to me.

(Magnolia:) How does you know I'm in lub with you? ain't nobber tof you no such stuff.

(Mokey:) Caise ebbery time I meets you you looks to do roots ob you' hair; das why.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

"How So Dear," etc.

A INCIDENT which has caused Secretary Gage to be exceedingly cautious of "deaf men" occurred recently.

Congressman John H. Ketchum of Dover Plains, N. Y., is more or less hard of hearing. He holds his hand up to his ear while you are addressing him, and manages to catch your meaning fairly well. Just how much he hears is open to question, and the Secretary of the Treasury, for some time, has his own suspicions that "Uncle John" is not quite so deaf as he appears. It happened this way:

Mr. Ketchum had been in Congress so long that he had used up all the patronage to which he was entitled, and could not get any more places for his constituents. But one day this spring he called on Mr. Gage.

"There is a man up in my town," he explained, "who must be fixed, and I want you to fix him."

"I can't do it," replied Gage (and up went Ketchum's hand to his ear), "because there are no vacancies in my department."

"But that's what he wants," said Ketchum, "a place in your department."

The Secretary looked at his visitor intently, and said, in a low tone:

"The civil-service rules cover all appointments under this act or by law."

Mr. Ketchum removed his hand from his right ear and said:

"That will be satisfactory. He will not expect more than a year."

Mr. Gage was growing desperate.

"I tell you," he fairly yelled, "I can't do anything for you men. There is no use bringing him down here!"

"Oh right!" said the imperturbable Congressman, rising, "I'll bring him down," and out he walked, leaving the Secretary in a state of collapse.

Just enough, a day or two later, the deaf man walked in with a constituent.

"Here is my friend that you promised to place," he said, "and Lord!" said Gage (and up went the other's hand), "I tell you I could do nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"But I tell you not to bring your man here, because I can't place him?"

"No," you said you would give him a place at about \$1000 a year for him, and here he is."

The Secretary was in despair. He looked the Congressman in the face—it was a blank. In sheer desperation he tapped a bell for an assistant, told the latter to take the constituent to Mr. B—, and, if possible, to find him a place. The Congressman shook hands all around, and departed with an expression of benevolence on his countenance.

The man got a fairly good place. The Congressman is still in the deaf. The Secretary—well, he has his own suspicions. (Success.)

Quick Diagnosis.

ONE of the anecdotes related by Dr. Weir Mitchell in the July installment of his Century serial, "Dr. North and His Friends," might well be a personal experience of the author:

"I once went to Harrisburg, and had to return during the night. The train was crowded. At last, in the stifling, dimly-lighted smoking-car, I found a man asleep across my seat. I awakened him, and, saying I was sorry to disturb him, sat down."

After a little he said, "Do you know Dr. Owen North?"

"I have not," I said, "Yes."

"That kind of a man is he?"

"A very good fellow."

"He is like all them high-up doctors, I guess. He gets down. I want to know."

"No," said I. "That is always exaggerated. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't no better, and now I haven't much money left."

"Now," this my friend confided to me all his physical details in detail. We parted before daybreak. It was too dark in the car for either of us to see plainly the face of the other.

About six o'clock next day the man entered my consulting-room. As I should not have known him, except for a peculiar voice, I, too, remained unidentified. I could not resist so comic an opportunity. I said, looking at him, "You have a pain in your back?"

"That's queer. I have."

"And you are blind in the left eye, and your digestion is very bad," and so I went on.

At last he said: "I never saw a doctor like you. It seems a man, most. Can you cure me?"

"I can," I said, and wrote out my directions. It was really a simple case.

When he produced a well-worn wallet I declined to take a fee, and said, "I owe you for the seat, and the good sleep I disturbed last night."

"Thank! I see. You were the man. But law! why did you give it away? I'd have sent you the whole town."

And he called over a number of names. I in-

terrupted her in each case by asking what had become of them. "She's joined the Latter-day Saints," was the answer when the object of my question had neither removed nor died. "It seems to me everybody has joined the Latter-day Saints," I commented. "Yes," she replied, "most every one. They had a revival here and got them all except me." "Why didn't they get you?" I asked. "I reckon because I was bedridden and they could not get at me," she said frankly.

"Blen American."

ONE day when calling upon Gambetta, I found him vastly amused over a visit which he had received a few minutes previously from the late Gen. Meredith Read, who for a number of years was United States envoy at Athens. The general, who until that time had been a perfect stranger to the great French statesman, had entered the latter's presence, carrying in his hand a volume entitled "Men of the Time," or some work of the kind. This he opened, without saying a word, and laid on Gambetta's desk before attempting to greet him or to explain the purpose of his call. Then, pointing to a column which contained a very eulogistic biographical notice of himself, he exclaimed, "Kindly read that," and when Gambetta, who read English with the utmost facility, had, in compliance with the request, cast his eye over the page in question, Gen. Read rose from his chair, and with a bow to Gambetta pointed to himself, exclaiming in tones of pardonable pride, "C'est moi." Then, and not until then, did he extend his hand to the great Tribune, who, having meanwhile risen from his chair, expressed his pleasure at making the acquaintance of so distinguished an officer, who had rendered such valuable services to the United States. Gambetta informed me that in the whole of his long experience of public life he had never known a man to introduce himself in so delightfully original a manner, and he vouchsafed the opinion that it was blen American—people from the United States enjoying in the Old World a widespread fame for originality. (Ex-Attache in the July Critic.)

Cunning English Lass Had Wit.

A GOVERNMENT department official, who recently returned from London, brings this story with him:

A married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a north country town, and the husband, noting the attention other women obtained from passers-by, remarked to his better half:

"Folks never look at thee. I wish I'd married some one better looking."

The woman tartly replied:

"It's thy fault. Dusta think a man'll stare at me when you're walking wi' me? Two step behind, and thab'll see whether folk don't look at me."

He hung back about a dozen yards, and for the length of the street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her, and turn round and look after her when she had passed.

"Sal, lass!" he exclaimed, "I was wrang, an' tak' it back. I'll never say owt about thy face again."

His wily spouse had accomplished the trick by putting out her tongue at every man she met. (Washington Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Rural Philosophy.

A L STOEHR, while spending last summer in the country, boarded at the residence of an old granger in Clermont county, who had decided views of his own on every subject under the sun. One day a lightning-rod peddler came along and persuaded the old man to allow him to affix rods on one of his barns. The old fellow owned two barns, and had lightning rods put upon one building as an experiment. The second day after the rods were placed in position a heavy August thunderstorm swept over that part of the country, and a flash of lightning rent the sky, and the bolt struck one of his new rods. The barn was not injured in the least, and the farmer wept for joy.

"That saves me money, be goah!" he exclaimed.

"Of course it does," answered Stoehr. "I suppose you'll have rods put upon the other barn at once?"

"Not by a darn sight!" answered the old man. "I'm goin' to have them rods moved over to th' other barn. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, y' know!" (Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Grant's Horse Sense.

I KNOW nothing about the truth of the popular story of how Grant, as a lad, figured his way into West Point, after that memorable journey for a couple of pounds of butter, when he learned that there was a chance for a competitive examination. I have often played chess, however, with Agnes, the remarkable West Point professor of mathematics, who said, "Grant had a great genius for figures and horses."

Grant did love a good animal, and could pick out and appreciate the fine points at a glance, but, oh! how he could hate and despise a man who abused or was cruel to a horse!

The pith of my story turns upon an incident as told by Isaac D. Reed, who, at one time, was a member of the famous auctioneer firm of Johnson & Reed. During the last term of his Presidency, Gen. Grant came in from his afternoon drive, and, in a humorous but somewhat mortified way, told Col. Shadwick, who kept the Willard Hotel, that he had been passed on the road by a man in a butcher cart, driving a horse that made his crack team seem to be "standing still." He would like to know, he said, who owned the horse, and whether it was for sale.

The horse was easily found and purchased from an unsophisticated German, for less than half of what he would have asked had he known that the purchaser was the President of the United States.

The horse, which was of a very light color, and what lovers of horsemanship would term a very clean-limbed animal, was none other than Grant's favorite horse, "Butcher Boy," so named from the incident mentioned.

Some years later, after the Wall-street catastrophe which sadly impaired the finances of the Grant family, "Butcher Boy" and his mate were sent to the salesrooms of Johnson & Reed, and sold at auction for the sum of

\$750 each. Mr. Reed said that he would have gotten a much better price for them if he had been allowed to advertise, or even to tell to whom they belonged; but Gen. Grant positively forbade the fact being made public. (Sam Loyd in Success.)

Then They Felt Sad.

IT WAS the Scottish express, and as it was not due to stop for another six hours, the other nine occupants of the smoker began to get nervous. The tenth passenger, who was sitting in the window corner with a cap pulled over his face, groaned again. The kind-hearted old gentleman snatching opposite unscrewed a flask of cold tea and passed it to his afflicted neighbor. He drank long and eagerly.

"Do you feel better?" asked the giver.

"I do," said he who had groaned.

"What ailed you, any way?"

"Ailed me?"

"Yes; what made you groan so?"

"Groan! Great Scott, man, I was singing!"

Then a great silence fell on that third-class smoker. (London Answers.)

A Case of Terrorizing.

OLD man Presbury used to annoy Jim Barnes terribly when Jim was courting his daughter, Amy, by insisting on talking over the political situation every time Jim came into the house. Finally Jim said in reply to one of the old man's questions that it had been so ably explained by Senator Chandler, we'll say, that it would be better to use his very words in answering it. So Jim whipped out a copy of the Congressional Record and read a long speech of the Senator's. It took him an hour to get through with it, and when he looked around he discovered that the old man was yawning furiously. The next evening Jim came round again and headed the old man off before he could say a word. "Got a good speech here I want to read to you," he said, as he unfolded the Record. This time he read steadily for two hours. When he looked around the old man was fast asleep. So Jim and Amy slipped out on the porch. Did you hear how Jim got his consent to marry the girl?

"No."

"He went around to his office with what looked like a big roll of Congressional Records under his arm, and the old man caved right in at once. Why, it got so at last that he would go out and sit in the barn with the hired man when he saw Jim coming up the front steps with a Congressional Record in his hand. And after they were married it was a hard job to get the old man to come around and see them. When he did come, one Sunday afternoon, he looked about him and said in his grim way, 'I supposed I'd see an entire library full of those Records.' Jim sort o' grinned at the old man and said, 'I never owned but one copy in all my life—and I borrowed that!'" (Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Kentucky Witness Beated the Lawyer.

SENATOR BLACKBURN of Kentucky tells the following good story of a case in a Kentucky court:

A horse from a livery stable died soon after being returned, and the person who hired it was sued for damages. The question turned largely upon the reputation of the defendant as a hard rider.

A witness was called—a long, lank stable boy.

"How does the defendant usually ride?"

"Astraddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer. "I mean, does he usually walk or trot, or gallop?"

"Well," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse, he walks; when he rides a trottin' horse, he trots; and when he rides a gallopin' horse, he gallops; when—"

The lawyer was now angry. "I want to know at what pace the defendant usually goes—fast or slow?"

"Well," said the witness, "when his company rides fast, he rides fast; and when his company rides slow, he rides slow."

"Now, I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, very much exasperated, and by now very stern, "how the defendant rides when he is alone?"

"Well," said the witness, very slowly, and more meditatively than ever, "when he was alone I warn't there, so I don't know." (Washington Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Given Time for Reflection.

WHILE the Rev. I. T. Headland was preaching at the street chapel in Peking half a dozen of the turbulent class known as "Boxers" came into the chapel, bent upon creating a disturbance. They sat down in different parts of the chapel, and after a short time began talking aloud to each other across the room. They were first told kindly that this was contrary to the customs of the Christians. To this they paid no attention, but continued to make remarks. They were then told they must not do so, but, continuing their conversation, they were asked either to cease talking or leave the room. As they went out one of them reviled Mr. Headland, his father, his mother, and all his ancestors, and as he was thus reviling, An-Young, a city detective, and member of the church, took the "Boxer" by the shoulder and said to him:

"Who are you reviling?"

He slapped the detective in the face, saying, "Do you know I have official business?"

An-Young whipped a small detective's chain out from under his coat and twirling it round the "Boxer's" neck hissed in his face, "And do you know I have official business, too?"

The detective took the "Boxer" to the police station, and then came back for Mr. Headland to go and explain to the police what had happened. The official, Au, and the assistant pastor decided that the "Boxer" should be chained to the chapel door for three days and nights, and compelled to tell every one why he was there. (Leaside Weekly.)

A Single One Escaped.

DET. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, in narrating the experiences of "A Missionary in the Great West," recalls in the July Ladies' Home Journal his visit to a town which had been more or less abandoned for twelve years.

"I could not," he says, "find a single member of the church left, except one old lady who had been bedridden for a number of years. 'Yes,' she said in answer to my inquiry, 'I am still a member of the Episcopal church, I believe. We did have about a dozen members once. There was—'" and she called over a number of names. I in-

terrupted her in each case by asking what had become of them. "She's joined the Latter-day Saints," was the answer when the object of my question had neither removed nor died. "It seems to me everybody has joined the Latter-day Saints," I commented. "Yes," she replied, "most every one. They had a revival here and got them all except me." "Why didn't they get you?" I asked. "I reckon because I was bedridden and they could not get at me," she said frankly.

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Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

DOWN AMONG THE SULUS.

TRAVELS IN OUR MOHAMMEDAN ARCHIPELAGO OF THE SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

JOLO (Island of Sulu,) May 22, 1900.—I am still in the land of the Moros. I have sailed westward from Mindanao, and for the past week have been traveling among the islands of the Sulu Archipelago, which dot the sea in a great crescent from Mindanao to Borneo. There are 200 of these islands, some mere dots upon the face of the sea; other composed of mountains and plains, covering an area equal to that of several hundred good-sized farms. Some, such as Basilan, Sulu and Tawi Tawi, even approach the dignity of countries, running from ninety-five square miles in Tawi Tawi to 330 square miles in Sulu, with Basilan coming between at an area of 263 square miles.

The Sulu Islands are among the most curious, wild and romantic of our Philippine possessions. They are inhabited chiefly by Moros of the most savage order, governed by dattos, and all subject to the Sultan of Sulu, with whom the government has made a special treaty, giving him a monthly salary from the United States treasury. His rule is such, however, that we have had to place troops at a number of stations throughout the archipelago. The chief garrison is here at Jolo, but there are soldiers also at Siasi, Bongao and Basilan.

Basilan, Siasi and Bongao.

Basilan is only a few hours' ride by boat from Zamboanga. It has a population of something like a thousand or so, and its capital, Isabella, contains about eight hundred inhabitants. It is a beautiful island, with good soil, and having mountains covered with timber. The Spaniards used it as a naval station, and built there dockyards, barracks and a hospital.

The island of Siasi is the most important of the Tapul

group, embracing about a score of islands and islets. It is situated about forty miles from Sulu, and its capital, Siasi, vies with Jolo as one of the commercial centers of the archipelago.

The town of Siasi is the only port in the Sulu Sea at which steamers can come directly up to the docks. The main street of the town, in fact, is built out over the sea. Its houses are up on posts standing out above the water, and some of the people go from house to house on stilts, stepping from their stilts to the first floor of the houses and leaving them outside until they are ready to depart. The town is very pretty, being well shaded with coconut trees, and doing a considerable business in copra, sharks' fins and shells. We have a company stationed at this point.

Another company is quartered at Bongao, to keep watch over the two dattos who live there and the people of the Tawi Tawi group. This group has about forty islands, the most important being Tawi Tawi, a long oval island ninety-five miles in circumference and about three hundred and eighty-five square miles in area. It is very mountainous, lacks water, and has almost no cultivated lands.

The island of Bongao is a huge rocky mass rising about one thousand feet almost straight up out of the sea. At one end of it there is some low land. This is about Bongao Bay, and upon it are the barracks of our soldiers. There is a fort and some other buildings.

It is said that the pirates used Bongao as a resort in the past, it being especially well fitted for defense, and the jungle on the mountain forming a good place for retreat when attacked. Bongao is only a few hours' ride from Borneo.

Our Pearl Islands.

These islands are all more or less surrounded by pearl fisheries. The chief business is in the shells of the pearl oyster, which are gathered from the bed of the ocean near the islands. There is an English company at Jolo which is shipping quantities of these shells to Europe. They re-

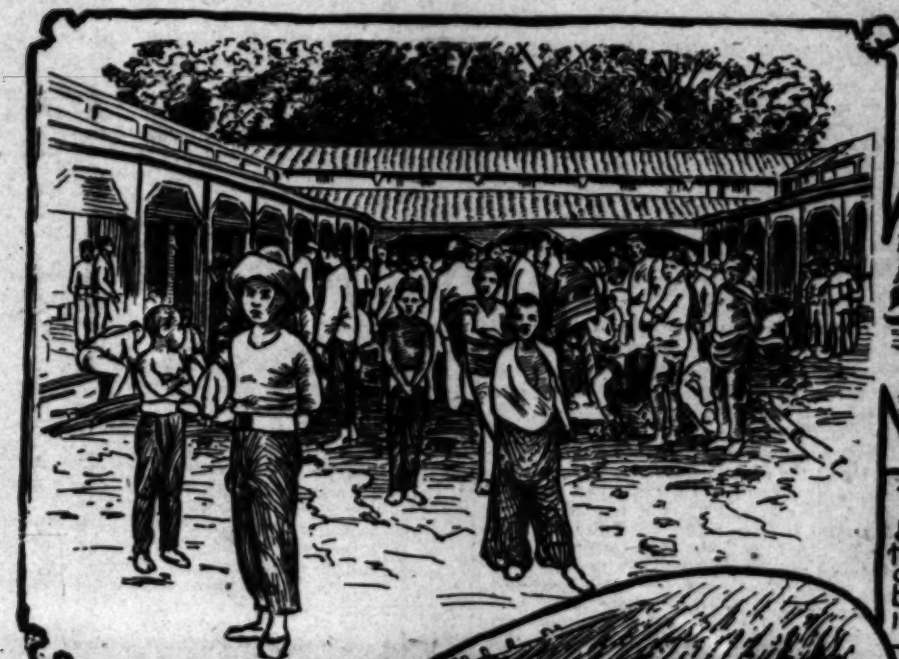
ceive from the poorest variety about \$700 per ton, and additional profit which now and then comes from the oysters, some of which sell for hundreds of apiece. Gen. Bates told me that when he was Sultan, His Majesty offered him a pearl as big as your little finger as a present. He says it was about \$5000; but that as he was a government official he did not feel that he had a right to accept it, and the surprise of the Sultan, refused.

The Sultan and His Pearls.

The Sultan and the dattos have the right to all of the pearls which are gathered by the Moros. He said that the Sultan has a great fortune in pearls away in his palace. A German jeweler called on the other day and tried to buy some, but he was away from his Majesty as well posted on values as himself, and was away sorrowful. The company which is now doing the business is composed of Englishmen. I am told, something like \$25,000 for their shares, and they have a special arrangement with the Sultan. They own about thirty schooners, and make excursions to the pearl-fishing grounds. They wear diving suits, and carry on the business after the methods. The shells are used in manufacturing buttons, buttons, paper cutters and other such things.

I am told that not one-tenth of the money made from the fishing comes from the pearls themselves. The most valuable, the pearls being merely a by-product. This is so, I believe, in all the pearl-fishing. In the Western Australian fisheries, for instance, returns for the shells in one year were \$400,000, and pearls gotten during the same time sold for \$50,000.

The fishing goes on about the island of Bongao, other grounds in the western part of the archipelago, as at Bongao and Tawi Tawi, as well as in the



In the market, Jolo



The Black House occupied by our troops in Sulu



The houses of Siasi are on piles above the water



for from Sulu. The seeds have not yet been carefully processed, however.

Among the Divers.

The method of diving for pearls as followed by the natives is exceedingly simple. They use no diving suits, but go naked into the water, tying heavy stones to their waists to help them sink to the bottom. They usually choose the shallow water where the pearl oysters are not more than forty feet below the surface. The oysters are attached to the rocks, and the diver cuts them loose with his knife and puts them in a net bag. He then gives the signal by jerking the rope about his waist, and is dragged to the surface.

The Moros are expert divers and swimmers. They have learned themselves to holding their breath under water, and some can remain below the surface for about two minutes at a time. The business is exceedingly dangerous, for there are numerous sharks, and a man is liable to lose a leg or an arm, if not his life.

After the shells are gathered they must be cleaned, and the oysters shucked out before they are ready for sale. They are often piled upon the shore and left there to decay, in order that the pearls may be squeezed out. Not all of the oysters have pearls in them, but a very poor one is used in handling the product.

How Pearls are Formed.

Pearls, you know, are caused by some foreign substance coming its way into the flesh of the oyster. It may be a grain of sand, a small pebble or other foreign matter. The oyster tries to protect himself from it by putting a coating of pearl about it, and this coating goes on and on until at last we have a pearl.

I have been told that pearls are now being made in Japan and China by taking the oysters from the sea and carefully opening them just wide enough to slip a particle of sand between the leaves of the shell. The oysters thus treated are planted and fed, and within a short time each begins to grow a pearl. It is said that the French bore holes through the oyster's shell and insert a little sliver of glass, and about this the oyster grows a pearl.

I have seen something of the pearl fisheries of different parts of the world. Some of the best until recently have been in Ceylon, but more are now being discovered in the Persian Gulf, where about \$4,000,000 worth are taken out every year. The fishing there is done by naked Arabs, who plug up their noses and ears before they go down into the water, and like the Moros here, tie great stones to their feet to enable them to remain down the more easily. In Panama the diving is done by the native Cubans. They find both pearls and shells, and some of the shells are exceedingly fine. Not long ago a sea captain made a contract with the natives of Panama Bay to clean the hammocks from the bottom of his ship. They did so, and among the shells fastened to the hull found an oyster containing a pearl worth \$5000. The captain claimed that the pearl should be his, but he was not able to persuade the Cubans to give it up.

I am told here that the best pearls come from oysters which are about 4 years old, and that they range greatly in value, according to color and shape. Those which are perfectly round are most prized. The most of the Sulu pearls consist of small pearls, many seed pearls being found. The largest pearl known to the world is about as big as an English walnut. It weighs three ounces, and its shape is not a perfect sphere.

It is very difficult to get much information from the English concerning the pearl industry here. They have been so much interested in the business of a Chinese, who evidently found it profitable, for he is said to be a millionaire, and one of the richest men of the Philippines. The English naturally have a good thing, and prefer to keep the details of the secret.

What they pay the Sultan I do not know, but I am told that the Chinese gave him \$1000 a month for the privilege of fishing in the deep waters of the archipelago.

Island of Sulu.

During the past week I have coasted around the island of Sulu. It is one of the most beautiful of the Philippine Islands, made up of mountains and valleys covered with rich soil, and here and there spotted with forests. From the hills make me think of the mountains of West Virginia rather than the tropics, save that many of the peaks are extinct craters, and you can everywhere see that the land is volcanic. The grass appears to be very green. It grows so luxuriantly that in riding through the country I have often found it above my head when I sat in my saddle. The trees on the mountains are large, some being of mahogany, teak, and other hard woods. There is but little cultivation anywhere. The island is about ten miles wide and thirty miles long, and the most of it is as wild as it was when the Moros came over from Java and took possession of it centuries ago.

The only settlements are the Moro villages, collections of huts which you see here and there along the coast, and this town of Jolo (pronounced Holo), in which I am now.

Local Capital.

The town of Jolo has about one thousand population. It is called our capital of the Sulu Islands, for it is built by the Spaniards, and consequently belongs to them. The town is one of the most beautiful of all the settlements of the Philippine Islands. It is more like a garden than a town. Its wide streets, paved with white sand, cross one another at right angles. They are shaded by great trees, the limbs of which meet and overhead, making a series of arbors which enable you to walk with safety through them at midday, though you are on the edge of the equator. Here and there through the town are small parks filled with tropical trees and flowers. The city has running water, and ditches are made through the streets which half circle the town and irrigate them. The main street ends in a pier which goes out into the ocean. The upper end of it is a plaza where the soldiers parade morning and evening, and where the band frequently plays.

One of the curious features of the town is its wall. This is made of one thickness of brick built on a concrete base and is high. It could be easily battered down by a canon, but it was intended to protect the Spaniards from the attacks and arrows of the Moros, and for this reason you see cracks or holes in it at intervals, each crack just wide enough for a gun to be poked through. For the same reason wine bottles, so placed that they will cut the fingers of any one who tries to climb over.

Jolo has often been in a state of siege, for the Spaniards have had many wars with these Mohammedans. The gates even now are never left open at night, and no more than one hundred Moros are allowed to come into the town at a time. The Spaniards restricted the Moros to certain limits outside the town. They had a dead line, over which if a Moro stepped he was sure to be shot by their sentries.

Uncle Sam's Property.

Uncle Sam has a limited title to the lands of the Sulu Archipelago. He does not own property here as in other parts of the Philippines, his title being limited by the treaty made with the Sultan. He succeeds, however, to all that the Spaniards owned. This consisted of a number of towns scattered over the island, which were used as military posts. He owns here not only Jolo inside the wall, but the land for a radius of about a mile around the town. This line is marked out by blackhouses, in each of which our soldiers are now quartered, and the Moros are not permitted to settle inside the radius. The circle contains excellent land, and in the growth which Jolo will have through the development of the agricultural resources of the island of Sulu it will be worth a great deal for building lots, as it comprises the only section upon which more houses can be built.

The buildings of Jolo are nearly all of two stories, each having a shop on the ground floor and living quarters above it. The oyster-shell window, common to the north, is used here, and the architecture is about the same style as that of the better houses of Luzon. There are large barracks for the soldiers, a well-constructed fort, so that the troops are quite as comfortably quartered as they could be at home.

The business of the town is done almost altogether by the Chinese, there being only one Moro merchant in the whole town.

Early Morning in Jolo.

One of the queerest places in Jolo is the market. It is largely patronized by the Moros, who are the chief peddlers and market sellers. The business begins at 6 o'clock in the morning, and it ends before 9. It begins at 6 o'clock because the gates are not open before that time. I got up at 5:45 yesterday morning to see the crowd of market people enter the city. The sentinels were pacing the streets. There were two soldiers at the gate, and in front of the gate itself, under the tower which rises above it, two other soldiers were sleeping in their hammocks. The town was quiet. I could hear only the barking of a dog, the crowing of cocks, and the snoring of the soldiers. I crawled under a hammock and mounted the steps of the tower, and from its window looked down outside of the wall.

Below me stood as motley a crowd as you will find in any part of the world. The only one I have seen which will compare with it is that which gathers at the gates of the capital of Korea on market mornings. There the crowd was of yellow-faced, almond-eyed mortals, dressed in white gowns. Here the people are dark-faced, straight-eyed, half-naked Malays. Stand with me on the tower and let us look at them together. There is a Moro with half a dozen chickens. He is clad in a jacket and dirty white drawers, but he wears a white turban and has a gorgeous red belt at the waist. Beside him stands a black-faced boy in a breechcloth. He has six green coconuts fastened to each end of that pole, which rests upon his shoulders; he is bringing them to the market for sale. Farther over are two Moro women, half hiding their faces. They have red cotton cloths wrapped about their lean persons. They are barefooted, and almost barelegged, and you fear that the wind will blow off their gowns. Each has a basket of vegetables on her head, which she balances there without touching it, waiting for the gate to open. In the same crowd there are pigtailed Chinese, carrying baskets of lettuce and vegetables on poles. There are Mohammedans with bunches of oranges, and Moro boys loaded down with bananas, durian and breadfruit. What a variety of hats. Here is one just below us, which is as big as a parasol, and by its side, hiding the head of a woman, is another the size of a soup plate.

But there! The bugle sounds! The crowd wakes up, as it were. The gates open, and all rush for the market.

Queer Market Scenes.

Let us follow and see how they buy and sell down here in our Mohammedan land on the edge of the tropics. We are in a low building, consisting of walls of stalls about a hollow square. But few of the stalls are in use; the most of the peddlers have squatted down on their heels in two long rows, facing each other, with their wares in front of them spread out on the ground. Some have laid green banana leaves on the sand of the court and upon them have placed little piles of eggs, fruit, betel nuts and vegetables of various kinds, while others have laid their wares in the dirt. All are chewing the betel or smoking as they wait for their customers.

Can These Be American Citizens?

Cast your eyes up and down through the market. Could you ever conceive such people as American citizens? They are more fantastic and savage than you ever imagined. Let us notice them as they squat down before us. Here, under our feet, is a dark-faced woman with hair like a negress. Her dress consists of a dirty brown cotton cloth as big as a sheet, which she has so loosely wrapped around her shoulders that it has fallen down. She has a rag about the waist which barely reaches her knees. Her face shows little intelligence. The eyes are bleared, and down the corners of her mouth are streaks of the blood-like stain of the betel. She opens her lips, and you see that her teeth are as black as your boots. She is as dirty and ugly as any old woman of the African wilds, and it makes one almost gag to think her his sister. As I look at her she sees my notebook, and begins to primp, combing up her

wool and drawing in her dirty, brown rags over her bosom. Farther on are more women of the same class, although some are better dressed, and not a few are quite clean. All are chewing the betel, and every woman and man has a cigar in her or his mouth. The men are by far the best dressed. Many of them wear tight pantaloons of bright colors. Some have red sashes, and all turbans more or less gay. Some wear red for caps, such as you see in Egypt, but all are disgusting.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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GRAY GOOSE TALES.

THE GRAY GOOSE GANDER TELLS ABOUT THE OBSTINATE BULLFROG.

By a Special Contributor.

Three or four years ago, when our pond was quite full of water, and the ducks and geese were taking lots of comfort, there came to us from some other pond a strange bullfrog. He was a whopping big fellow, who made all our frogs hustle around, and he had a voice on him which could be heard a full mile on a quiet night. There was room enough for the stranger, and we made him welcome, but on the very first night of his stay he kept us all awake and made no end of trouble. Almost as soon as it was dark he took his seat on a log in the middle of the pond and cried out:

"How! How! How! Oh-h-h-h! How! How! How!"

The noise woke up every fowl on the place, including the peacock, who was almost deaf with old age, but the frog had no care for our rights. He had slept all day and now wanted to croak all night. As he was a stranger, nothing was said to him that night, but next day, as he came out of the water to get his sun bath, I swam out to the log and said to him:

"Last night you kept us all awake with your croaking, and I want to know if you are going to do the same to-night?"

"I am going to do as I please about it," he replied, as he swelled up and tried to look as big as a barrel.

"But we must have our sleep," I said. "We shall not find fault if you croak softly now and then, but to bellow as loud and as long as you do is more than we can put up with."

"I'd like to see you help yourselves!" he shouted in anger. "My voice is my own, and I shall use it all I want to! If you don't like things you'd better go away."

"But this is our pond."

"Oh, it is! Well, I'll show you that a bullfrog can take up his quarters in any pond he wishes to. Granddaddy Gander, you go back and tell the fowls that I shall croak all night for the next ten nights to come."

"If you do, you'll get into trouble," I said.

"Bring on your trouble!" he sneered, as he kicked his hind legs at me.

The ducks and geese were for driving him away at once, and the hens said it was a shame for a frog to come to a strange pond and be so impudent, but I said to them:

"We will do nothing yet. We will wait three or four nights more, and then if he is not more reasonable we will give him a surprise party."

It was the same on the second night as on the first. He kept calling out: "How! How!" as loud as he could bellow, and now and then we heard him chuckling to think he was keeping us awake. It was the same on the third night. That is, the frog started up soon after dark to make the night hideous again, and some of the ducks and geese were for driving him out at once, when I saw one of the farmer's sons come skulking down to the pond. He stood for a minute until he made out the frog on the log, and then he drew back his arm and hurled a stone. His aim was true and the frog fell into the water as dead as a nail. Then the boy turned to go back to the house and we heard him say:

"Oh, ho, old frog! You wanted to know 'How! How!' it was, and I've shown you! You kept me awake two nights, but I guess you won't do any more croaking this summer!"

HOW TO PRONOUNCE CHINESE NAMES.

[Boston Transcript:] An acknowledged authority on the pronunciation of Chinese names as transliterated into English assures us that there need be no serious difficulty in sounding the many Chinese names now appearing in the newspapers if the speaker will remember that the vowels in these names are uniformly those of the Italian or continental alphabet, namely: (1) A always about as a in far; e always approximately as e in they or then; i very much like i in machine or pin; o as either the o in song or how; and u always as the u of rule. (2) Also, it should be remembered, every syllable has an independent value, and should be given that value in pronunciation. (3) As for consonants, they are pronounced exactly as written. These three rules will secure a correct pronunciation of Chinese names as can be secured without oral instruction.

For example, under the first rule, one would say tah-koo for Taku, not take-you, as one may frequently hear the word pronounced; lee-hoong chahng for Li Hung Chang, not lie-hung-chang; peh-king for Peking, not peek-in; shahng-hah-ee for Shanghai, not shang-high; tsoong-lyahmen for tsung li yamen, not tsung lie yamen, and so on. Under the second rule Tien-Tsin is pronounced teeyun-tsin, accentuating the yen syllable. Gen. Nien's name is Nee-nounced quickly. Yun-nan-fu is yun-nahn-foo, not yun-nan-fu. In like manner all words are pronounced with syllable distinctness and with uniform vowel sound. Under the third rule the province name Szechuan is sounded not lightly; Nganhwei is ingahngwayee, dropping the initial i sound; Liau-tong Peninsula is leahoo-tong, and the German possession Kiau Chau is Keeahoo Chahoo.

However, without multiplying example, the reader of news from the much-troubled Far East will find his way through the many difficult names he is to meet in his reading in the near future with sufficient safety if he will but observe the three simple rules here given for their correct pronunciation.

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

A Tale of Kentucky Hemp Fields.

NEW volume from Mark Twain—we welcomed it not many days since, and our enthusiasm, hungry, like a starvation-shaven Hindoo, for a literary feast, shouted itself hoarse, and called it a literary event. And here, thank heaven, comes another—a much more serious event than the latest volume from Mark Twain.

David and this life of earth made their acquaintance in that classic battlefield called Kentucky, where man fought nature and for the freedom of conscience, and where hemp was more than a child of toil and soil, or a thing to be sold and bought—but a mystic symbol. In her partiality—for such is her womanly way—Nature put iron into David's muscles and into his soul a high thing we call very vaguely, because we do not know its proper name, aspiration. "Grave, gentle, looking tired, but looking happy, with his big shock head of hair and a face rugged and majestic, like a youthful Beethoven. A kind mouth, moist of all, and an eye of wonderfully deep intelligence." Such was David. And this wonder budded on a very common stock. Tacked away somewhere in the many-fold, pretty whims of Nature, there is a weakness for the miracle. And his mother, like the humble, dark earth that looks at a stately height and grace of an oak, used to watch David with "an expression perhaps the most tragic that can ever be worn by maternal eyes; the expression of a lowly mother who has given birth to a lofty son, and who has neither the power to understand him, nor grace to realize her inferiority." The fame of Morrison College reached the hemp field, which had been a very good school for David—for had it not taught him that life is, after all, so much like hemp, "earth-down, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rotted and broken, ere the separation takes place between our dress and our worth—poor, perishable, shad and immortal fiber. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the earth, until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service." To get to the university—that Bethlehem of all aspiring youths—the thought was like a morning star to David. How he toiled—how sweet was the toil! To the biblical department of it he went—he was by nature a serious and pious young man. He was cursed with that power, however—the power that is at the bottom of a huge majority of human woes and tragedies, as we shall all see at the last shifting of things—the power of independent thinking. And the most natural and at the same time the most destructive conclusion of events of David's life was a manly declaration of "that sublime, indispensable part of man which is his Doubt—Doubt respecting his origin, his meaning, his Maker, and his destiny." And in the swift course of time, we are made to see, in a lecture-room, in one corner of the college building, whose windows looked out upon the Christmas snow, "old, old scene in the history of Man—the trial of his Doubt by his Faith; strange day of judgment, when one-half of the human spirit arraigns and condemns the other half." The college expelled him, and the doors of the church closed against him, and he went home to his parents. It was a magnificent distinction which was conferred upon David by the narrow-minded classic tribunal; but there are people, a goodly number, too, who prefer the tame ignominy of A. B. making of their sons and daughters conceited brutes by furnishing their names with asinine, academic tails. And David's parents were of the number.

"Why did you come back here?" "I was the only welcome his father offered him." "Oh, I always knew there was nothing in you!" His father in the thunderstorm of his temper, forgot that the razor blade and the devil's glance are very dull-edged things compared to a certain thing which a father might say to his devoted son. In the black night—for the night is made only to bring out the star—came a light. The name of the star was Gabriella. And love, as it had been his way since the time of the gods, changeless as the flow of water—made Paradise blossom out of the hell.

The plot, as you see, then, is very simple; you better go gathering grapes among thorns than to fish a thrilling romance in this novel. And I am thinking what a tremendous, baseless, blasphemous blunder a man would make if he mistake this book for a light summer reading. It is one of the most serious books that masquerade under the gay, light-hearted ribbons of a fiction. It is the history of the development of a human soul—under the "Reign of Law." In sciences, law means a formula formulated inductively from the uniformity of human experiences—a very fallible fiction, much more conditional than even the human observation and reasoning upon which it is based. The author means by "Law" much more than that—some thinkers before him called it Nature; some philosophers, God. Mr. Allen, by training, and also because of the native wealth of his brain, is perhaps one of the best qualified among the men of letters, in this country and in our day, to handle a psycho-philosophical problem. I do not say that he solves anything in this book; he merely states a problem over which the father of Socrates and blessed Mays, the mother of Gotama, must have labored—as old and common as the sand by the enigmatic sea. A very meager beginning of the statement of the stupendous theme at that. It has a very little value as a book of theological study, therefore, at the same time you can tell by the mere act of holding a violin, before one plays a single note, whether the holder of it is a driver of mules or a weaver of sound dreams. Have you read "The Seekers?"—to take the most modern instance. If not, read it (it is worth while) and compare it with the present book, and then you will know the difference between a mere story-teller and observer—a very clever one, be it understood—and a thinker. There is no gainsaying that Mr. Allen is a thinker. Is he a thinker great enough to handle a theme such as he has tried to state in this, his latest

volume? I do not know, but at least—I regret to say, he has not succeeded in proving himself to be so in the book.

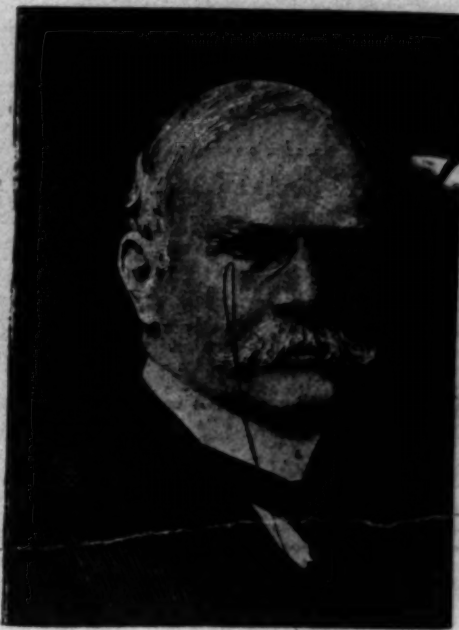
My impression of the book is that the author has labored seriously—that is a very happy thing, and as it should be. But what is not so happy for art, is, that here and there—on not too few points—he seems to have failed to hide the mark of toil under that ease and polish that is simplicity, which cheat us to believe that the work was as natural for the author and without torment as the flowering of spring kisses on the boughs.

I am kicking—it may be highly probable—for no other graceful or righteous reason than that I cannot see a comedy where tragedy is meant.

As the poet and prophet of Nature—as she laughs, means, frolics, thunders, tears and scatters molten pearls on the nakedness of Kentucky December—the author has never failed us. And he is once more gloriously triumphant in this present volume.

"Some morning when the roar of March winds is no more heard in the tossing woods, but along still brown boughs a faint, veil-like greenness runs; when every spring, welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod, unbarred by ice; before a bee is abroad under the calling sky; before the red of the apple buds becomes a sigh in the low orchards, or the high song of the thrush is pouring forth far away at wet, pale-green sunsets, the sower, the earliest sower of the hemp, goes forth into the fields." Or this: "The day was one of those on which the seasons meet. Strips of snow crumpled the field; but on the stumps, wandering and warbling before Gabriella as she advanced, were bluebirds, those wings of the sky, those breasts of earth." And again: "Spring, who breaks all promises in the beginning to keep them in the end, had ceased from chilling caprice and withdrawals; the whole land was now the frank revelation of her loveliness."

But these are not all. In the character of Gabriella, Mr.



JAMES LANE ALLEN.
[From the Book Bayne.]

Allen has given us one of the most charming women in or out of literature—those of Shakespeare's included. It is absolutely impossible for any man not to fall in love with her, and that madly. I am most heartily glad that the Southern girl was painted by a Southern artist, and in so charming, so irresistible colors. But—and sober respect for truth demands this statement—Mr. Allen has not given her a whit more than the Southern girl deserves.

The hemp fields of Kentucky, as civilization—like the hot breath of Satan—turns everything before it into ashes and brick and iron, may be wiped out off the face of the earth, and the Puritan-minded logic of the nervous succession of events may forget the charms that were once at home in the Southern girl, but I do not see how it could be possible that the hemp field and the Kentucky girl could march away, and without the slightest promise of ever returning to it, from the memory-land of the artistic of earth.

And this book is responsible for it.

[The Reign of Law; A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields. By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Emily Brontë's Writings.

"And only a few chosen spirits say to the artist," so sighed Guy de Maupassant—and that must have been in one of his remarkably lucid moments—"Give me something fine in any form which may suit you best, according to your own temperament." "A few chosen spirits"—and painfully, atrociously, laughably few, too, in the number of the good tribe. And that is where the trouble lies; that is the reason why the prose fiction of Emily Brontë comes down to us completely smothered under such a chaotic, overcovering and overwhelming bewilderment of apologies from the friendly, and as for the hostile, you better not, that is, if you be in any way nervously inclined, expose your ears even to the distant echoes of a certain number of the North American Review and the Quar-

terly. You can learn from these articles a thing of some importance to a certain set of blessed critics—that the hysteria of all-wise literary judges are the maddest things on the goodly footstool of God.

Most assuredly "Wuthering Heights" was not among the heavenly congregation of shirt waists that flourish a respectably and decorous hysteria-fever at the analysis of Richard Harding Davis. And seeing how the well-dressed vacuum from the pen of the dressed writer in our day, I am compelled to say that Emily Brontë's day seems to be, as yet, in prophetic distance. When I have a few summer hours in a hammock beside the sea to murder, you find me grateful for the graceful nothings of Mr. Davis, and shallow and void of meaning as some of his women. But, then, the trouble is that man cannot come on a cake of mist alone, and always.

Artistically speaking, the work of Emily Brontë is the marrow of the lion upon which—as runs an old legend—a Grecian fed his son. I am not guaranteeing the marrow of lion would taste good to the palate of society bolls. It belongs to the literature of young men. "Wuthering Heights." "Impossible!" you may say some things in the book; "brutally weird!" of others the defects are startlingly marked, I, for one, cannot but feel the merits thereof, are much more important than its faults.

In the same volume of the "Hawthorne Edition" is included "Agnes Gray," by Anne Brontë.

[Wuthering Heights. By Emily Brontë, with an introduction by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.75.]

In the Time of the War of Independence.

And still another!

If it please you, it is a historical romance—a romance that wears the fashionable adjective, "romance," as so many professional murderers of innocents and wear their academic M.D. nowadays—although, between me and you, there is very little of either history or romance in the wordy, weedy course of these 412 pages. This is an economical age, and there are an enormous number of good, shrewd business men among the most of them—the most hopeless signs of literary degeneration.

Philip Winwood is a Philadelphian—and the author of this narrative as the biography of Philip writing his enemy in war and rival in the battle over a charming woman goes under the name of Margaret Fawcett. Margaret, it comes out to light, married Philip once, no more original or baser reason than that Philip was over to London; many marriages have baser motives, and the war spoiled her chance of going abroad to look after a was the most natural thing in the world for her to be considered with all the shallow enthusiasm that was hers, and against which her husband was fighting. Gallantry, like the good thing, but when it makes a bubble of a woman, it is a thing—in her delightfully charming conceit also—turns into a dictator of Fate and of a nation's destiny. More over—turn something is needed, the sense of humor, that is, it is whip in a hand of Solomonian wisdom and courage, that no man is fit for the task, the logic of events made of the matter into hand, gives her a very gentle touch, the student among other things, through the tallness night of a subject, dandle.

The character of Philip is meant to be a mild one in Nature certainly makes a sublimely monumental and of Kellogg. Because of the love of his for his wanton wife—his wife and, therefore, such a little thing like was a mote in his eye, British lines were when he is at home with her, his wife, screams and by the f spy! spy!" that she might deliver him into the hands of his enemy, forsooth, a gloriously patriotic thing to do!

If you happen to be just up from one of the freshening summer naps and have bathed yourself in enough wakefulness, and if your religious mood is enough to embrace the entire world of sinners, you may hope that you may read without accident, the most interesting part of the book. The critic has a very good chance in this excellent book to make himself something out of the lettered 412-page braying and snoring. [Philip Winwood. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Page & Co.: Boston. Price \$1.50.]

BOOKS ON PARIS.

More Than a Guide Book.

"Less a guide book than a dream book"—that is what the author says of her own book. Hardly—but the book is rather good for an author on her own book. The parks, palaces, studios, museums, theaters, and of these every guide book tries to tell you. The guide book tells you, however, why it is that the center of the old city has a charm that is not in the colors of the soil or in the colors of its trees and flowers. It is a certain building has a strange magnetism for visitors cannot give the slightest explanation; why it is that it is hardly hope to enter the ranks of the immediate past, as at present, feather brains have been in the palm-leaf decorations; why the foyer of the Opéra Française is so different from another luxurious French of rich furniture, etc. And the present volume—written by a lady well acquainted with Paris—tells you the city—tells you many things which you would not know happy in learning and which would make the Parisian's ramble and wanderings through the city more part first the author describes and discusses the people of the city; in part second, the author tells of the city in the conclusion, its art life and its interesting, full of luminous and enlightening facts, and most fascinating.

... is a thing or two of criticism—American judges are perhaps not so much as yet, in a way summer hours as you find me—Mr. Davis, as president of his country man cannot be...

... quality, none can gain say its excellence for some one. Described by Famous Writers. Edited by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. New York. Price \$1.50.

... character from the above two books, an exceedingly practical guide to the exhibition. The information that is contained in the volume are comprehensive and arranged in a way that is very convenient. The book is divided into two parts: the first is given general information; the second is alphabetical list, with concise comments on all the sights in and about Paris; and the third is the exhibition. The thoughtfulness of the book has gone even unto a brief list of names of the exhibitors in commendation—and a list of the serious attention of the humorist.

... F. A. Stokes Co.: New York. Price 30

TEXT BOOK
Book in Nature Study.

... at Stanford University have just brought out a new book. The book is the result of the experiments in class rooms and therefore it is a book that is worth twice before commenting on what it contains. The book is eminently practical and it is written in a way that you can chain the interest of children. However, the book is intended as a sort of outline for the instructors and students are expected to fill in the details. It is constructed on the very best principle and the principle whereupon all school books are constructed. It is a book that is worth twice before commenting on what it contains. The book is eminently practical and it is written in a way that you can chain the interest of children. However, the book is intended as a sort of outline for the instructors and students are expected to fill in the details. It is constructed on the very best principle and the principle whereupon all school books are constructed.

... Nature Study. By Oliver P. Jenkins and ... The Whitaker & Ray Co.: San Francisco. Price 25c.

LITERARY NOTES.

... the fact that the extreme devotees of Christianity have placed The Seekers in their index ex libris. Stanley Waterloo has written a new chapter on the life of the poet. The English novelist, has had a partial success in his career. At the present time his book, "The Seekers," is being widely read, and the author is a small fortune from its royalties. But his start has not been discouraging. "I published a book," he says, "before the literary public had heard of me."

... Stephen Crane's famous book, "The Red Badge of Courage," is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. in a new edition, with a portrait and a biography of the author.

... With a Camera," Frank M. Chapman traveling the photographs which illustrate his book.

... revised edition of Henry Wallace's "Letters from a Boy" is announced for immediate publication by the American Company. "The World Politics," and Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage" are two recent books which are being widely read just now by reason of the light thrown upon the present disturbance in China. The book of Prof. Reinach's book is devoted to an illumination of the reasons why China has so suddenly become the focal point of international politics. His book, "The World Politics," was written some six months ago and is as interesting inasmuch as his conclusions have been independently of current political excitement. "The World Politics," a new romance of adventure by the author of "The World Politics," is a story of Morocco, a country that has figured very often in fiction. "The World Politics" is the title of E. Reinach's book, which is awaited with much make for you. "The Story of the Cowboy" was written by E. Reinach & Co., the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. "The Story of the Cowboy" is a book that I don't know when I have read a book that has been so long against hope that such a book would be written in which any one could write it. At last—it has been done. Not only is it as valuable as a bit of genuine contemporary history as I have yet examined.

a bit of genuine contemporary history as I have yet examined.

Richard Henry Stoddard, writing of "The Last Lady of Mulberry," by Henry Wilton Thomas, says that the author "has enlarged Greater New York as Dickens enlarged London by his stories of poor life," which is certainly a remarkable tribute from a veteran man of letters to a young writer.

A timely book is "China, the Long-Lived Empire." It was scheduled by the Century Company for publication in the fall, but was ready for binding when the first cablegram brought news of the activity of the Boxers. The author, Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore was one of the secretaries of the Oriental Congress at Rome last year, and is a well-known writer on the Far East, among her publications being "Jinrikisha Days in Japan" and "Java, the Garden of the East." During the past fifteen years she has visited China seven times, and her present work, which is fully illustrated, deals with the land and its people.

Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. announce for early publication "A Georgian Actress," by Pauline Bradford Mackie.

The special features of the July Review of Reviews are character sketches of President McKinley and Mr. Bryan; a fully-illustrated article on "The Provision for Children in Public Libraries," by Miss Katherine Louise Smith; a plea for the development of industries for young men and women in the country, by Mrs. Helen R. Albee; "Cotton Mills in Cotton Fields," by Mrs. Leonora Beck Ellis; an account of "New Developments in Textile Schools," by Miss Jane A. Stewart; and a summary of the provisions of the new Australian Constitution, by Hugh H. Lusk, who was formerly a member of the New Zealand Legislature.

McClure's Magazine for July: The July number of McClure's Magazine contains several notable features; among them, a story by Rudyard Kipling, articles on W. J. Bryan, on "Railways in China," and on our diplomatic relations with Great Britain. "Railway Development in China," by William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the American-China Development Company, is of especial interest at this time, because of the light thrown on the rivalry of the European powers, and on the political as opposed to the purely commercial aspects of China's railway development. In addition to these special features, there are a number of excellent stories in this issue. Bret Harte, in "A Jack and Jill of the Sierras," tells of an episode in a California mining camp, the motive of which is evidently inspired by the old nursery rhyme. The story possesses a romantic glamor like that which Mr. Harte has thrown over the rest of his marvelous stories of rough western life. The issue also contains a true story of "The Fall of Quebec," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, the seventh installment of "The Life of the Master," by Ian MacLaren, and an abundance of light fiction suited to a summer number.

R. Van Bergen, who is one of the best-known authorities on Chinese matters, has an article in the July Home Magazine entitled "The Real Situation in China." Mr. Van Bergen, who has lived in Shanghai for the last thirty years, is intimately acquainted with the diplomats in the East, and tells in this article the secret history of the diplomatic war which has been going on for some years past and which has now culminated in the uprising of the Boxers, and which threatens to involve the whole civilized world into war.

Perhaps the most timely topic in Alinsley's for July is "The Chinese Revolutionary Junta," an unsigned article.

The Fourth of July number of the Independent is a patriotic one. Alleyne Ireland, the well-known author of "Tropical Colonization," tells what the United States should do to govern successfully the Philippines; the Rev. J. L. Whiting, missionary of the Presbyterian board in Peking, writing on "The Eve of the Outbreak of the Boxers," describes the situation in the capital of China just before the outbreak.

The first edition of Mr. Allen's new novel, "The Reign of Law," was upwards of 40,000 and was sold before the day of publication. A second edition of 10,000 copies is on the press for publication July 5.

Years ago Bret Harte wrote a series of stories which he called "condensed novels"—humorous tales, in which he burlesqued the style, mannerisms and peculiarities of the authors of the day. Mr. Harte has just completed, for the Saturday Evening Post, a new series of these literary caricatures. The first of these "condensed novels"—"The Jungle Folk"—appeared in the Saturday Evening Post of June 30.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Food for the Sick: How to prepare it, with a chapter on Food for the Baby. By Edwin Charles French, M.D. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville.

Lessons in Language Work for Fifth and Sixth Grades. By Isabel Frasee, Critic Teacher in San Diego Normal Training School. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

The Coming Democracy. By Orlando J. Smith. The Brandur Company, New York.

Harold Godwin: A Social Satire. By W. De Huger. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York.

The Wisdom of the Ancients and New Atlantis. By Francis Bacon. Cassell & Co., New York. Price 10 cents.

The Jury Trial of 1900 in the Court of Public Opinion: Bryan vs. McKinley, Judge Leavelle, on the Bench. By Joseph E. McLaughlin. Laird & Lee, publishers, Chicago. Price 75 cents.

Sunbeams. By George W. Peck. Jamison-Higgins Company. Chicago.

That Kentucky Campaign; or Law, the Ballot, and the People in the Goebel-Taylor Contest. By R. E. Hughes, F. W. Schaefer and E. L. Williams. The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.

A GRADUATE IN BRICKLAYING.

[Philadelphia Record:] Next week, for the first time in Philadelphia, a colored student of the mechanical trade will graduate, after a four-years' course, on the same platform as the classical and mathematical aspirants for High School honors. The graduate will take a diploma in the art of bricklaying, which he studied and practiced in the High School for Colored Youth.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH GEN. GRANT.

By Maj. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.

MAJ. GEORGE D. SHERMAN, a volunteer paymaster, was also a major in the sixties. He went South with the Thirty-sixth Illinois, as a private, and won his way to major, having participated in all of the battles and skirmishes of that famous western regiment.

"Let me tell you of my first experience with Gen. Grant," said Maj. Sherman. "It was soon after he went to Chattanooga to take command of the army defeated at Chickamauga. I was brigade field officer of the picket line. During the last ride along the line before dark, a general officer, unattended, rode to my side and said he was taking a little trip, and if I was familiar with our division front he would accompany me. I told him I was. At first he made a few commonplace remarks, but quickly settled down to a silence which was not broken until we reached the end of my brigade line, when I saluted him and said: 'This is as far as I go, general.'"

"I am going to the end of the line and would be glad to have you go with me—will you go?"

"I went. Now and then he stopped and made a careful survey of the enemy's position, the ground between the two lines and the locality in rear of our position.

"When we had gone about a mile, the general suddenly stopped and fixed his eyes upon a pile of newly-turned earth. The Confederates had begun a new fort; had gotten well along with it; indeed, they had progressed far enough to plant in it a number of cannon. The general said, 'That is bad for us,' and, reining his horse, rode to an eminence fifty rods to the rear of the line and again indulged in a long, searching look at the new fortification. He dismounted and walked back and forth on the hill for at least ten minutes. Then he mounted, said 'much obliged,' and rode rapidly in the direction of Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, without asking me to accompany him.

"An hour later, Gen. Sheridan sent a messenger to call me to his tent with the least possible delay.

"Well, Sherman, you have a job; now, that will show what you are made of. My staff officers, all, at least, who can handle a thousand men in the night, and get out all of the work there is in them, are sick, and you must do the job. Do you hear? You must do the job. It is an important one and must be done before daylight tomorrow morning. Do you hear? Before daylight tomorrow morning. Gen. Grant has been spying out the land and has found a new rebel fort, and in a bad place, too. Do you hear; a bad place. He has picked out a site for a fort to offset it and given instructions that it be completed tonight and occupied by a battery and supported by an infantry brigade early in the morning, ready for business. Do you hear? I have ordered two regiments of infantry to report here half an hour from now. They will have picks and shovels. You will lead them to the hill where Gen. Grant left you not long ago' (that was the first I knew that the general I had been riding with was Grant,) 'and engineer officers, who are already there, will tell you what kind of a fort to build, and you build it. Do you hear? You build it. The troops are half-starved and can't work much. That is why I have given you plenty of them. Work them in details, an hour at a time—work them for all there is in them, and then put on some fresh ones. When a detail retires give them a big drink of whisky. I have ordered an ample supply. Do you hear? A big drink of whisky. You had better be dead than to come here tomorrow and tell me that that fort is not ready for business. Do you hear? You had better be dead.'

"Before 8 o'clock that night dirt began to fly on that hill. Strict orders were given that there be no loud talk, singing or whistling, as such noises would draw fire from the other fort. That would not only have meant a terrible slaughter, but failure to complete the work in time. 'Don't converse above a whisper,' was passed through the two regiments.

"At the end of an hour the first relief, as it passed back, helped itself to just such a drink of whisky as Sheridan had described. There was no limit. The stuff was in pails and tin cups were in plenty. Both Gen. Sheridan and myself had forgotten to take one important fact into account—namely, that a man with a half-empty stomach, as all of our army was situated at that time, could not stand a big drink of commissary whisky. Within ten minutes nearly every man of the first relief was as drunk as a lord. Some were singing, others dancing, others whistling, some yelling and other fighting. The sudden transformation was an awful shock to my nerves. I was sure the enemy would note the tumult, and expected any moment to hear shot, shell and canister shrieking over our heads. It was a moment of intense distress. What shall be done? I did some hard thinking for about a minute and then assembled the officers of the two regiments and told them to stop that noise among the tipsy men, no matter how, but to stop it. They did very well. Most of the poor fellows were induced to drop on the ground and go to sleep. But there were a few—among them a singing Irishman—who were not made sleepy by a big drink. He would sing and dance jigs in spite of all we could do, so a sergeant was instructed to trot him a half mile away, out of hearing, and let him sing to his fill. Then we spilled the rest of the whisky and plunged into the work with a desperation seldom equaled. About 4 o'clock the commander of the battery, whose guns were to arm the new fort, came tearing up. 'Are you ready for me?' demanded the captain. 'No, we're not.'

"That made the battery commander mad, and, saying that he was not going to stay there and be blown to pieces as soon as it was light, drove down the hill and rested. There was at least an hour's hard work to be done when daylight came. But God must have been taking note of our efforts. He had settled a bank of the thickest fog I ever saw right over that section. How we pitched into our work! When it was done and the battery had taken possession and placed the guns, and the supporting brigade was in position, the fog lifted, the sun smiled upon the two new forts and the men in blue and the men in gray looked mighty saucy at each other, but neither shot a shot that day.

"That was a y initial experience with Gen. Grant. Do you think I'll a vn forget it?"

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Killed by Smoke from a Cigarette.

CIGARETTE smoke, blown from the mouth of a man sitting near him, caused the death of Charles Krickaka here yesterday. This fact was developed subsequently by the Coroner's investigation.

Krickaka was one of the auditors at the orchestra concert in the park. Near him sat a man who was smoking a cigarette. Krickaka had never used tobacco in any form, and its fumes were extremely objectionable to him.

A particularly pungent cloud of the smoke unexpectedly overwhelmed Krickaka, and he inhaled a quantity of the offensive vapor. At once he began coughing violently, and the paroxysms continued until blood streamed from his mouth.

A blood vessel had been ruptured, and he was unable to call for assistance. Observing his helplessness, a guard assisted Krickaka to a pavilion.

After informing the guard of the cause of his illness, Krickaka fell into a swoon. A physician who was summoned was unable to afford any relief. In a half hour, without having regained consciousness, the victim died.

Krickaka's identity was disclosed by several envelopes found in his pocket. These indicated that he resided at No. 2125 North Seventeenth street, Philadelphia.

Coroner Grant R. McGlathery of Norristown was summoned. He instituted an investigation, and the facts, as given, were developed.—[Willow Grove (Pa.) Dispatch.

New York's Parisian-Like Sky-Scraper.

ATALL building here is approaching completion and will be the first to exhibit a peculiarity of construction which has often been urged here as the best means of mitigating the sky-scraper's ugliness. This new building towers above its neighbors and under ordinary circumstances yards of unadorned brick would face the spectator. But the owner and architect of this building have adopted the plan imposed by law in Paris and have decorated the sides of the building. This ornamentation, which is simple and tasteful, conforms in style to the principal facades of the building, although not nearly so elaborate. If all of New York's towering buildings had been treated in the same fashion, objection to the sky-scraper might be less pronounced than it is today. Architects say that much of the beauty of Paris is due to this law and its enforcement, and they believe that similar requirements here would add much to the beauty of the city.—[New York Sun.

Curious Organization in London.

THIS is an age for clubs. Each profession, almost each calling, has its own particular club, where members can meet one another or their friends, dine, read the newspapers, transact business or play games of some sort. The majority of the clubs are well known, if only by name, but very few have even heard of the Diamond Merchants' Club, in Hatton Garden.

The name speaks for itself. It is called the Diamond Club—or, to give it its full name, the Diamond Merchants' and Jewelers' Club, Limited—and the chief requisite for membership is that the newcomer should be concerned with or in the diamond trade. Hatton Garden is a busy thoroughfare, and seems to reek of diamonds, so to speak. The principal room of the Diamond Club has a half-glass roof, which lets in a glare of light on the transactions which take place. In this room may be seen more millionaires at one time than in any other spot in the world. Another room is cunningly darkened so as to give relief to tired eyes.

One member may be reading a newspaper, when another comes over and tells him he wants a few diamonds, explaining the kind, etc. The first man will immediately give him two or three little paper packets to inspect, naming the price, and the second man will take them over to the window, while the first will calmly continue reading his paper.

The first man is probably a broker, who has obtained the diamonds from a merchant, and he has a certain price from which he cannot abate. If the purchaser considers the price fair and the stones good, he will suggest that they go into one of the little partitions or cubicles which are set apart for this purpose. These little divisions face the light—for it is absolutely necessary to have a bright light, very little business being done on a dull day—are fitted up with a shelf and a pair of scales, and when the small bolt is slipped on the door the buyer and seller are free from any interruption.

The scales are in a glass case, for the slightest bit of dust would affect the delicate mechanism, a single hair making a difference in the working of this wonderful little contrivance. The largest weights are made of metal, but the others from a kind of tinzel, so light that a breath will blow them away. Some idea may be gathered of their minuteness when one realizes that the smallest one only weighed the sixty-fourth part of a carat! For the purpose of showing up the beauties of the stones they are laid on different colored papers—blue for pearls, black for opals, etc.

The club was originally started by two men who had at last realized that it was not safe to hold these business conferences in a public house, which had hitherto been the custom. It was such a success that the members soon bought out the proprietors and turned it into a limited liability company. It has progressed so rapidly that it has quite recently moved into new premises, which the president of the club, H. Bernhardt, was most courteous in showing me over.

Mr. Bernhardt is the diamond merchant from whom most of our great actors and actresses buy their diamonds, and it speaks well for him that when they have once been to him they never go anywhere else.

Many of the members of the Diamond Merchants' Club are foreigners, although many Englishmen are among the number. Dominoes and cards are provided, but no game of

cards is allowed before 4 o'clock, and then only solo whist may be played, the slightest tendency to gamble being strictly prohibited.

This is, perhaps, the only club that opens and shuts early, for very few others open at 10 in the morning and close at 7 at night. Perhaps the members consider it wiser to deposit their wares in some safer place than a pocket before nightfall; whatever the reason, the lights are out, the doors shut and everything is quiet when other men's clubs are just beginning to be alive.—[London Express.

Japanese Wedding Stamps.

THE new stamps issued in Japan in commemoration of the wedding of the Crown Prince are now reaching this country. The principal decoration of these stamps needs a Japanese explanation before it can be comprehended, and even then a great deal has to be taken on faith, since to most people the legend surrounding the design looks like so much cordwood.

In the oval frame is pictured a low table spread with paper, the place where all Japanese marriages are solemnized. The table is decorated with bamboo stalks and plum twigs and blossoms, and at each corner rises a spray of pine. The pine and the bamboo being evergreens represent that in which there is neither variability nor shadow of turning; the plum on the other hand stands for that which buds, blossoms and fruits for the good of man. The decorations of the paper table cover are the crane and the tortoise; of these the bird is symbolic of 1000 years and the turtle of 10,000 years. Here sit the bride and bridegroom and pass each other cups of sake to the number of nine, and so they are married, for the nine drinks together symbolize the perfect Japanese marriage.

This in Japan is the emblem of wedlock, and for that reason it has been reproduced in the commemorative stamp issue on the wedding of the Crown Prince. At just such a table sat he and his bride, and the stalks of bamboo and sprays of pine and the blossoms of the plum all joined in wishing them both all health, wealth and happiness without changing; and the crane and the turtle find a sort of generous time limit to all the good wishes by suggesting that it might possibly come to an end 3000 or 10,000 years hence.

That is the way the Japanese set forth the meaning of the picture on the new stamp and for confirmation they point to the legend, which they stoutly aver is a statement of the name of the Prince and Princess and the date when they sipped the nine cups of sake.—[New York Sun.

The Farther Away the Greater the Roar.

"THIS singular," remarked a man from Jersey, who saw from the postoffice the lightning strike the flagstaff of the Tract Society's building on Wednesday, "how the roar of thunder is greater the farther away the bolt strikes, if it strikes anywhere near. Now that crash," and he nodded at the Tract building, "was like the report of a great gun. If it were nearer it would be sharper, but more like a tin's crack than of a 13-inch.

"Not long ago the lightning struck twice within a few yards of me. I took shelter from rain in a shed out our way. During the storm I saw just outside two prongs of fire dart into the earth, for all the world like a great serpent's tongue. Each part was simultaneous with a sound like the sharp crack of a mighty whip. Then followed a receding roll of thunder that grew greater as it rolled away. That was a hair-raising experience. On other occasions I have seen the lightning strike, but at distances where the sound followed at distinct intervals, and the farther away, as I have said, the greater was the roar. "I imagine a man struck by lightning doesn't hear any sound at all."

This was said as seriously as if the speaker didn't recognize the incongruity of the remark.—[New York Mail and Express.

Japan Has Never Lost a Ship.

SINCE Japan's national navy began to be formed thirty years ago they have not lost a single ship owing to faulty seamanship. One vessel, a cruiser built in France, disappeared on her way out from Europe, while still in the hands of the French, and one, a gunboat, sank by collision with a foreign steamer in circumstances that did not convict the Japanese of any fault. With these exceptions, there has been complete immunity from serious accident, a remarkable record when we remember that, during more than two centuries immediately anterior to the Meiji era the law interdicted the construction of sea-going ships and Japanese sailors could not acquire any knowledge of navigation beyond what was furnished by coastwise voyages in small junks.

No education could have been less serviceable for the purpose of modern seamanship, and, when the admiralty in Tokio sent Japanese officers and crews to Europe to bring out line-of-battle ships and first-class cruisers, the proceeding seemed rash, if not reckless, to those who knew something of the qualities required for commanding these huge vessels. Nevertheless, the results have hitherto fully justified the Japanese admiralty's confidence in its officers, and the recent naval maneuvers furnish an additional evidence; for certainly it stands to the no small credit of the Japanese navy that absolute freedom from mishap should have marked these intricate evolutions performed by two squadrons, aggregating fifty ships, during a space of as many days. There can be no doubt about Japan's position now as a maritime power, in the Orient at all events. Never before under any flag has such a fleet assembled in eastern waters as that reviewed by the Mikado on April 30.—[London Times.

Tallest of Living Men.

THE biggest living man is Lewis Wilkins, who is now arousing great interest in the scientific circles of Europe. Wilkins was born on a farm near St. Paul, Minn., in 1874.

When he was but 10 years of age he was 5 feet 10 inches high and now has grown to the tremendous height of 7 feet 10 inches—just three-quarters of an inch less than the height of a giant.

There have been other tall men and women, and scientists have striven to explain these freaks of nature. Only lately a giant has been put forward by a French physician, who says that giantism is nothing more or less than a disease generally occurring in patients of 15 and 35 and is first called "acromegaly." If the patient is not attacked until after the growth of the bones in the arms and legs are prolonged slightly, but if this disease has been prolonged all along their length, growth results in a giant.

When you see a big man it is then that you wonder whether he is unusually strong or whether he is from acromegaly. All giants have not been strong, according to Dr. Marie. He mentions the French army who did not belong to this class, and another was Marat, a drum major in the Regiment of infantry, who measured 6 feet 10 inches. Perhaps the greatest giant who ever lived was Charles Byrne, an Irishman. He measured 7 feet 10 inches. His skeleton is still preserved, and it questions his enormous size. He was pushed down by a crowd of men.

Other giants are Constantine, born at Constantinople, 8 feet 1 inch; Herold, born at London, 8 feet 1 inch; and Lady Emma, 8 feet 1 inch.—[Chicago News.

Fish Killed by Electricity.

IVAR W. J. LINDBOHN, a Russian, has taken out a patent on his electric fish-killer. He claims his device is a practical success. He caught first, however, before it can be used. The electric killing apparatus consists of a battery with proper switches, and a battery. The fish is taken down the line, through the hook, and when the circuit is completed through the fish, the Russian electrician hooks a fish, he passes the chained lightning flashes through the fish, and the fish is dead.—[Chicago News.

How a Medium's Slate Was Made.

AMONG a lot of miscellaneous souvenirs of different kinds at my house," said an old man, "I have a small folding slate, 3x10 inches square. It is commonly used at the public schools and is very cheap, but I value it on account of its association with one of the greatest spirits of the age. It was once used by Slade, the famous spirit medium, and has conveyed many a message from the other side. I have examined the little slate in great detail. It contains an extra leaf in the shape of 'slate paper,' which lies close against the sides. This leaf was the secret of the messages. The message was written on it in advance, and placed in the frame clean side out. The slate appeared to be perfectly blank, and was used with great precaution, the skeptics present putting marks on the wax. After lying on the table during which time the spirits were supposed to write, the seals would be broken and the messages contain a long communication. Needless to say, the leaf was simply shifted to the other side of the slate at the time the slate was opened. One of the tricks of the trade was that the spare leaf could be fitted to any slate of the standard size. The spirits would gather together for a seance, Slade would be an injured man, that some reflections had been given the genuineness of his manifestations, and he was glad if one of these present would stop at his slate at the nearest store. Afterward he would have an opportunity to slip in the fake leaf, and the naturally dumfounded the spectators."—[Times-Democrat.

Charming Interlaken.

THEN you will go on to Interlaken—Charming Interlaken, in the arms of its two lakes and in the white spirit of the Jungfrau! There is no more in all Switzerland to my thinking, and, alas, there is none, among the popular resorts, so charming as this. Here, at least, the sweet air is unspoiled above the green waters and the fragrance of new-mown hay, which the passing wind carries into the open country. It is a strange country, this Switzerland, where the mountains rise in powerful grandeur and the valleys are snow-covered, even in hottest summer. Just a few rods below the foot of the glaciers, the snow begins to blow in reckless profusion, and the vision of the ice-clad summits. Such are the smothered valleys, all filled with blossoms of riot and redolent with indefinable, woody perfume. They are pretty sylvan scenes, too, out here in the mountains, where happy, careless groups of men and women are in fragrant mounds, singing at their feet the winding roadside a tall, wooden cross, a faithful shadow over them.

Strange contrast, this quiet, idyllic life, the desolation of the mountain tops! It is the mountains by such passes as the Tauern, Simplon, that one gets an occasional glimpse of the "unspoiled" Switzerland and the great lakes.—[Randall Denton in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

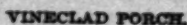
Mrs. PARADIANA: You ask me to give you a few hints for a bedroom in yellow and white. You say that it has two large windows and faces south and is very hot in size, and is furnished with a white bedstead. The curtains are white dotted Swiss and the carpet is yellow pine. The walls are buff with a ceiling of yellow pine. You have here an extremely pretty setting in white and yellow, and I think you will emphasize your idea of these two colors to perfection. Do you like the dainty bedroom effect of the pretty flowered cottons given to a room? If so, choose or unglazed chintz having yellow flowers on a white ground. I have seen this in buttercup shades ruffled curtains to go over your dotted bedstead, then back with yellow cords and tassels, a wicker chair (always a luxury in a bedroom), make hassocks and cushions of it, alter others of plain yellow India silk, and by all means for convenience, and beauty, have a slipper stool considering a large wooden box on casters, with hinges. For all of this use your yellow and white. And you have a room with a comfortable bedstead, that you will, I think, find most agreeable. However, you prefer something more severely simple than your Swiss curtains straight lengths of white, introduce cushions of dull blue denim or white linen worked with blue, and still keep the yellow silk. Do not have figured stuff of any color, use plain colors entirely. There is a pattern of blue which goes well with yellow, and also one of very dark blue which is beautiful with yellow. If you like this scheme best, use a large rug with dark blue denim, or a couch so covered with cushions, you could get in this way a very pleasant effect by putting on the floor a blue and white check. It is still another treatment for a white and yellow room. I can recommend, for I have tried it. This new arrangement of the windows which gives light and look. Some of the shapes bring a white or rather large yellow flowers printed on it. The ruffled and tied back with butterfly bows of satin ribbon are beautiful hung over sash in this yellow-silk. A ruffled spread for the bed equally is also pretty. If you have a washstand I would make a screen for it, by slating silk on a light bamboo frame. The Japanese style is very pretty ones. A plant in the window, which has yellow flowers, adds a charming touch to this

Angelo: You ask me for suggestions as to
of your porch. You say that the upper
forms the roof of the porch is not as wide
itself and you do not know whether to extend
this part, which is uncovered, or to merely
close. As your exposure is a southern one,
you to use something like the arrangement is
mine. I saw this pretty and ingenious device
displayed on Catalina Island, and admired it
made a sketch of it. This porch floor extends
over gallery and the owner or architect of the
is gas piping (which is painted a dark green,
the beam trimmings,) on a line with the edge
is just a foot lower than the gallery. This
is a wire netting stretched on it and forms a
for the porch. As the front door has a cir-
cling, he has most artistically carried out
introducing a circle of heavy rope in the
is cut away and holds the rope firmly on all
one have been so trained that they twine
out it and the whole thing presents a most
interesting effect. This idea could be amplified
in various forms, to correspond with the
of a cottage. I think, however, that there
is prettier than the perfect circle.

Tell me that you have a yellow room, a
room. Why do you not then make your
a combination of blue and green. Select a
a blue ground, with white roses and green
This gives you an excuse for using at your
of white ruffled point d'esprit over sash
a sea-green silk. Then again over your
ing a scarf of the silk, to be caught in with
and tassels which holds the net. This
window is one of the prettiest I have
in time your green silk sash curtains fade
them rolled up in a pale green dye at very
This room should have a carpet of plain
shades deeper than the blue of plain
handsome white fur mats. The bed should
its point d'esprit over pale blue sateen, and
any chifferin that you mention I would
make dressing table, draped with point
The toilette accessories should have as
about them as possible. The ceiling above
should be a rich cream and your wood-
or cedar or painted white. The blue that
this pale green is a soft shade somewhat
"sky blue," it suggests robin's-egg, but has
green in it. If you will combine these
the way I have suggested and inter-
freely you will have a room delightfully

Angela, writes: "I have only three rooms as I have to have two bedrooms, I am a bed in my sitting-room. This is a con-

stant source of worry to me. I have a white iron single bed in here, but I think for a sitting-room a folding bed would look better. Please advise me what you think about it, and what style of folding bed would you advise? Not too expensive! I also wish to almost entirely refurnish this room. With the exception of carpets and curtains, the I already have and can't afford to discard them. The carpet is in two tones of tan and dark green, the curtains are handsome lace ones. The room is extremely bright and airy. Will you please suggest something dainty and cheerful and at the same time not expensive. I would also like some suggestions for the hall, which is 12x5 feet and has nothing in it but a table and rocking chair and matting on the floor." We will bear in mind that your carpet is tan and green in color, and see what can be done for your rooms. You said nothing of your paper and woodwork in the sitting-room, but if you can afford to repaper you should use a soft golden tan cartridge paper for walls and ceiling and have your woodwork painted a rich, rather dark olive green. This will be particularly handsome for your doors which, with brass knobs and hinges (not an expensive adjunct,) will acquire thus a great deal of style. The only folding bed that is not in the least objectionable, but rather makes a handsome feature of a room is that which folds into a couch or lounge in the day time. You can buy this at the furniture stores covered merely with white cotton and have it covered with a rich soft shade of green corduroy. This material is not very expensive and will wear without changing color or freshness indefinitely. For this couch you should have in the daytime cushions in shades of old blue, green and orange. A gleam of silk here and there among the cottons will make it rich enough. Now find either at the second-hand shops or at first-hand, simple, inexpensive chairs (three or four) of a good, substantial shape and have them well and carefully painted to match your woodwork. You can slightly stuff the seats yourself and tack over them green corduroy, using brass-headed tacks or old silver ones if you like them best. Frame some strong black and white prints and photographs with dark green mats and narrow



gold frames to hang against the wall. One or two richly-colored water-colors would bring out the other coloring well. The dark green woodwork about your windows will keep the lace curtains from looking characterless. You now have a fine and effective scheme in green and tan, if you will carefully remove all bric-a-brac or pictures which seem unworthy of it. To lighten and brighten it all, have a pretty wicker table set out with white linen cover, a teapot and cups. There may also be room for a book or two and a tall vase of flowers. Pink roses, with their foliage, will look particularly beautiful in here. A pretty green palm on a stool by the window and a wicker rocking chair with cushions of orange or dull blue will complete a beautiful and cheerful sitting-room for you. In your hall paper with the same tan ingrain and place against the wall two stiff, straight-backed chairs of oak, with red morocco seats. You can make a handsome table to go between them by covering smoothly the top of an ordinary oak table with dark red denim. Put your row of brass tacks, holding down the denim, about two inches from the edge of the table all around. A lamp of wrought iron, having a crimson shade, would be a pretty addition to this table. Over the table hang a mirror, long and narrow, running crosswise. In front of the table lay a strip of crimson Brussels carpeting for a rug.

E. D. D., Colorado, says: "We are building a home in Leadville, and would like very much to profit by your suggestions. Inclosed please find plan and design of the house. All of the rooms upstairs will be square ceilings. House faces south, and the front and dining-rooms will have a western exposure. Finish downstairs pine, natural, upstairs, woodwork painted. Do you know any good tinting that could be used until the house settles, and would not interfere with papering later? I have a Flemish oak table and bookcase for hall. Dining-room set, oak, chairs upholstered with green leather, green tapestry, table center. Mantel in front room, oak, chairs mahogany, divan with brocade cover in peacock blue, various cushions. Pictures are mostly etchings, in white frames, but some in gilt. Three tabourettes, white. A white wicker tea table that I would like to use, but not as a tea table. One large Oklahoma rug, and a smaller Turkish one, with a good deal of white in it. The portieres between the hall and front room are Mexican blankets, Bagdad between this room and dining-room. What kind of curtains shall I use at the

windows all over the house? The furniture for bedrooms is oak, with white metal beds, except guest room, which has an oak bedstead. Also please give ideas for the arrangement of furniture. The climate of Leadville is cool, would like rich, warm colors."

Perhaps I can help you by some general suggestions as to the finish and furnishing of your house. You will find kalsomining an extremely inexpensive finish for your walls. You can use warm, rich colors on the lower floor, and more delicate ones above. This finish will not in the least interfere with papering later, if your house should crack in settling, and you wish to paper to hide it. Otherwise, I would advise you to retain the kalsomine finish downstairs always, unless you are prepared to buy very rich and expensive papers, for in no other way can you get as good an effect. Fresh, pretty papers in bedrooms, however, are always acceptable. This kalsomining should be done on the sand finish or rough surface. A coat of smooth plaster can be put on afterward when you paper. I really prefer this water-color wash on a rough surface, to the more expensive burlaps, for which there is such a rage at present, because it is almost identically the same in effect, and it is the cleanest, most sanitary finish possible, as, of course, it cannot harbor dust particles, even, as paper does. The burlap walls are very stunning, and, undoubtedly, the most artistic in effect, but there is always the thought that dust will accumulate through the fabric and collect behind it. In a hall, of course, this is not of so much consequence, but I never recommend it for bed chambers on this account. I would suggest for the covering of your lower floor an Indian red in the hall, with ceiling from above picture mold the same color a shade lighter. This will look well with your pine woodwork and Flemish oak furniture, also, your Mexican blankets. The sitting-room in rather a strong, cold green would be extremely rich, as opening from this and the dining-room beyond, should be yellow. With your green wall have ceiling of a yellow cream, and in dining-room a shade lighter than walls. For the more delicate shades of the upper rooms, you could make your own an old rose. In it you can then use bureau accessories, etc., of rose pink and even pale seashell. The children's room would be pretty in a light soft blue, and your guest chamber in sea green. The mingling, in a bedroom of filmy, white muslin and pale green silk, or even silkoline, at the windows, of green walls and ceiling and white paint. Of a pretty green and white-flowered cretonne, for chairs and dressing table and bed valance makes a charming room. I would carry out the other colors in something the same way. If you prefer an all-white bed, use dimity valance or ruffled spread, with long bolster to match, ruffled at the two ends. A pretty accentuation of the coloring of a room is to fute a curtain across the head of the white bed, behind the fancy ironwork, of silkoline and in the paper shade. It also serves to shut off draughts. I would curtain the lower windows with white or cream net all over the house, and the upper floor with white-dotted muslin. Then you can consult your purse and your discretion about using inside curtains of richer stuffs. Remembering that you have green leather furniture for your dining-room, perhaps you had better reverse these two rooms and have the dining-room in a green which goes with your chairs and your sitting-room in yellow, either would look well opening from your Indian red hall. You cannot have the sitting-room blue on account of your peacock divan. It would be all right in a yellow room, however, if you reproduce the color in a bit of brocade on a table or a cushion or two. If you mean to ask my advice about the two windows in sitting-room or one large one, I think I should prefer the single large plate.

T. A. V., Los Angeles, asks: "What color and kind of vine do you think goes best with a house of pale yellow plaster?" I think there is no prettier combination than the pale and deep purples of the selanum and of the heliotrope, if you will mingle this on your house with the white selanum, or potato vine, you will get a very beautiful and delicate effect against your pale yellow. This coloring need not prevent your cultivation of a gorgeous bed of scarlet geraniums on your front lawn. The mass of scarlet does not come in actual contact with the more delicate colors, so does not detract from them. There is nothing more deplorable than a heterogeneous mass of reds, pinks and yellows as a house, especially when the reds were from clear scarlet to the purple pink of the bougainvillea.

Mrs. G. B. writes: "I am going to keep house for six weeks or two months on Catalina Island this summer, can you give me some useful and practical suggestions as to what to take with me to make my very simple house attractive? I wish to have everything in the simplest style possible, but would also like it pretty. Would you take fine table linen and china? I do not like to eat off of tin plates and use paper napkins, but my husband is opposed to my taking many things."

understand your predicament, and will suggest a compromise, which I am almost certain will be satisfactory. I would not take fine damask table cloths, if I were you, but I would have something to take their place which would render my table dainty and pretty looking. There is nothing which looks neater than blue and white plaid crash, when well starched and ironed. A coarse table cloth in this plaid is common-looking, but if you will get the real linen crash and stitch the widths together in flat-pressed seams, you can make table cloths that will look fresh and artistic whenever they are laundered. With this use the clear blue and white china, which is so cheap that I bought, recently, a dozen beautiful plates for \$1.50. They look as if they might have come down as an heirloom from my great-grandmother, they are so quaint in design. A few silver forks, knives and spoons you can rarely take, and you will find that a common deal table spread with this blue and white, will look dainty, as well as sensible. Take plenty of soft, creamy, diaphanous muselinet, for fully curtaining all of your windows. In the dining-room, I would hang sash curtains, also of the blue plaid linen. Have them slightly starched, and sew to little brass rings. One or two Chinese ginger jars, with the wickerwork left on them, will be pretty for wild flowers, an Indian basket for shells and sea curios, and some attractive photographs will dress your shelves, etc. Some pretty Chinese lanterns will add much, decoratively, and will slip of Turkey red calico to put over your pillows for use on porches, etc., in the daytime. I would put up blue and white-striped awning toward the afternoon, and string my lanterns under it. The very evanescence of this sort of decoration is one of its charms at the seashore. Use many home-made chairs and some wicker, anything that is gay is acceptable at such a place, and as much to the spirit of enjoyment.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters

SEASIDE SHOPPING.

BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS SEEN AT FASHIONABLE HOTELS AND AT SEASIDE RESORTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 8, 1900.—Not only is this the prime of summer time, but of fashion time as well, and all the brightest flowers of the loom and needle are blossoming prodigally just now at dances and dinners at seaside and country houses. Artists who deal in very special effects in hats, dancing gowns, negligees, and the like, started their hotel shop this week with quite an irresistible line of novelties.

Into a box packed with charming stock for a temporary shop in one great seashore hostelry, went a trio of dressing gowns that were not only exquisite in themselves, but were valuable in the sight of any thrifty-minded woman as quite perfect models on which to build, of less expensive stuff than the originals, an outfit of admirable and washable negligees.

Graceful Lounging Jackets.

Foulard, figured and plain, was the material of the first that seemed in every respect pretty enough to be worn to a family breakfast table. The ground of the foulard was cream white, with strange skeleton leaves in pale green scattered broadcast upon the pale surface. Both the body and elbow sleeves of the garment were cut with a view to the complete comfort of its wearer and back from the open front spread upon the shoulders a wide, square collar of very finely tucked plain white foulard, finished with a frill that was repeated on the sleeves, down the fronts and around the bottom of the easy wrap. On the edge of the frill was laid a thickly quilted fluting of soft, narrow, green taffeta ribbon, and this followed the meanderings of a cream lace entre deux that also served as a finishing touch to the edge of the wide ruffle.

To make this lounging costume quite complete, the designer of it displayed an harmonious underpetticoat of cream white, with strange skeleton leaves in pale green and completed at the bottom by a deep flounce of coarse cream lace, gathered upon a double ruffle of pinked-green taffeta.

For Half-mourning Wear.

A second choice to the green study was a delightful mourning jacket for some one in half mourning, and which in inexpensive wash silk or dimity fairly invited imitation. White French batiste of handkerchief fineness and polka

dotted in black was what the Parisian originator had used. The long, full-falling front, the coquettish boleros, the sleeves and flat, square collar were edged with double bias bands of black taffeta, and then craped with pure white muslin frills, which relieved any possibility of studied somberness in which the cool confection might have been in danger.

Tossed on the chair with this was a plain skirt of sheer white lawn, having two bands of black embroidery done on white muslin, running through the snowy breadths at the region of the knees.

Third and last, but not least, in the group was a toilet blouse of striped wash silk, of the twilled variety, that so gallantly withstands wear and tubbings. All about it ran a ruffle of white wash silk, cut in points and button-holed along the edges, and then embroidered in every point with a little pink star-shaped flower.

Washable Satin.

Wash silk, so the knowing say, has a rival now in an entirely delightful wash satin that is very much in use for soft bedroom wraps, and from Paris, where no woman thinks it too much trouble to get up a delightful toilet in which to interview her physician or slip her morning chocolate, there are wonderful little negligees made of rose and green and violet silk, with full lace or embroidered undersleeves, and the cap to pin on the artistically disheveled locks is always made of material that echoes that of the robe bags about wrists.

Seductive Hair Ornaments.

There is always at the summer hotels a thriving trade to be done in novel hair ornaments for the evening, and the fabricators of such airy nothings have quite surpassed themselves in the uniqueness of their new bows and coronets, etc. A seductive little oddity which, however, only the matrons are privileged to wear, is the tiara of ostrich tips. Of jet, or steel beads, or peculiarly cut paillettes the base of the tiara is made, and from it springs up a row of nine tiny fountain-shaped ostrich feathers, out of which in turn tower five club-shaped chipped tips, and when such a tiara is built of black feather on a base of steel and jet or rhinestones and jet, the consequence is stately, dazzling and enviable.

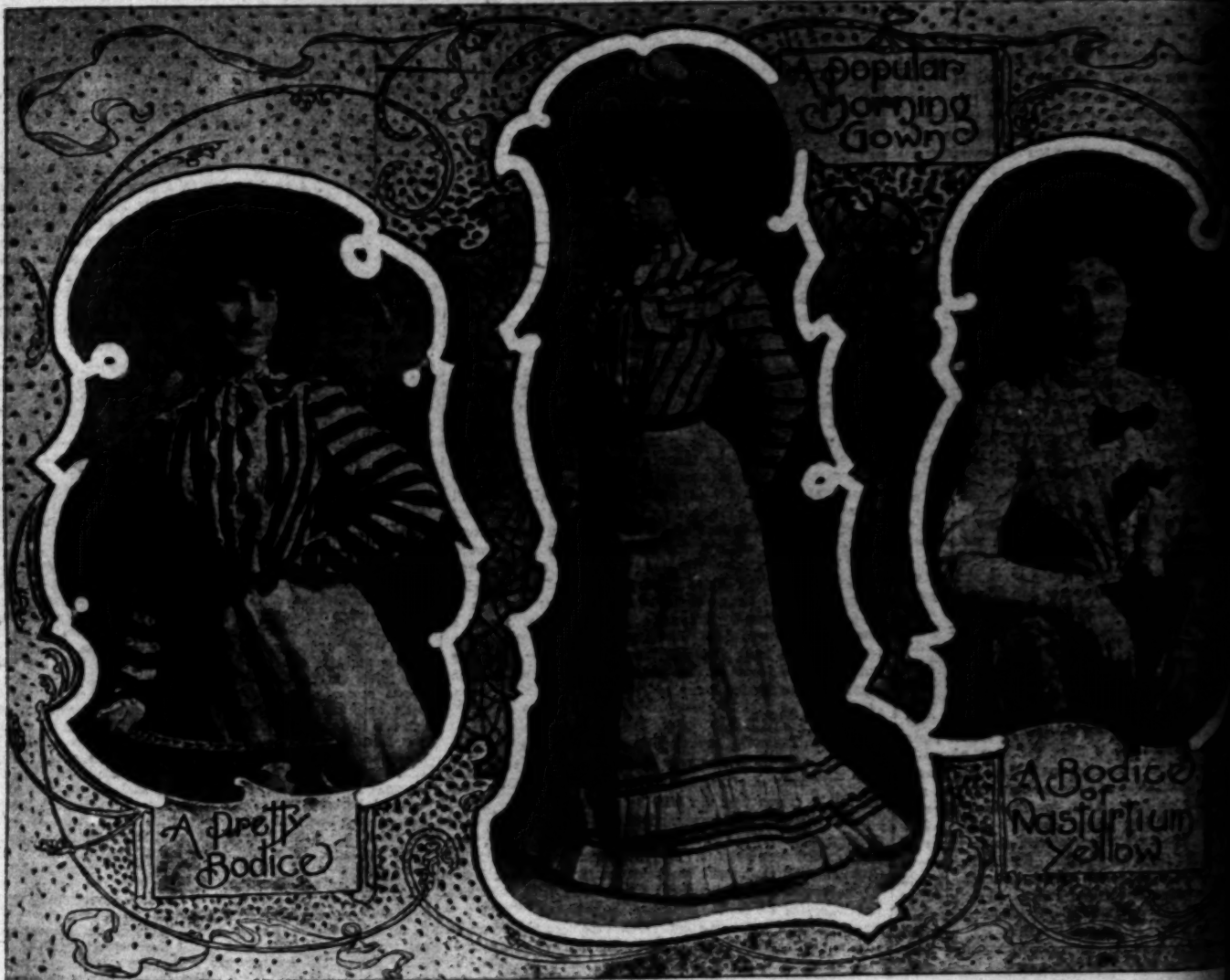
Debutantes and unmarried belles, who wish to crest their bright locks with some effective ornament, can find their ideas fulfilled by the charming stiffened-silk muslin wings incrustated in lace and turquoise or coral points, and the three fans of transparent material rising from a knot of blue or pink panna, adjusted to a tortoise-shell hairpin. Sometimes four slips of beaded muslin are arranged like

the broad arms of a windmill, spreading into billows of white muslin, and with studied decoration than Mecklin and Van der Stuck, so fine that they are run by the reading glass. There is a gentle opposition that all grace and beauty are found only in and limply-lovely liberty satin, and these suave goods require little of folds, and especially puffings. Really, any heralding flourish of trumpets, but destinies for beauty or the opposite of and just how far, with justifiable common sense carry this feature, is shown in the ivory-white liberty satin. Little coronets, half way to the waistline, at the top supply the only relief to the extreme toilet, save a girdle and shoulder strap velvet. Buckles of emeralds and brilliant der straps to the body, and even the feet of the skirt, is of the pliant satin.

The Crave for Green.

How much, by the way, we are wiser summer! The shamrock, or Irish green, in a measure, usurped the place once held and always harmonious black and white, chiefly because, in the judgment of the rich green forms in dress, as it does in ensemble with all other colors.

In Paris the crave for green is in the wrought in with white, lavender and green and that no woman thinks herself complete without a green-toned frock or two. Just how this Ireland, is used, is admirably demonstrated in the frock made for an American girl on expedition. The silkiest white muslin is the stance of both her graciously-draped waist. A shamrock-figured pattern of green or green silk forms the wide collar and cuffs of the costume, while her jabot and undersleeves of rich cream net, edged with Irish lace.



A PRETTY BODICE.

These are ideal bodices for home manufacture. This one is composed of alternate bands of sage-green satin ribbon and yellow lace. The model is a pretty and becoming one.

A POPULAR MORNING GOWN.

Linen lawn has been the most popular fabric for summer morning gowns this season. The pretty dress photographed here is of gray-blue linen, trimmed rather elaborately with black lace and black velvet baby ribbons.

A BODY OF NASTURTIUM YELLOW.

A lovely little bodice in nasturtium yellow in black and white, and trimmed with lace and velvet bows.

RECOGNITION OF MAN.

"WINTER" NOW APPEARS ON
GARDEN SENT OUT BY HIS WIFE.

From a Special Correspondent.

July 1.—Every season brings certain variations in card-leaving and the way in which the adept may recognize their own. The season of this season is the fashion of leaving cards in the names of both host and hostess. Unusually, the woman has reigned supreme on the "mat" and the name of the mere man was never seen. It was a dinner invitation—a survival of the past when the host was an important person. Dinner à la Russe has long since been the pleasant prerogative, so that he is at home as, at afternoon tea than he is at dinner.

When the "Mr. and Mrs." at the door is impossible to say, except, perhaps, the couple are anxious to let their friends know they are still living together. Whatever the result will doubtless be good, and the season of men will have blown out into autumn. The feeling that they are bound to their own parties, and do their share in the season is in favor. The mere love of cramming a crowd of people is among the things that most parties are much better style, and who has not some raison d'être.

It is being given at parties this season. People want to talk, and are only at home. Introducing has not been the most popular hostess, as a rule, is to let men declare, "is luckily getting only like to patronize the salon of the hostess who has mastered the great art of letting

entertainments given in hotels and smart places of the growing signs of the laxness of the tendency to centralize in all things. It is to be saved trouble at any cost, and the hostess gives an illimitable amount of calculation of the amount of food and drink required, consultations with the cook, the whole of the art of the entertainer's hands, and at the same time the hostess is driven to display demonstrated duties. These entertainments are a sign of novelty about them which make them to the guests, and they give the hostess to the hostess.

WOMEN AND THE BOXERS.

POLICY OF THE EMPRESS DOW-
NROUNDER INDORSED BY THE WOMEN.

From a Special Correspondent.

China is China is greater than is commonly known of the great dewy kingdom are full of women famous for their learning, heroism and courage. Sometimes women achieve absolute heroism, for there is a popular saying, "with her husband," which is used to exhort the female tyrant. The most astonishing power today is, of course, the career of the Empress. It is said that today the great China would far rather face the Emperor than the woman whose firmness has often been tried. She is still the power which rules the country of 400,000,000 people, a country suffering from food, famine, epidemics, earthquakes, and which is now in the throes of a revolution. As an instance of the Empress, it may be recalled that she deposed the Prince Kung, in 1865, by a mere decree. She is, because "he overrated his importance with all other nations, the women of the most fervent religious element. The Empress enthusiastically the Boxers' movement with passion to help rid the country of the missionary.

China do not lack courage is proved by the fact that sometimes seek suicide as relief from the pain, and unceremonial husbands would frequently be not for special punishments, but for the sake of all women who should know the mere existence of this law proves the law. Again, not long ago, fifteen young women threw themselves into the river to escape the hands chosen for them.

Examples prove the heroism of the Chinese. A daughter of the Chinese, Kuo-Sung-Tsun, was married at the age of 13 to a man who fell ill and all food failed. She cut a slice off her arm and put it in his mouth. He died, and she then starved to death. Another, Mrs. Kuo, a sister of the Marquis Tseng, followed her husband to the land of spirits, and she finally made an indelible impression upon the world. The mother of the great sage, Confucius, died, so, as his father died when the child was only three years old, his training was accomplished by his mother. It is said, gave him the foundation for his life. The next philosopher of importance, Mencius, was indebted to his mother for the formation of his character.

the greater portion of the Duchess's time is spent at Dunrobin leading a very simple life, with her small family, tramping and riding about in a rough, short-skirted tweed gown, followed by her dogs, and accompanied very often by her blonde-headed little daughter, Lady Roxburgh, who



A MIDSUMMER TRAVELING HAT.

Model of midsummer traveling hat. The frame is of écru chip, in conventionalized sailor shape, smartly dressed, with a claret-colored velvet band about the brim and big knot of écru mohair and dark-red quill.

tion of his character and mind, as well as his philosophy.

Woman's lot in China is, however, not an enviable one. She is not received into the world with joy and is given very little education. At 13 she is banished from all companionship to become "the young girl who sits in the house," until her marriage, when she weds some one she has never seen. Then she must obey her husband and her mother-in-law; she may not come into contact with men or the outside world; and, as a rule, she cannot read. She may, however, receive ladies and return their calls. The patriarchal system is so universal that the father is a despotic ruler over his family, and a married woman becomes so entirely a part of her husband's family that she has to yield her duty and obedience to her husband's parents, who frequently treat her more as a slave than a daughter-in-law. The doctrine inculcated in the Chinese classics is that a woman has three stages of obedience: First, to her father; second, to her husband (after she is married); and, third, to her son (if her husband dies) when he reaches manhood. The old proverb goes, "Men wish their boys to be like wolves, and fear lest they should be timid; their girls they wish to be like mice, and fear lest they should have the boldness of the tiger." The laws established 3000 years ago are in favor today, and among them no rules are stricter than those which provide for keeping the women in bondage.

Chinese books of instruction for girls consist chiefly of exhortations to discharge their duties as daughters, wives, mothers and daughters-in-law. The "Girls' Four Books," to which two famous Emperors wrote prefaces, contain the best idea of how the female mind and character must be trained. Modesty, gentleness, self-sacrifice, wisdom, respect for elders and a virtuous disposition must be a woman's equipment in life. There is no pressing need for intellectual education. However, about one hundred in every ten thousand women read, and that means read with understanding the great books of philosophy and literature, the works of China's sages and poets. Such cases are found among the aristocratic classes, and men of letters frequently teach their wives and daughters not only the art of reading, but that of writing, and go so far as to publish their literary effusions.

A DUCHESS UP-TO-DATE.

HER GRACE OF SUTHERLAND GIVES HER BEST
ENERGIES TO BROAD PUBLIC INTEREST.

By a Special Contributor.

Every inch a Duchess is her tall fair Grace of Sutherland. No woman in England is more intelligent and modern in her ideals, enjoys more varied interests, and graces her strawberry-blond coronet with a more conscientious endeavor to do what is becoming and worthy of a woman and a peeress. The Duchess springs from the noble family of Roslyn, and two of her sisters, the Countess of Warwick and Lady Angela Forbes, are as famous for their brains and beauty as she.

Not only does she come of one of the richest Scottish families, but after a year in society she married the richest young bachelor Duke in England. She is the mistress of five superb homes, and in London at Stafford House and in the north country at Dunrobin Castle she is reckoned one of the handsomest and most powerful social leaders of English society. In spite of her riches and the adulation that is her share, this tall, slender and gracious woman takes a deeper interest in scientific philanthropy, the education of children and the cause of woman suffrage than in balls and dinners.

Under her patronage the cottage industries of Scotland have enjoyed a remarkable prosperity. In the big cities of Scotland, in London, and even in New York, she has established shops that do a fine business in the extensive manufactures of the Scottish peasantry. Perhaps if she is something of a socialist, like her older sister, the Countess of Warwick, she is very consistent in her creed, and at her castle in the north she is tenderly loved by the poorer class in her relations with which she is both sensible and sincere.

The greater portion of the Duchess's time is spent at Dunrobin leading a very simple life, with her small family, tramping and riding about in a rough, short-skirted tweed gown, followed by her dogs, and accompanied very often by her blonde-headed little daughter, Lady Roxburgh, who

wears heavy boots and full knickerbockers, who has a playmate in every cottager's child, and who is firmly grounded in the belief that a Duke's daughter is no better than a farmer's, only more lucky.

A DAY OF DREAD.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE BRIGHTENING OF
BLUE MONDAY.

By a Special Contributor.

Why do women cling to Monday for washing day? Where a housekeeper is also a maid-of-all-work there is some reason for it, as Sunday has usually, by comparison, been with her a day of rest, and she is better prepared for hard work. But where she has maids, Sunday is with them a fatiguing day, for besides the dinner and tea they prepare they go to church, and go to walk, and are off to see their friends, and making a gala day of it; in fact, they are too tired out when the next morning comes for such hard work as washing, and it would not be remarkable if the work were done poorly.

If the tasks of some other day of the week were transferred to Monday, perhaps it would be a good change—one might try it as an experiment. If, for instance, the halls and sleeping-rooms were swept and dusted, leaving the parlors and other rooms of that sort to be attended to, as before, on Friday, so as to be fresh for Sunday, it would divide a heavy task, as well as be of benefit otherwise; or else all the silver and brasses could be scoured, or the closets and the refrigerators cleared and cleaned. Then the clothes could be picked up, sorted, put to soak, and Tuesday given to the wash with much more strength of will and muscle.

The fact is, the wash is such a disagreeable affair that both mistress and maid are eager to get it out of the way; and even this could be mended by an outdoor wash-house or laundry, with fire and boiler. Then, where the means permit the hire of a washwoman weekly, it need never be known in the house that there is such a thing as washing day at all; and where the means do not permit of the extra help, still a great part of the disagreeableness in the steam and the smell of suds is taken away from the consciousness by being taken out of the house.

KATHERINE KENT.

MR. KIPLING'S NEW BUSINESS.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] "I am probably the only living author," says Rudyard Kipling, "who is not going to write a book on the war. I think of applying for a V. C. on the strength of it." Yet the war is Mr. Kipling's chief interest, almost his only interest at the moment. He has no writing in hand and is planning none. He sits tight in his little village of Rottingdean in Sussex, with one eye on South Africa and the other on the rifle range which the local volunteer company is trying to secure. Mr. Kipling is very busy in all manner of ways connected with the volunteers, and as he goes through the village in his brown knickerbocker suit and his broad-brimmed brown felt hat, he is consulted by the humblest butcher's boy, if necessary, on any military subject, from the number of hours they ought to drill a week to the merits of Morris tubes used for practice in Lee-Netford rifles.

Rottingdean is an enthusiastically patriotic little hamlet, and on the day when Baden-Powell's little force was relieved, it went "mafficking," as they now term it in England, along with the rest of the country. The village decked itself with flags and bunting, no house more gayly than the Kiplings'. The volunteers wasted several rounds of ammunition in a feu de joie, and there was a procession through the one street which only failed of complete success because almost every one was in it and almost no one was left to watch it. Mr. Kipling's gardener beat a drum, and beat it hard, while Mr. Kipling himself went gayly behind, and on the edge of the cliffs Mrs. Kipling touched off a yacht's cannon. It is not related whether or not the Kipling children marched in the procession, but it may be supposed that they did, as most survive did the rest of the village children.

OUR FORGOTTEN MONEY.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] More than \$15,000,000 worth of the old-fashioned fractional paper currency is still outstanding, and, though some of it has doubtless been destroyed, the bulk of it is held by collectors and private individuals. Every now and then some old person dies, and the heirs, finding a quantity of the "shinplasters" in a disused pocketbook or some other hiding place, send them to Washington to be redeemed. Occasionally, too, banks forward quite a lot of the notes in unbroken sheets, just as they got them many years ago. At first these sheets had to be cut apart with scissors, but afterward they were perforated like postage stamps, so as to be torn apart. Not long ago the treasury received a handkerchief full of this currency, of the first issue, each note being signed by Treasurer Spinner with his own hand.

About \$3000 worth of this fractional paper comes in for redemption each year, and some of the best of it is saved out by the department to be given away in response to applications from collectors.

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HELEN'S CAREER.

By a Special Contributor.

"ANYWAY, aside from other objections, I feel I'm too young to think of marriage." This from Helen, who a few hours before had faced a warm, though patient, audience and read them a graduating essay bearing the title, "The Past, the Present, and the Future," in which the problems of church, state and society had all been solved to the author's satisfaction. Now this simple question of marriage was to be postponed because of youth! But Rollo Anderson was in love with Helen, and if the inconsistency occurred to him, he said nothing of that. What he did say was:

"Helen, please listen to me. You are not too young; the fact that you have struggled with the problems of how to be educated though poor, how to study and mind the baby, how to memorize 'The Moonlight Sonata,' and plan Sunday's dinner, has told its story on your character; it has not robbed you of your girlishness, thank heavens! but has given you poise.

"Your interpretation of music is a gift, a sweet gift and one that I'm most unwilling to sacrifice, but there, Helen, here's my love and devotion. They are gifts, too, and I am unwilling you should sacrifice them."

"I don't intend to sacrifice them; I only ask that you wait and let me devote a few years to the study of my music. If it was a desire to have a good time—a time to frivel that I was asking for, it would be different, but what do a few years amount to Rollo?"

"A few years to you at 19—they are nothing; to me at 34 they are—well, not to be thought of for a moment if they mean you are not to spend them with me."

"Then, too, you know there's auntie and the boys. When I think of the sacrifices she has made, not only to give me music lessons, but for the bare necessities of life, it seems more than I can do to ask her to spare me, now that I may begin to be really useful to her. To be sure, she has some money, but with those two small brothers of mine to care for, she has to engineer to keep the wolf from the door, and then consider my talents turned into hard, cold cash, what a boon I would be to her."

Helen, who had been twisting the string of the shade and playing a rat-a-tat-tat on the window sill, alternately, but with impartial energy, now dropped onto the couch beside Rollo and pensively punched a sofa pillow.

Rollo looked at her round, hard cheeks and girlish brown eyes, and felt a little jealous of her youth and beauty.

"She does not love me," he thought. "Plainly she is putting me off."

The thought, at first a suggestion by unaccountable leaps and jumps, became a conviction. There came a feeling that the love he wanted to do so much for her was not acceptable and the thought saddened his face, and a hurt look appeared in his eyes, and Helen, looking up from her task of punching the sofa pillow, caught the look and instantly comprehending the cause of it, dropped her practical views and the sofa pillow and literally grabbed Rollo's head in both her arms.

"Take care, that isn't another sofa pillow," said Rollo, trying to enter into the spirit of thing, though his heart was heavy.

"I know quite well what it is. It is the dearest, stupidest head in the world, and I ought to punch it as if it were a sofa pillow, for thinking that I don't love you better than all the world. No, don't say a word. I know that I resign-the-world-the-dead-and-the-devil look altogether too well for it to be necessary for you to say anything. But, seriously, I want to do right. Music was to have been my 'career.' I loved it, and love it yet, and love it none the less because I love you more. Oh, for a mother to confide in! You know Aunt Alice. How can I confide in her? She is so practical that I feel like a ninny even to think the word 'love' if she is in the room, so how can I put such a sentimental matter before her? She has been father and mother and guardian angel to the boys and me, but I can't ask her for advice. Aunt Alice—"

"Yes, Helen," answered Aunt 'Alice, who had just come in. The room was lighted only by the twilight of the soft June night. She came to the couch where they were sitting and shook hands with Rollo.

"Were you congratulating Helen that her school days were over?"

"To tell the truth, Miss Anderson, I was trying to persuade Helen that she was not too young to marry me, as she puts it, and also to see how to overcome the objection that she thinks she owes a few years to her music, to you and those two small brothers of hers to whom you are so good. I had not thought to say anything to you, but as you came in I felt inclined to and I followed my inclination."

Miss Anderson quietly seated herself by the open window and sat looking out, apparently forgetting the presence of Helen and Rollo. Then she put out a thin, hardened hand and gently touched the pale pink petals of a beautiful rose that blossomed on the trellis outside. These roses were Helen's especial pride. She was surprised to see her Aunt Alice do so gentle an act. It had always seemed to her that Aunt Alice never saw the beauty around her. Helen respected her and in an undefined way loved her and was deeply grateful for the devotion to herself and her brothers from the time they had become orphans. But Aunt Alice was to Helen a hard-working, practical old maid, who late in life had found her life work in caring for her brother's orphan children. Helen thought it had been a duty, perhaps, that her aunt never thought of shirking, and had failed to give her aunt the credit of having put her heart into it. She had no idea of the tenderness that was hidden away in her aunt's heart until, glancing at her face, barely visible in the deepening dusk, she saw tears in her eyes. Helen had often thought them fine eyes in an otherwise plain face; now they looked beautiful to her. Helen had never seen tears in them before.

After a not unpleasant pause, Miss Anderson, without

glancing at either, but still looking out into the beautiful June night, said in a voice that neither Helen nor Rollo could believe was hers, it was so soft and tender:

"The world may have much to offer in a life devoted to art, literature or music, but the joy of living is to be found in nothing so much, as in a home, a true home founded by the man and the woman of his choice, the woman who had the courage to want her mate and the wisdom to choose him when he came. Then this home made complete by the rearing of little children, a blessed task. I made the mistake of longing for a husband, home and little children, when the chance had passed. I was wrapped up in my music and thought I would devote myself, heart and soul, to that till the right one came. He came; but my heart and soul were then in my music, and I did not know, then, that he was the right one."

She did not think of saying more, apparently. She was still gently stroking the rose and looking thoughtfully at it.

Helen asked: "How is one to know when the right one comes, Aunt Alice?"

Miss Anderson tenderly dropped the rose, came over and, taking Helen's face between her hands, kissed her on the forehead. When she was leaving the room she said:

"One can always tell when it is too late, Helen."

Rollo took his hat and rose to leave. Helen walked to the front gate with his hand clasped in both of hers. When they reached the gate, Rollo took Helen in his arms and, looking tenderly in her face, asked: "Are you going to know 'the right one' when he comes, dear?"

"Yes and yes and yes! Thanks to Aunt Alice, I haven't known him 'too late.'"

SONIA F. LEVI.

A BISECTED TOWN.

IT FURNISHES PROBLEMS FOR THE GOVERNOR'S OF TWO STATES TO SOLVE.

[New York Sun:] Bristol, partly in Tennessee and partly in Virginia, is a bifurcated American town, the affairs of which have recently become the cause of a controversy between those two States. Bristol, by the Federal census of 1890, had a population of 6666, of which number of inhabitants 3344 were in Sullivan county, Tenn., and 3322 in Washington county, Va. Bristol is not only on the State line between Tennessee and Virginia, but the boundary line runs through the main street of Bristol, with the result that a person on one side of Main street may be in sunny Tennessee, and the other in "the Old Dominion," a condition of affairs which is especially satisfactory to individuals desiring, for one cause or another, to elude the vigilance of the police authorities or to evade the unwelcome visits of the tax gatherer or license collector.

There are other towns in the United States on or near State boundary lines, but nowhere a town so large as Bristol, now claiming a population of 10,000, partly in one State and partly in another. Recently, in Washington, Gov. McMillan of Tennessee and Gov. Tyler of Virginia held a conference to decide the future fate of law-breakers who now and then find their way to the town and are quick to take advantage of its peculiar geographical position. It is this tendency on their part which has prompted the conference between the two State Governors.

Bristol is not only on the State line between Tennessee and Virginia, but on the boundary line of longitude which separates Eastern from Central time. Accordingly there is an hour's difference in time between the two sides of Main street. It is a well-established principle, stoutly upheld in the South, that each State is sovereign not only in the regulation of its immediate affairs, but in the protection given to persons permanently or temporarily within its jurisdiction. It would be a grievous violation of law and usage, therefore, for a Tennessee constable, for instance, to pursue a malefactor across the State line into Virginia and arrest him there and attempt to take him out of the State of Virginia without a requisition signed by the Governor at Richmond. And in like manner it would be considered a great breach of amenity for a Virginia constable to molest a fugitive from that State who had taken refuge in Tennessee.

The problem which the Governors of the two States have to determine has been rendered no easier by the fact that serious difficulties of a political character separate the town of Bristol. In the election of 1896 McKinley carried Washington county, Va., by a substantial majority over Bryan, while Bryan carried Sullivan county, Tenn., by a large majority over McKinley. The Tennessee part of Bristol is under Democratic control and the Virginia part of Bristol is under Republican control. The city has two Mayors with limited jurisdiction, and there is no practicable legal way whereby the two divisions of the town, even though they go to make up one city, can be organized under a common government without an alteration of the State line itself. Bristol, Tenn., is governed by laws made in Nashville; Bristol, Va., is governed by laws made in Richmond. As a temporary palliative measure it is now proposed to establish what is known as a board of police, having equal authority within the town of Bristol on either side of the State line.

REMEMBRANCE.

Where memory broods, sphinx-like, with folded wings,
Far in the miraged desert of man's mind,
The caravans of thought dim ways unwind
Unto the tombs amid the wreck of things.
Fearless forever in their wanderings,
And leaving all the wondrous world behind,
They search the wilderness only to find
The pyramids behind Sahara's springs.

Hard by the monuments that tower above
The heart's first dead, a living stream of love
Keeps green through all the years one garden spot;
And often, pilgrim-wise, our thoughts retrace
The weary way unto that sacred place,
Remembering whom the world remembers not.
—[Frederic Fairchild Sherman in the July Critic.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] Private enterprises, honorably conducted, have little to fear from municipal ownership. It is great abuses that set the public to thinking of managing all its own affairs.

TOPICS OF THE

By a Staff Writer.

READ the newspapers of a summer at the present time—almost any one of them—and you will notice a similarity in one or another insect pest. From the invasion of an army of caterpillars are running riot; Saratoga caterpillars; Washington, New York caterpillars; At Philadelphia you are warned the trees anywhere—and what are they under?—because if you do, you will be crawling on you. At Saratoga, caterpillars have bought up caterpillars by the quart, for their destruction, and had a barrel of caterpillars at another place, and started a caterpillar oil industry, and the insects in a mistaken zeal of obedience to the public wail and will receive it is to be hoped, in another world, though pay in this.

Various other expensive devices have been tried of the pests. In Philadelphia, a war has been waged against them, from the house, with a steam sprayer, which has been green over the trees. The trees are sprayed three or four times in a week, according to the Philadelphia report, about two days, under favorable conditions with wire brushes on the end of poles, scraping the insects from the bark. Other tactics around each tree a cotton paste called "pillars," which protect the tree from infection. Petroleum and other sprays are used on different parts of the country, and in school children have been hired to fight these little enemies.

And why? Undoubtedly every country that prey upon its plant life. In conditions, however, a better balance is maintained between insects and plants than is, for the most part, at present, even with all the labor and expense to keep the numerous foes of our crops. We have interfered with nature, have destroyed the birds that destroy the insects, have robbed their nests, shot some of them, they helped themselves to a little of our best friends among them on our hats and home—outdoing the savage, who hangs on his enemies at his belt. Is it strange, then, that they have begun to desert the more thickly, they are also deserting France and even the lovely land of Italy, where bird life congenial natural conditions? In our West, still congregate in large numbers, every course of events is taking place, and it is years before, even in California, the pestiferous insect-destroyers, we shall, on this account, in harvesting our already expensive crops, the loss of the harm that we have done and being aroused in the people, but slowly, the beautiful birds and some of our most valuable nearly been exterminated. If we easily predictable catastrophe, it is time for us to bear on practical measures in a way has been done yet.

Let our cities, all over the country, make of the birds, protect their nests from egg to hatchling, enforce stringent laws against any interference with the desirable bird population, and our dawns be enriched with music and color, but we shall also be spared much disagreeable experience on account of insect pests.

Recent advices from Europe report a famine both in the British Isles and on the continent, as evidenced by statistics of last year's crop, as well as the famine of the last news and news for which the nations are working. The plain marks of a general famine, and honesty are all around us, and the misery claimed not only by agriculture, but many pessimistic scientists and philosophers long seemed anomalous. True, some explained. The misery of past centuries was carried off its victims more quickly, and many in evidence. Periodic epidemics and away the weak, the sick and poorly-nourished, where now they affect both scores, and made of the perishing of these. Criminals, to death for many minor crimes, and not so skillfully followed up and detected of day. An increase in the concentration of population naturally be followed by some increase in opportunity of crime, and this increase expected to go on for some time. But the chinery of modern methods of dealing with work against it, and more particularly, with growth of ethical feeling in humanity at the application of this in law and charity, it was a decrease in crime were not to become a time.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] The drought and recent crop failure have been confined to western States. It will cause some uneasiness, but there seems to be no expectation of men of any serious depression or of hard times, which the experience of several years ago phrase.

CARE OF THE BODY.

F THE T... SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIR- AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Staff Writer

Compiled for The Times.

of a number of... almost any... a similarity... the people are... post. Philadelphia... of catarrhs... Saratoga is... New York and... you are warned... what are these... you will have... Saratoga, recently... the quart, as... a barrel or... place, some... industry, and... of enterprises... receive its... world, though...

devices are... Philadelphia, a... from the begin... which throug... The trees in... times in a... Philadelphia... favorable condition... of poles... bark. Other... cotton band... which protects... her sprays have... and in... tired to gather... expended, every... every country... ant life. Under... stance is main... or the most... labor and... of our... with natural... destroyed... some of them... little of the... traded the... hats and... in the hall of the Boston Y. M. C. A. upon... of those afflicted with consumption... is a hale and hearty man of perhaps 60... and even... to have been a hopeless consumptive... bird life... in our West... every... per cent. of all cases of consumption... and it will... the Boston Globe has the following on... the paradise of... this account... this account... done and... slowly. Some... most... If we wish... is time for... res in a large...

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slingish, the acid of this berry probably fills a more important place in the human economy than is usually recognized. Many years ago, Linnaeus declared that gout might be prevented by a free use of strawberries night and morning; while later times have proved strawberries to be especially beneficial to persons of anemic or rheumatic tendencies.

"Often the demon biliousness may be more surely routed by a generous allowance of fresh ripe strawberries than by a drug course. These berries have in some cases proved an antidote to the poison of malaria. The acid in strawberries is combined with soda and potash, forming two alkaline salts which are opposed to the acid secretions in these ailments."

How Diphtheria Spreads.

A SPEAKER at a recent meeting of the Pomona Valley Medical Society narrated an instance which shows how easily disease may be spread by carelessness. The Pomona Progress says:

"President Metcalf told of a case of diphtheria in which he had been able to definitely trace the source of infection. This is not very often possible in these cases. A physician who had used an atomizer in the treatment of a diphtheritic patient laid it away without first disinfecting it. Ten months afterward a boy took the atomizer to a hydrant, filled it with water, and sprayed his throat, and in a very short time he was attacked with diphtheria. The germs were apparently as virulent at the end of ten months as when they came from the first patient."

How to Avoid Insanity.

THE following hints on the safeguarding of one's sanity are given in the July Century by the Rev. D. James M. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, and author of "Christian Science and Other Superstitions":

"Anxiety should be systematically antagonized by philosophy, religion, or change of subjects of thought. The effect of worry and suspense in driving men wild is constantly seen in the business world, directly and by contrast, for bankruptcy is often followed by comparative mental repose. Hence authorities affirm that uncertainty and anxiety are far more liable to lead to mental derangement than the assurance of disaster."

"As anxiety is a foe to clear thinking, it is better for one approaching a crisis to resort to indirect methods of dissipating it, such as conversation, the reading of an absorbing book, violent physical exercise, or the use of tools with which one would cut himself if he did not give his entire attention to their use. Similar means also contribute to sound sleep."

"Subjects of thought should be frequently changed. Neither fanaticism nor insanity from mental causes will be liable to develop when the mind is not constantly held upon one problem, probability, possibility or perplexity."

"Surroundings lose their power to withdraw the mind from care and fear, so from time to time the scene should be changed. Those who postpone travel for several years often find that they have lost the capacity of enjoyment; care is their courier, and they return unrefreshed. A frequent vacation of two or three days in a month would in many cases be more beneficial than thirty-six days of leisure or change consecutively each year."

"The observance of one day in seven by a complete change in subjects of thought, and the suspension of modes of activity required for six days, would be philosophical, even though it had no basis in religion. In the first French revolution the attempt was made to have a holiday once in five days, and again once in ten. The intervals were too frequent under the first plan, and did not recur often enough under the second. Hence those who hated the system which enforced the Sabbath were fain to return to it."

"The superintendent of one of the largest hospitals for the insane declares that nineteen out of twenty of the business and professional men who come under his care have been in the habit of carrying business on their minds for seven days in each and every week."

"Exaggerated sensitiveness is a foe to happiness and the direct source of melancholy. In its earliest stages it is amenable to self-treatment. Many a restoration to happiness has occurred by the revelation to one's self that by undue sensitiveness he has been making life intolerable to himself and to his friends."

"Never, except in an emergency, should any one stake all he has upon one thing. Caesar aut nihil is usually nihil, and if Caesar, it is often only another form of nihil. In great emergencies men are often not content to wait. Because they know not what to do, they do they know not what."

"Many become insane for want of occupation; they inherit wealth, and with it a strait-jacket of conventionalities in which they are compelled to spend their lives. This is especially the case with women, who generally, unlike men similarly situated, cannot travel by sea and land, or employ their energies in hunting, fishing, or athletics. Men who retire from business voluntarily or because of advancing years, without modes of mental occupation, are prone to melancholy. Some fear poverty while in the midst of riches; others are out of joint with the times; others develop strange eccentricities, illustrating the proverb, 'Give an old mill nothing else to grind and it will grind flint.' A habit of reading, an interest in science, active connection with some systematized philanthropy, a profound and practical sympathy with some 'religious cult,' will postpone the date of the advent of senility."

Handkerchief Must Go.

AND now they say that the handkerchief must go—at least the handkerchief of linen, or cotton, or silk. What will the doctors take from us next? Following is from the Philadelphia Record:

"Away with the linen handkerchief," says Dr. Pfeiffer, the German discoverer of the influenza bacillus. "The handkerchief propagates 70 per cent. of all colds and inflammations of the head, throat and nose; it often causes erysipelas to spread, and that influenza reoccurs season after season in epidemic form is directly traceable to the use, or abuse, of the linen handkerchief."

"Every physician knows the influenza bacillus. It's

easily killed, because it cannot live where disinfectants are employed. It will die quickly if its element, watery substances, are drained off."

"If the staphylococcus and streptococcus bacilli, which cause colds in the head, catarrhs, and, sometimes, erysipelas, and the small red-shaped microbe which causes influenza, were treated like other bacilli like them, they would do only individual harm, but fashion, ill understood or wholly misconstrued notions of cleanliness and finally courtesy, are against the self-suggested precautionary measure."

"And in this case the poor and ignorant, also the unwashed, are not to blame. It's the perfumed lady and the gentleman in patent-leather boots and a high shirt collar who act as distributors of disease."

"A cold in the head, influenza, and similar maladies, cause copious flow of tears, which are often hot, and sneezing and tingling of the nose, followed by watery and often acrid discharges. These tears and the mucus teem with millions upon millions of red-shaped microbes, which ought to be, and could be, destroyed in short order, but, instead, are collected in handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs are buried in the pocket. And what is quite as bad, or worse, a good many microbes cling to the sick person's hand or glove, and are transferred to other persons by means of a handshake, or by other manipulations that form part of our daily life."

"For example, let's assume that a man has a cold in the head, that may or may not divulge itself as influenza sooner or later. He persistently wipes his nose all day long—he can't help it. Soon one handkerchief after the other becomes saturated, but still he has to use it for the tenth or eleventh time. As he pushes it into his pocket a friend enters, and without knowing what he is doing he holds out his partly-wet hand to greet him. The friend grasps the hand according to his wont, and a little while afterward strokes his mustache or scratches his nose. Two days later he is down with la grippe, and the wise-ones say some mysterious atmospheric influence carried by the winds struck him."

"No one suspects that the sick person carries a veritable arsenal of microbes in his pocket. Yet every physician can tell you that a handkerchief and pocket furnish all the elements calculated to prolong and propagate the microbe's life. The microbes needs nourishment, darkness, warmth and dampness. The discharges furnish the first and last, handkerchief and pocket afford warmth and darkness. Every time the sick person puts his hand in his pocket he is liable to infect it with the dangerous microbes, and every handshake he deals may transfer to others the disease from which he is suffering."

"As above stated, dampness is an element of life which the influenza bacillus cannot do without, hence it is very improbable that it can be propagated through books read by the sufferers."

"The bacilli can possibly get into another person's nose or throat when the sufferer sneezes, but epidemics are hardly ever caused by such gymnastics on behalf of microbes. In nine cases out of ten the linen handkerchief is the offending medium, as was proved over and over again. Therefore, I repeat: Away with it."

"Let us take pattern after the Chinese and Japanese, who, instead of the linen square, employ small sheets of soft paper, which they carry along in blocks, and that are thrown away after use. This fashion is much cleaner than ours, besides excluding an element of danger that is always with us as long as we stick to the superannuated linen handkerchief."

"At the same time be warned against undue dread of bacilli. We can't all live in glass houses and on sterilized food and drink."

"Bacilli are an element of danger to such persons only whose constitutional power of resistance is below the average."

"Be strong, keep your weight up, if it isn't excessive; hold your head high, increase your power of resistance all the time. That is the way to fight disease."

"Bacilli have little or no power over clean persons."

How Fright Affects People.

FOLLOWING is from the Chicago Tribune:

"Sudden frights, shocks, or the presence of physical danger," said Arthur Childs of Buffalo, at the Hotel Netherland, "have curiously divergent effects on different natures. The presence of danger will render some men as cool as ice, others—and equally brave—will tremble violently, and break into a perspiration. I remember once hearing of a chap who, coming uninjured out of a railroad wreck, worked like a demon to assist his less fortunate fellow-passengers. All the time he was at work, however, he held one hand to his collar, and when it was over one of his companions discovered that he was holding tight to his necktie, which he had been in the act of tying when the collision occurred. At the time of the Chicago fire the wife of one of the great millionaires of that day owned the most valuable laces in America, possibly in the world. She had a box made for them of just sufficient depth for the handle to prevent its going under the wardrobe. This was done to insure her maid or herself seeing and not forgetting in case of fire. She saved her jewels, but her laces were in the flames. Neither maid nor mistress remembered in their fright the laces they had taken such precautions to insure the safety of. I know a young girl who had learned to swim quite well, and one day she essayed the feat of swimming across a bathing pool on a wagger. There were plenty of people about and the distance was not great, but when she was half way across some one called out, 'How deep is it?' She let her foot down to find no friendly resting place beneath. Instantly she lost her nerve and sank. She came up once, tried to scream, but the water choked her, and down she went again. A man who was lounging in the gallery surrounding the pool, realizing that something was wrong, jumped in, clothes and all, and dragged her out. He was none too soon, for she was unconscious when he pulled her up. It was the sheer fright at knowing she was out of her depth that caused it all, as otherwise there wasn't the slightest danger."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

San Diego Enterprise.

A SAN DIEGO correspondent writes as follows: The coming of three dry seasons in sharp succession has forced San Diego ranchers and speculators to the development of water for irrigating purposes to an extent which was never dreamed possible before. The ordinary sources of supply all failed by June of last year, and after the terrors of a hot, dry season, with scarcely enough water for household purposes, enterprising men went to work in earnest to find water. They found it, and if Southern California ever recovers her normal annual rainfall, the water question is settled for now and all time in this section of the country. At the beginning of the present season, experts sadly shook their heads and remarked, "Another such a winter, and we will all be forced to emigrate to a wetter clime."

The water company, seeing ruin staring them in the face, spared no expense. This year and last have seen more wells dug, and more pumping plants installed than in all years previous in the country's history. The result is the orchards have recovered from the terrible blow dealt them last year, and are now producing more fruit than ever.

The Land and Town Company, who by their Sweetwater system, supply the Sweetwater Valley, National City, Chula Vista and tributary country with water for irrigation, has this year and last installed three compound pumping plants, whose boiler capacity aggregates 240 horse power; one compound centrifugal pumping plant, composed of two simple 6-inch pumps, set tandem, and actuated independently by gasoline engines (this is an entirely new idea in San Diego county, and is proving most successful,) and three simple centrifugal plants. The total amount of water thus pumped amounts to from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 gallons per day, which allows 110 cubic feet to the acre daily (about one-half the normal supply.) The company is not obtaining a drop of water from the usual sources, and the data cited above pertain wholly to pumping plants installed this year and last. Manager Bale of the company states that the general condition for fruit is much improved over what it was last year, and that on the whole the prospects are most encouraging.

The San Diego Flume Company declines at present to make any statement as to its resources, but it may be stated in general that its efforts have not been less measured by results than those of the other company. It has extensive pumping plants, situated just above Lakeside, which furnish the water feeding El Cajon Valley, La Mesa, Lemon Grove and tributary territory. Its pumping plant which furnishes the city with water is situated near Old Town, and is doing good work.

The Escondido and other back-country systems are getting through in a fine way with their ordinary sources of supply.

The local lemon industry has grown to immense proportions. It is affirmed that this county now furnishes more lemons to the general trade than any other section in the world. Local dealers say that Southern California lemons are fast displacing the Italian product. Recent shipments have been unusually large. During the month of June about two hundred carloads went out to all sections of the country. Now that the Fourth is over, the shipments have dropped to about thirty carloads per week. The crop is larger than ever before, and gives every promise of a gradual and steady annual increase.

The recent speech of Prof. Haines of the State University on the olive industry has greatly interested the producers in this section. The olive, hitherto, has been given little attention; the trees have been placed where citrus fruits would not grow; and when they produced, little ranchers came to the conclusion that it was an unprofitable business. The professor's speech has aroused a long-delayed interest, and the olive industry will hereafter be given the attention it deserves.

The local marine business is steadily on the increase, and notwithstanding the big slump in the California-Oriental business, the prospects for the ensuing year are very encouraging. The following is given as the year's record in a condensed form:

"Number of vessels entered from foreign ports 168, number of vessels cleared for foreign ports 137, number entered from domestic ports 108, number cleared for domestic port 31; entries of merchandise for duty 374, entries of merchandise free of duty 134, entries for warehouse 11, entries for warehouse and transportation 6, entries for export to adjacent British provinces 1, entries for re-warehouse 12, entries from warehouse for consumption 24, entries from warehouse for transportation 5, for exportation 40, for immediate transportation without appraisement 636, for consumption liquidated 429, for warehouse liquidated 67, certificates of registry granted 9, licenses for coasting trade granted 2, to vessels under twenty tons burden 3.

"Value of exports, foreign, \$246; domestic, \$2,730,298; total \$2,738,763. This is an increase of \$107,164 over the twelve months of 1909, half of which are included in the period covered by this report.

"Receipts of the customhouse from all sources \$98,880.39; value of imports for consumption, \$9,000.00; value of 'T. T.' merchandise imported, \$1,589,200; total, \$2,184,906. This is an increase of \$68,318 over the twelve months of 1909.

Estimated duty ultimately collected on these imports \$991,772; number of packages, 192,860.

"Expenses of collection, salaries of collectors, deputies, clerks, inspectors, weighers, etc., \$18,087.21; expenses of weighers and gaugers, \$780.70; miscellaneous expenses, \$496.65; total, \$19,364.56."

The notable exports from this port are cotton, tobacco and beer, and the notable imports, matting, tea, rice, sugar and silk.

A New Vineyard.

THE Los Angeles capitalists who some months ago purchased the Stalder ranch, beyond West Riverside, and who have set a large portion of the tract to vineyard, are arranging to pump water for irrigation this summer. The work of getting things ready for pumping is being pushed vigorously.

A Big Project.

SOME incorporations are being formed now with big plans and big capitalization. Some of their programmes may materialize in fact, while others may not. The Tucson Star notes that articles of incorporation of the Southern California Development Company, with a capital stock of \$10,000,000, were filed in the office of the Maricopa County Recorder. The incorporators are James G. Corson, Andrew G. Clark and John B. Minter. The stated object of the incorporation is to engage in the construction of canals, the raising of the sugar beets, and the generation of electric power.

Los Angeles Shoe Business.

ALL shoe dealers agree that July, August and September are the quiet months, after the exodus to the seashore. These quiet months are kept from being absolutely dull by the people who come across the border from the desert States for the summer.

From year to year the tourist trade increases. Travelers who spend their first season here generally come supplied with shoe leather, seeming to doubt that Los Angeles stores are in line with eastern ones. But among the regulars, who come, year after year, and bring their friends, there is a growing tendency to wait and do their shopping here. Many of them claim they can do better over than in New York.

Los Angeles has not less than sixty shoe dealers, with two department stores carrying large lines. More than one claims to have the finest store on the Pacific Coast; and the claims are well sustained by large, attractive display windows, plenty of floor space, and elegant accommodation for customers.

Dealers cannot get golf boots fast enough. The short skirt, which has but recently come West, has made a heavy demand for everything in the way of walking and outing boots. Women take kindly to heavy soles and broad round toes.

One large department store reports a 35 per cent. increase in the shoe trade over the first half of last year. In this department there are eleven salesmen, with every man they can draft in from other departments on Saturday. Last year eight salesmen looked after the customers.

Riverside County Assessment.

ASSESSOR MONTAGUE of Riverside county has about completed making up his totals of the assessment of the county for the present year, and the figures indicate the increase on the total to be something like \$300,000. This is not a large increase, but Mr. Montague has done a lot of work in the way of arranging a new schedule of valuations this season. The Riverside Enterprise says:

"The total acreage listed on the Assessor's books is 869,712, and the total assessed valuation exclusive of personal property which is not secured by real estate, and which will amount to fully \$500,000, if \$10,077,452.

"This amount is made up as follows:

"Real estate outside of city and town lots, \$5,246,751.

"Improvements thereon, \$1,831,434.

"City and town lots, \$1,149,556.

"Improvements thereon, \$1,309,440.

"The value of the mortgages assessed is \$874,005, as against \$1,380,567 last year.

"The value of personal property which is secured by real property is \$568,781, and the cash found by the Assessor, aside from that on deposit in the banks is \$11,490.

"The comparative figures of the assessments of the cities in the county for this and last year are as follows, the first column of figures being those of this year:

Riverside	\$4,514,107	\$4,951,218
Escondido	95,283	103,000
Corona	45,203	698,609
San Jacinto	194,349	203,964

Revival of Grape Culture.

TWENTY years ago that portion of the State known as the Santa Ana Valley, and later as Orange county, was recognized as the home of the grape industry in Southern California, and the entire supply of that fruit from south of Tehachapi at that time came from the Orange county vineyards. The cultivation of the grape was found to be very lucrative, and so profitable was it, in fact, that the acreage planted began to increase rapidly, till by far the largest percentage of the cultivated territory, about 3000 acres, was planted to vineyards.

Then came low prices and a disease of the vines, and many of the vineyards were abandoned. There is now a decided revival in this industry. The Santa Ana Blade says:

"Since 1890 grape cultivation has been gradually, but slowly, increasing, each year seeing better conditions, and an increase of planting, till now there are about 1800 acres of grapes in the county.

"The outlook for a good crop this year is an excellent one, as the fruit appears to be in good condition, and there

is plenty of it on the vines. In fact, promises to be the best since the disastrous years, and as good, in proportion to the under grape cultivation, as any crop in five years. What the prices will be is impossible to predict. Last year the price was \$10 to \$15 per ton, and it is safe to say will be as good or better this year.

"The raisin grapes are grown mostly in the region known as the 'gravel,' near that town. These are shipped to outside few wine grapes are grown in the county by the winery owners. They cannot use their own, however, and a certain amount for their purposes.

"That Orange county is suited to grape and, soil is a well-known fact. An example of this can be found than in the view of wine grapes on Grand avenue, near Brothers. These vines have not had a year other than the rains, and yet they are strong and vigorous. This is all the view of the fact that this is the third year. The only drawback, then, to the grapes is the fear of disease, and on the part of farmers to plant natural. The disease has not appeared in late years. It exists in one or two not spread as yet, and it is hoped that check permanently. While for that reason that Orange county can never again be a grape center that it once was, yet it is to the industry, while small, is the greatest indications of future activity in Orange greatest product."

Growth of Bisbee.

BISBEE, one of the copper towns of Arizona, is making rapid progress, and is now one of the centers of population in the Territory. The says:

"The 1400 miners employed in Bisbee neighborhood of \$150,000 per month in the Tyler of Bisbee, Ariz. This large amount is leased in circulation every thirty days to a town of 6000 or 7000 people, such as Lowell mine and the South Bisbee mine, getting good copper lead. Calumet and the Lake Superior property, who recently so it is said, for some of Martin Couderc, likewise going to be a good business, as low as 7 per cent. fine. The big mine, Queen, owned by Phelps, Dodge & Co., 150 miles of tunnel and 100 miles of railroad. It is estimated the company has ore enough next twenty years, which is a big thing. A beautiful feature of the underground workings of several caves. In one of these the cave for Arizona was held several years. The interior of the cave made it an ideal place for work, the beauties of the ceremonies being the electrical illumination arranged especially for the occasion."

San Bernardino County Resources.

REFERRING to the statistics by the San Bernardino county, which has just been published, Times-Index says:

"Despite many terrors of a dry year, the assessed valuation of all property in the county, based on the statistics of 1909, is \$13,264,495, of which \$1,264,495 is real estate and improvements. The assessed value of real estate and improvements is \$1,264,495; farming vehicles, \$42,800; wagons, \$14,100; hay, \$2000; wool, \$1000; machinery, \$219,400; typewriters, \$1000; cycles, \$950; firearms, \$1000; pianos, \$1000; steamers and watercraft, \$400; general merchandise, \$116,400; nursery stock, \$1000; hay presses, \$300; sheep, \$1000.

"Statistics regarding trees would indicate a general prosperity of the country, also. The orchards have lately been set out, which counted upon to swell the aggregate fruit county. For instance, there is estimated more unproductive orange trees than there are as many apricots bearing as those not bearing, as many unproductive olive trees as those bearing, which indicates a promising future for the same can almost be said of the peach trees. That there are about 20,000 more productive than those not bearing, nearly 60,000 more following figures are taken from the Assessor's books:

Apple	6,000
Apricot	10,000
Cherry	10,000
Fig	10,000
Olive	10,000
Peach	10,000
Pear	10,000
Prune (French)	10,000
Lemon	10,000
Orange	10,000
Almond	10,000
Walnut	10,000

[Syracuse Post-Standard:] Comparing Roosevelt plan for trust regulation, in the simplest and most natural of language, the Republican argument of the coming

By Bill the Bos'n.

of the past week I have been having a good deal of trouble on foot. The weather has been warm and the sun has reduced my flesh as much as one might expect it to be in the winter months; and so I have had to wear the lightest clothes I can find and acquired all sorts of colds north and west of the city. It is a revelation to the eye of a man who once signed the names of Monte Diablo coal at \$10 per ton in this place, where there was very little Anthracite in the market and none at all from Nanaimo, B.C., while eastern anthracite was freely sold.

What sort of progress could Los Angeles, a manufacturing city, had there been no oil and had the cost of fuel continued at such rates?

* * *

Anglo has the cheapest fuel, in the shape of lignite, of any city on the whole Pacific Coast; it does not fear competition from any city there, no matter what the fuel may be. Her cost of \$1 per barrel, is about equal to the cost of coal at \$6 per ton; and you cannot get coal in San Francisco or \$10 here. As the new out of the market, the supply is sufficient to supply six or seven steamers on the coast. It is a very low order of lignite, at best, but it burns very slowly and was therefore a valuable article of fuel for boats that had a long time while discharging and loading ballast.

tion of petroleum for wood and coal is a fact in California and has not come any too soon. Between several coal famines in the State in recent years, so that good Nanaimo coal advanced to Vancouver and Seattle to \$12, and Coos Bay to the head of "Nanaimo" are grouped the coals in all British Columbia ports, embracing the Departure Bay and Oyster Harbor, the new factor in the game and yielding an amount to the best South Wellington, the only coal so far found on this Coast. Small coal-entrained formations have been found in this island, but not in bodies large enough to be profitable. The substitution of oil for coal is a blessing to all sorts of manufactures, and in this city.

only sixteen years since Victor Tull of
discovered what he deemed evidences of
half a mile northwest of Westlake Park.
Tull organized a prospecting party and
Prospect Squad at once and organized a com-
pany well, but abandoned it as profitless
and Mr. Tull gone a half mile further, in the
vicinity of the Westlake Company's works, or
on the hills at the head of College street, he
discovered the biggest petroleum mag-
nate in all this section. The property
left untouched is now property yielding
millions, on either side of his unlucky ven-
ture has been the increase in demand for this
supply derived from the six counties of
Imperial, Orange, Kern and Fresno, has so far
failed to keep pace with it.

Los Angeles oil has but little value be-
cause, there are other parts of the State
where oil are found that are well worth
the money. The new district about Fullerton
has quantities, but much higher grades of
oil. At Arcadia, up in Fresno there is a
Kroyenhagen, which produces an oil that
lubricates in all the electric power-houses
at Kingsbury and other valley towns
of the State. The Black Mountain Company,
which almost entirely in this city, gets out
of oil and finds ready sale for it at 84
cents. The strangest story of all is
that of this city tells me. He is developing
in the Cortina Hills, about twenty miles
from here, where he ships that Kroyenhagen
machinery, paying thirty odd miles of
railroad and six hundred miles of railway carriage;
and he the cheapest lubricating oil he
it is plainly to be seen that the uses
of oil do not stop at fuel alone.

1906, there will not be a locomotive in
rail or wood. Petroleum is much cleaner,
and throws out no cinders. Besides, it is
there is no waste fuel consumed in
locomotives at the termination of the
blunts off the flow of oil as soon as the
to the round-house and that is the end
the high-pressure steamers on the inland
to burn coal, because the Federal in-
to license the use of petroleum, but the
in railroading, manufactures and nav-
decrease as fast as the use of oil in-
present date, the States of Oregon and
only ones so densely timbered as to
wood as a generator of steam on rail-
States, coal has to be used on all
the Smith Hill and Siskiyou Moun-
the Cascade Range in Washington.

ties of petroleum in this State were
county in 1863 and the place was at
for advertising purposes. Small lots
to San Francisco from that place, and
and the supply as inexhaustible. Capt.
president of the California Steam
7, was persuaded to make a trial of it

on account of its cheapness; and had the low-pressure steamboat Amelia (afterwards owned by the Banning Bros in the Catalina Island trade) altered in her furnaces so as to burn the stuff. A trial trip was had in May, 1906, and every prominent stockholder in the company was aboard for a voyage around Mare Island. Whether it was that they did not then know how to handle the oil, or what really was the matter at all, I do not know, but I do know there were several millionaires on board of her that were glad to get ashore alive, for she caught fire four times inside of three hours. Now there are a dozen steamers using petroleum for fuel and none of them have caught fire in the last seven years, to my knowledge.

Whether it was through jealousy of San Francisco or what other cause, I cannot say, but Sacramento went in strong on speculation in Humboldt petroleum lands and stocks, while San Francisco "wouldn't have it" at any price. The consequence was that some citizens of the capital city lost a good deal of money in wells that failed to flow. L. P. Davis, who was at the head of the Bee firm when I edited that paper (while Mr. McClatchy was Sheriff of that county), lost at least \$6000 in them and, to get even on that bad investment, sunk about \$2000 more in some quick-silver ledges in Colusa county, where that county joins Lake. But if I had time to overhaul the logbook of my memory, I could recall many others in that city who "threw good money after bad" in like manner and for larger sums of money. Not one of them ever dreamed of such a thing when as petroleum in Southern California, which was credited at that time with no other products than fat beef and angelica wine. Now things have changed, by the way.

In the early days of this State, people were a great deal more prejudiced against petroleum than they are now. I can remember when the river steamers were forbidden by the local inspectors from carrying it in their holds and were obliged to carry it on their forward decks, with gas tarpaulin coverings over it, which were constantly wet down with a hose. Such a thing as lighting up the cabins with kerosene lamps would have resulted in a revocation of the master's license; and the owners would have been subjected to a heavy fine. In 1864, a waiter on the steamer *Annex*, lying at the Yolo bank and out of service, layed down and was reading a book by the light of a kerosene lamp, which exploded and burst away the boat's entire upper works. Everything then was oil, either taken from the whale or made by boiling it from the livers of dogs, a species of shark found on this Coast. In those days Honolulu was the great whaling port of the world, although most of the ships were owned in New Bedford, Mass. But was in Honolulu before the outbreak of the civil war and saw as much money spent there by whalers, just returned from the Arctic, as I ever saw spent by "lucky miners" at Sacramento or Stockton, in the fifties.

* * *

No officer or member of the crew of a whaling ship ever received any salary. They were all "on the lay," that is to say, all interested in the profits of the voyage. There was so much reserved for the ship's share, so much for the captain, mates, boat-steerers, cooks and sailors; and while the ship's share was, of course, the lowest of the lot, I have known a ship come into Honolulu with sailors on board, whose wages were as high as \$650 for seven month's work. The lay in Honolulu generally about five months and, by that time they were ready to return to Arctic waters, very little of the crew had a \$10 piece in their trousers. Some of the captains got rich by saving their money and investing it in real estate in eastern cities, outside of Manhattan and New Bedford, two New England cities whose growth and advancement in the past twenty years is wholly due to the decadence of the whaling industry. But Capt. John Macomber, of the old bark Constantine, knew a better chance than New Bedford. He bought lots on the "Back Bay" tract of Boston, in 1838, and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his investment advance twenty-fold in value, long before his death. But, as a rule, the whaling men were a thriftless class and, like our early Californian diggers, thought the good thing was going to last as long as it did the world.

at the whaling in Pacific waters was far from being limited to the Ochotak fleet, which wintered at the gay Alaskan capital. There were whaling stations all along the coast at that period, from Cape Flattery to Cape Mendocino. In California nearly all these whaling crews were Portuguese and very expert boatmen they were. There was a whaling station at Ballast Point in San Diego Bay in 1833 and another one at the next bay, San Pedro, above La Jolla. Outside of Point Fermin, some seven or eight miles from San Pedro, was the largest one on the coast at that period, except one near Santa Cruz, which was the only one that had three full boats' crews. At San Pedro Harbor (now called Port Harford), San Simeon, Cayetano and a dozen smaller places between here and San Diego, were whaling stations, each giving employment to fifty or ten men, who sold their oil for about a dollar a barrel in 1860 and about 50 per cent. higher in 1854-5. The whales killed were mostly "California grays."

se "California gray" were terrific fighters and al-
to be dreaded on account of their great speed when
used, being second in that danger only to the great
ack" of the Arctic waters, now almost extinct.
was more danger in hunting a "California gray" that
barely yield \$40 worth of oil, than in harpooning a
e sperm whale that would yield \$250 in oil and per-
from \$3000 to \$5000 worth of ambergris. Hence it
that the whaling industry began to die a natural
as soon as coal oil made its appearance in the Cal-
market. Such of the Portuguese as had survived
dangerous location, went back to their early home
Asseers, to drink the "vine tints" out of swine skin
and to tell their sweethearts of their perilous ad-
in California, while the few who remained here,
fruit stores in the mingling towns or coffee stands
the water front of San Francisco.

Indian whalers of Cape Flattery, however, are the
that challenge your attention. They have carried
industry for hundreds of years, certainly ever since

the establishment of the Hudson Bay system of trading posts in 1803. Fear is something that they never felt, because they never had time. I recollect one occasion aboard the old Los Angeles (wrecked about six years ago.) Capt. Jeff Howell and myself were standing on the bridge, about 4 p.m. and trying to catch a sight of Tattoosh Rock, which lies about a mile off-shore from the mainland at Cape Flattery. An object that caught our eye was the upturned canoe of an Indian whaling crew from the reservation at Neah Bay, with about forty gigantic Makahs clinging to the bottom of it with one hand and gesticulating vehemently with the other. Capt. Howell changed the ship's course and ran down to their rescue, but, before we reached them, they had turned the boat over, bailed her out with their hats and jumped into her again. They said they could sail back, but Howell would not hear of it and gave them a tow as far as Wriada Island, as well as a liberal supply of provisions from the ship's galley.

Those Makahs are the grandest-looking savages I ever saw, barring the Maori natives of the Samoan Islands, from whom they are descended, in the best of my belief. The Makahs are called the "red heads" because of a fashion they have of bleaching their hair to a veritable Fenian hue. This they accomplish by burning clam shells and then pounding them into a paste with the aid of salt water. An Indian will wear three pounds of this white paste on his hair for about three weeks; and when he washes it off, his once glossy black locks are red enough to entitle him to carry a banner in a St. Patrick's day parade. On visiting the Samoan group in 1885, I found that the subjects of brave old King Malietoa bleached their hair in the same way; and that they also erected totem-poles outside their dwellings, just as did the Makahs. Moreover, they use abalone shells to make fish hooks, just as the Makahs do; and they hollow out their canoes by searing logs with hot irons, after having modeled the exterior of the vessels with hatchets. There were a dozen other points of resemblance to the Makahs which I noted among Samoan natives, one of which was their expertness in covering all sorts and sizes of glass bottles with wicker work, colored with dyestuffs of their own invention.

I was standing one day in the government trading post at
 Nah Bay, and looking at several of those half-naked browned
 ants, who had just sold their oil and whalebone in Victoria
 and were buying some stores for their families. The
 agent of the reservation stood by as I remarked:
 "Why don't the government subsidize these chaps by
 bounties like they did the fishermen of Massachusetts and
 Rhode Island? If it was right to give them bounties, it
 is equally so to subsidize these Indians. Now, suppose
 gave them \$10 for every 'gray' they killed and \$50 for
 every sperm whale. That would be a big inducement to
 them."

big fellow named Yottle, whose clothes just "smelt heaven," as Hamlet's uncle would have said, looked at with an air of supreme contempt that I shall never get:

"Ugh," grunted the noble son of the wilderness, "300 one ale? You show me one whale an' I give you \$25 d—ck."

These chaps use the bladders of the whale instead of casks, to carry their oil to Victoria, where they sell it for about a dollar a gallon. They are very expert canoe-men and not a bit afraid of danger.

the whaling business on the southern coast of this state is about done for, not but what there are whales left, but because the "California gray" is such a dangerous animal to tackle and yields so little oil and such inferior article of bone, as compared with his congeners the Arctic waters. Whalebone is now so extensively used in manufactures that the quest of oil is a secondary consideration. The greatest slaughter of whales ever known was made in the middle sixties, at a bay called "Scammon's Lagoon," on the coast of Lower California. Two barks and a schooner, in the short space of seven weeks, killed fifty whales there, but that spoiled the game. It had been a favorite breeding ground of the leviathans for years untold, but they never afterward congregated there as they had done in former years. With the increase of kerosene in California and the occasional discoveries of asphalt for lubricating purposes, there is no earthly chance of revival of the whaling industry in Pacific waters; and you are born today who will live to see whales as abundant in Alaskan waters as they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

BILL THE BOSTON.

THE HOUSE THAT TOM BUILT

Golden Penny Magazine:] Like most other novelists, Thomas Hardy, who was 60 years old June 2, left school no intention of entering the ranks of the fictioneer. As a matter of fact, he studied for the profession of architect, and was fifteen years engaged in making designs. He lives on the outskirts of Dorchester, and his residence was built after his own plans. Concerning this a very interesting story is told. The land on which the house was built used to belong to a private company, of which the Prince of Wales was a member, and when Mr. Hardy's name came up for consideration it was remarked that it was not likely to have to be declined. "What Hardy is it?" asked the Prince. On learning that it was the author of "Far From the Madding Crowd," the Prince is reported to have exclaimed, "Let him have the land he wants; he has set his heart upon it, and we must do all we can to make our clients content."

Louis Globe-Democrat:] The United States has no issues of its own that it is not compelled to go to get questions to discuss. All that will be left to the South African question by the time the election in this country occurs in November will be the purely moral aspect, and that is a matter which will have to be dealt with by the British voters.

timore American:] What the spirit of the age most
repose. It is in many respects a wonderful spirit—
of intense energy, keen ambitions and wonderful
y. But there is nothing quiet about it. It rushes,
pushes, hustles—a pause is torture to it, and a stay
h. Action is its keynote, contemplation its bane.

SI ENTERS POLITICS.

By a Special Contributor.

SOME one knocked.

"Come in," said Si.

The door opened, admitting Peters and a woman.

When they were seated, Peters began:

"We'll take but a minute of your time, Si, and it's mostly business. The boys haven't treated you square lately, and we're going to make it right."

"Don't mention it," said Si.

"We're going to run you for Congress."

This sudden honor might have startled an ordinary man. Si took it as a natural, everyday bit of news.

"So the boys want me to run, do they?"

"An' the wimmin, too," answered the female.

"What I want to know is this," continued Peters, "have you had any experience? Can you write for the papers and talk politics to the boys?"

"That's it, can yer?" asked the woman. "An' we thought mobbe 'cause yer wife warn't here, you'd hev less trouble gettin' round."

"Yes, my wife is in Boston, and it would be a very good chance."

"But can you write?"

"I can both write and draw," replied Si. "The last time I was in Los Angeles, I went to see one of them political fellows. He had the croup, and was burning a stick of Chinese incense and smelling the smoke. I said to him, 'Want a cartoon?' 'Of what?' said he. 'Of politics,' said I. 'We want a picture of an ass to represent the Democratic party,' said he. 'Will I draw one?' said I. 'Just leave your photograph,' said he. So you can see he thought a good deal of me."

"That's good enough so far as it goes," Peters admitted, "but can you write?"

"If there's one thing I can do better than anything else,



it's writing. Have you seen the poetry these city fellows put in the paper? Just read this."

Si gave Peters a scrap of paper, and the latter read aloud—

Writing poetry's just like baking.
Lots of fuss, but mostly faking.Give your cook some lard and flour,
Let him stir for half an hour;
Put in spices, mix it faster,
Wait until it acts like plaster,
Fetch your syrup, frosting, jam; it
Makes you feel like saying —
'Cause you have to whip and beat it,
In the end no one will eat it.Poetry! Take some words in "essess,"
Words that rhyme like "Beasie's," "guesas,"
Start it off with something witty;
Make it ugly, horrid, pretty;
Be sarcastic, mean, just awful;
Only twist it so it's lawful;
Be so vague they can't see through it—
That's the way great writers do it;
Trim it, prune it, cut it, weed it,
In the end no one will read it.Writing poetry's just like baking.
Lots of fuss, but mostly faking.

"Pretty good, isn't it?" asked Si.

"Sounds like you done some cookin' in your day," said the female.

"Yes, it's all very well," Peters confessed, "but the point is, can you talk politics?"

"That depends upon the politics," said Si. "Whose are they?"

"Republican."

"Can't do it. The old lady won't stand for it; she's a red-hot Democrat, born in Arusa, and you can't change her politics, now."

"Ain't she going to be away?"

"Not forever, and there's bound to be trouble when she gets back. Besides, I don't know exactly what Republican politics are."

"You don't have to," replied Peters. "Just sail into the Democrats. I'd take the job myself, if I had your clothes. You've got to look fairly smart, to get votes nowadays, and the boys are getting to like that shirt of yours—the green one."

"It's white now," said Si. "Came back from the first

Lillian Burkhart Write

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wash blue, the next time red, the next time pink, and now it's white."

"Used too much soda, I reckon."

"Well, never mind the shirt, Si, do you know what the Democrats want?"

"Free trade, ain't it?"

"And what else?"

"Free silver."

"And?"

"Free lunch."

"That's it," said Peters. "You have the principal planks. When will you have your first speech?"

"Next week. You have the boys down to the hall Saturday night, and I'll drop in and give 'em a talk that'll carry the county by ten votes. Only remember, not a word to my wife about it, because she's sensitive about politics, and it's every man's duty to please his wife."

"We'll be there," said Peters.

"An' th' wimmin, too."

In the afternoon, Si got a letter. It was postmarked Boston, and he recognized his wife's bold hand.

"Young's Hotel, Boston, Mass."

"Si: I am here. It is, indeed, a terrible city. The electric cars run underneath the ground, because so many of the Boston people are absent-minded they are afraid of running over them. We drove for miles through narrow streets no wider than the new stall in our cow barn, and when we reached the hotel were only four blocks from where we started. Every one in Boston lives in a place called 'Suburbs,' and they all come to the city to buy beans, and such hurrying wears out one's nerves. They are so prompt, the very trains leave two or three minutes before their time. It's so unlike Grassville."

"Nephew Sam was not at the depot to meet me, but I will go out to Cambridge and find him tomorrow."

"Now, Si, it is time to cut the alfalfa in the back lot, and be sure and let it dry thoroughly. Do it at once."

"There is a strong woman's right feeling in Boston, and I like that. There's no reason why we women should not vote in Grassville. I send you one of Bryan's speeches on 'Free Silver,' and you can commit it to memory; you'll have plenty of time, and it's splendid exercise—for your brain, I mean."

"I will write again, and tell you about Sam and his graduation."

"Send me a statement of what you spent in Los Angeles."

"Your dutiful wife."

Si laid aside the letter, and tried to think.

JAMES E. M'INTYRE.

[Chicago News:] Maxim, the gunmaker, says that the world is on the verge of a war greater than any which has happened in the past. The deep sorrow of Mr. Maxim, should such a struggle come, and the heartbroken sobs with which he would fill large orders for his cannons, can be easily imagined.

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